c/c 96000432
(cont.)

X Collection

INDEX

Page: 1

Barcode Number	Box Number	Total of Volumes	Call Number
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 897 5	1308	142	PN4827- PN4827 .5
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 898 7	1309A	336	PN4827 (1845-1950) no. 1-336

THE COON.

NO. 25. SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1845. VOL. 7

SCRAPS OF INTELLIGENCE, &c.

☞The steamship Hibernia arrived at Halifax last Monday at 8 o' clock in the morning, having left this port at 20 minutes past 2, on Saturday afternoon.

☞We are glad to see City Council have voted to pay Mr. Parker the salary of mayor for the term in which he officiated.

☞We understand that a petition is now circulating to extend the vacation of the Latin School, of this city, to 10 weeks—at present it is six. The boys certainly deserve it. The petition is signed by the fathers of the scholars, headed by the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot.

X-PN 4827

#2

THE COON.

NO. 29. SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1845. VOL. 8.

ERRATUM.—The date of oor paper wae again misprinted laet week.—On the first page, for *April* 22 read *April* 12.

GREAT FIRE AT PITTSBURG.

An exteneive conflagretion occurred in Pittsborg on the 10th instant—aboot 1000 houses being destroyed.

We qoote from the Pittsburg Post of April 11:—

"The boondaries of tho burot district may be thos described:—from Water street up Ferry to Third street (the old Prebysterian Church was saved,) up third to Wood; up Wood to Diamood alley, both sides; up Diamond olley to Smithfield street, and theoce down Smithfield to Fourth street, both sides; up Fourth street to Rose etreet, aod theoce to the head of Pipetown."

It hos been estimoted that 982 houses were consumed by this cooflagration, making 21 sqoares of the city.—The whole loss amoonts to $3,479,930. The Legislature of Penosylvania "appropiated $50,000 oot of the state treasory for the relief of the sofferers, sospended

X-PN 4827 "Pur."

#3

THE CRESCENT
CITY AMATEUR.
VOL. 2. NEW ORLEANS, AUGUST, 1873. No 3.

The Woods

BY CAPT. A. H. SCOTT.

—:o:—

I 'ove afar in the woods to roam,
The haunt of the wolf and deer,
And dream of my own dear home
With it's fire-side goodly cheer.

The birds sing in the trees, [grass,
And the snake crawls through the
And then again the gentle breeze,
Ruffles the lake as smooth as glass.

QUITE AN ADVENTURE.

—BY "UBET".—

It was a co'd wintry night in December, when after travelling all day, I found myself in front of a small inn situated on the border of a large forest; dismounting, and after giving my horse to a small boy near the stable, told him to take care of it.

I entered the inn, where before a cosy log fire, sat the proprietor, who when I entred rose and offered me a chair, saying that supper would soon be ready. After the meal was finshed, the landlord his family and myself gathered around the fire and passed away the evening very pleasantly. About ten o'clock, I concluded to retire, and the kind inukeeper after showing me my room left, saying that he "hoped I would enjoy a good night's sleep".

* * * * * * * * * *

A great white object, came up slowly from the foot of the bed. I grappled with it, but no! It would stay there; I pinched and bit it, — I awoke to find that I was biting my big toe.

Consider.

BY "J. FLIP."

How often by a careless thoughtless word or act do we wound another. A single word, an insinuation, a sneer, can hurt more and leave a deeper scar than any blow we could inflict. Boys think

F. S. Mawhinney

#4

CHAT.

VOL. 1. DES MOINES, IOWA, JANUARY, 1885. NO. 1.

TO E——

UNKNOWN.

With praises do the centuries ring
Of woman. In rapture do the poets sing
Of her—dark Egypt's dusky beauty—Queen
Not alone of Afric power but of men
At whose feet there knelt the world. Her whose charm
All in her face and perfect mould of form
Destroyed and wrecked great Anthony of Rome
And still unfaded, destroyed the home
Of Cæsar.

Small credit to a beauty so divine
That from its inner life, its soul, must shine
The fierce light of evil passion. To me
Beauty is not in face and form—its majesty
Is in the soul of purity that appears
In kind words and sympathetic tears
Which flow for suffering ones. I can find
No beauty in that which doth reflect a mind
Of baseness.

And yet in thee, the one I dearly love
I find enchanting beauty, far above
The rest of woman kind. Thine eyes tender
And speaking more than lips can tell, render
Me joy unspeakable. Thy face in line
With Grecian model and thy form divine—
Perfects instruments!—honored to express
The beauty of the soul which doth impress
All men with thee.

——o——

DEAD!

We miss a music gone
A star flame, and a touch
Like flowers, and still as stone
Lies she we loved so much.

Is this our loved who hears
Not nor can speak nor stir
And what to us appears
Death is it so to her.

Believe it not; she holds
Somewhere a sweeter place
And rarer eyes behold
The marvel of her face.

Joseph Dana Miller.

——o——

Entered for the Laureateship.

MORIEL.

BY FRANK W. LEE.

"A strange girl," the villagers said, accompanying the expression of opinion with a dubious shaking of heads. "An enigma," thought the casual visitor from the city, after the usual superficial observation. None of them understood her. But to Harry Linden she was neither strange nor enigmatical. Aided by an artist's faculty of discernment, and a fair knowledge of the different phases of human nature as found in the faces of those whom he had met, he had fathomed the depth of mind and soul until their mysteries were no longer veiled to him. He discovered the mind of a dreamer, filled with strange fancies; the soul of an angel, lofty, aspiring; and the heart of a woman, warm, tender, unschooled to dissimulation, brightened by truth and as pure as gold. He had made her a study, and from almost every picture that grew under his hand, the strange gray eyes of Moriel looked forth, from beneath beautiful dark eye-brows such as no other mortal had ever worn. Moriel's white forehead, curtained by a tangled mass of dark brown hair; her sweet lips, full and red, were the indices of her warm impulsive nature; her countenance, angelic, beautiful, and portrayed in all its varying moods, now expressive of deep illimitable thought, or unfettered fancy, attended by the unconscious smile of pleasure; now illuminated with vivacity, or disturbed by wild, ungovernable passion, when the gray eyes seemed turned to black, and the flames of anger, reflected in their depths, caused them to glow like half consumed coals.

He was familiar with all these changing moods, and in time learned how to gain the mastery over them. If she was inclined to dreaminess, he would take down a volume of poetry, and in clear musical tones, read the beautiful lines until the gray eyes lost their dreamy, vacant expression, the face brightened anew with animation, and the tongue poured forth utterance in conversation. If angry from trivial cause, as was often the case, the artist would take from a dusty corner, an old sweet-toned guitar; and with the soft touch of a master hand awaken the slumbering chords, until wierd, sweet melody filled the picture lined room, peopling it with fancies, new and old. The eyes would lose their angry flash, the lips grow softer in expression, the heaving bosom compose itself, and the anger yield, captive to music.

She loved him, and he fairly worshipped her, and longed for the coming of the happy day, which they had set apart for a quiet wedding, where, in the presence of friends, and happy in the love and blessings of her white-haired parents, he would claim her as his own. He had no parents. An orphan, yet not penniless; an artist born and not unfamed. Moriel's parents loved him as a son, and he loved them almost as he loved Moriel.

The summer came, with song birds, lovely flowers and sunlit beauty. Then the autumn, fairest season of the year, when Nature is queenliest, clad in her royal robes of purple and red, and gold Moriel grew sad and pensive—dreamier than before. The rhythm of poetry fell upon unheeding ears, and the sweet harmonious cords of the old guitar were powerless. Linden's anxiety was aroused, his heart sank—he could not understand this sudden change, and in response to his solicitous inquiries she would only murmur:

"There is a shadow across our path and gloom lies before us."

The reply troubled him, and gazing askance at the wonderful gray eyes, he would ask himself again and again if it were possible that they could look into futurity. All his efforts to reassure her were futile; now and then her face brightened with the old smile, but it fled, pursued by the indefinable shadow.

Christmas eve, while the little village was wrapped in slumber, and as silent as the little church yard at the edge of the wood, the fire king seized upon a widow's home. The cry of anguish torn from her bosom, cut the frosty air like a knife, and startled sleep from his dreamy throne. The grinding of men's feet upon the snow covered path, as they dashed by the little cottage, aroused Moriel from a restless, ill-visioned sleep; and the red flames lit up the room, clothing her in wierd beauty. Hastily dressing and throwing a large shawl about her head and shoulders, she descended to the street and hurried in the direction of the burning building. Linden was there, looking sorrowfully at the work of the flames, and Moriel sought his side, clinging to his arm, as with sad tearful face, she watched the progress of the flames.

Nothing could be done. There was no water at hand, no means whatever, by which the building could be rescued from the dreaded element, and it continued its mad career unmolested, mercilessly depriving the widow and her brood of shelter, obliterating the dear old scenes from view and happiness from the heart.

"My child! My child! Oh save him! In God's name I implore!"

In the anguish of the moment she had left the little one asleep in its crib, quite forgotten, until it appeared at an upper window. Horrified, men gazed at the sweet baby face, glorified by flame, as the child called piteously for its mother. Then at the dense smoke pouring out of the doorway, and with tears bedewing their nouest faces, shook their heads sadly and drew back. They knew that death awaited the coming of another victim.

"Oh, Linden, Linden! Will *you* not hear a mother's prayer for the life of her darling? You, who are so noble! Oh, save him!"and the half-distracted mother knelt before the artist.

Linden drew back, and gazing mournfully upon the poor woman, said huskily:

"It would be madness. I cannot help you."

He glanced at Moriel.

She turned upon him like a tigress; her magnificent eyes flashed with anger and contempt; her lips were drawn and pallid; her lithe form quivering with suppressed passion, and all the feeling of her heart, her soul, found utterance in the one word:

"Coward!"

He started violently, stung by the word and its tone, the crimson dyeing his cheeks. Moriel sprang away from him and toward the doomed building. With a bound he reached her side and grasping her slender wrist firmly, arrested further action. He gazed into her face sadly and

1789 M.L.A.

X-PN 4827

#5

THE CLIPPER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 23 1914

VOL. V., NO. 2 FEBRUARY, 1914. EIGHT PAGES

JEREMIAH HITCHCOCK'S GHOST.

By June B. Underwood

(Continued from last month)

"You wish you had! Well, if you did not get enough of it, you need not worry about it. You can do all the hoeing you want to, now; there is plenty to be done and I shall not object."

"You will wish you had," the voice observed.

Don't you believe it!" Jeremiah exclaimed indignantly. "I shall always be glad I didn't do any more of it. Just imagine the condition my hands would have been in ,and I should have been all sunburned and dried up like a smoked herring." then he hastened to add, "Not that I think it would do any harm, and if there is anything I can do to make you comfortable, I will be glad to do it."

Looking up he saw Miranda and the dog approaching. He ran hastily back to the log and picked up his gloves to keep her attention from the hoe, but she kept on until she ran against it.

"Did you throw that hoe at me? Jed Hitchcock," she demanded.

"No, I didn't, you know very well that I didn't and I have told you often that my name is not Jed, you might at least call me Jerry."

"I shall not call you anything as silly as that, my mother had an uncle whose name was Jeremiah and we always called him Jed."

"Well, I am not your mother's uncle, and I wish you would go back to the house and attend to your own affairs." he was anxious to have a few more words with Higgins before he left, but the hoe was lying quietly on the ground and he might be already gone, and Jeremiah had fully intended to make arrangements to have him come every day and continue the work. The dog had sniffed about the hoe suspiciously, then dropping his tail between his legs, made a bee line toward the house, but Miranda appeared to be in no hurry to go.

"I am glad you have got at that onion bed at last," she said, "It is a disgrace to the place. You might as well come in now, it is getting late." He followed her with a groan. He knew there was no use trying to get rid of her, and he might be able to call Higgins back in the morning.

He was restless and uneasy all night; this strange thing that had happened promised to be interesting, and he determined to make it pay; there was so much to be done about the place that Miranda was always nagging about something. The fence needed to be mended, the barn leaked, and the garden was overgrown with weeds. He was in a fever of impatence for the morning to come. He wondered if ghosts arose early, and what time they began work, and why Higgins was sorry that he had not worked more.

When at last breakfast was over,

(Continued on next page.)

EXCHANGE COPY. X-PN 4827

THE CHIEF

"TOWERS O'ER ALL."

Volume I April, 1928 Number 10

MY CHUM

By Walter A. Yanovich, L.S.G. (10)

He comforted my sorrows
And Always helped me out;
He met me on the morrows
With a smile, not a pout.

He was the truest pal I've had
But death claimed him too soon,
To him I dedicate these lines,
A doggerel, je june.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

THE RED ROSE

By Bernard Kobel, S.S. (5)

Lovely and bright is the red, red rose,
The fairest and sweetest of flowers,
Her fragrance is borne by the summer breeze,
While enchancing our evening hours.

Wallace A. Foster
International Curios
1214 ILLINOIS
SPOKANE, WN.

X-PN 4827
#7

Concordia-Post

BERLIN-CHARLOTTENBURG (GERMANY), Wilmersdorferstraße 46

Club-Zeitschrift der
Club-Journal of the
„Concordia"

Tausch-Exchange
Der Welt feinster Club! - The World's finest Club!

*

INTERNATIONALE TAUSCH- UND KORRESPONDENZ-VEREINIGUNG
INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE AND CORRESPONDENCE CLUB
SOCIETÉ INTERNATIONALE DE CORRESPONDANCE ET D'ECHANGE
CLUB INTERNACIONAL DE COLECCIONISTAS Y CORRESPONDENCIA

Berlin, 31. Mai 1928
Nr. 33 * VII. Jahrg.

Die Schneekoppe

Zwei Länderpostämter auf einsamer Höhe -- Der wandernde Concordianer im Riesengebirge

von A. Krebs, CA 815/5.

Spindlermühle.

Schneekoppe (vor der kleinen Koppe).

Es soll nicht wieder meine Aufgabe sein, mich über die Vergehen in der Philatelie zu ereifern (Cyrillica, Carica, Patrca etc.), sondern will Sie heute zu einer interessanten Wandertour anregen. Es muß nicht immer die Schweiz, Italien usw sein, nein, die eigenartigen Naturschönheiten des Riesengebirges sind mindestens ebenso anziehend.

Seien es die gespenstischen Felsszenerien mit den schwindelnden Abgründen, seien es die imposant wirkenden Wasserfälle, welche sich in den verschiedensten Formen über steile Wände hinabstürzen, oder seien es die wunderbaren Fern- und Rundsichten in das weite, tiefe Tal, in deutsches oder tschechisches Gebiet und nicht zuletzt, je nach den Höhengraden, die Flora dieses Gebirges — alles das, was den hungrigen Sehensdrang des Wanderers nie ganz stillt, sondern täglich neues schauen läßt. Die reine Luft und die in jeder Höhenlage herrschenden Temperaturen sind ein Heilfaktor für viele Erkrankungen (auch der philatelistisch Erkrankten!).

Die höchste Erhebung des Riesengebirges, außer den Alpen der höchste Berg Deutschlands, bildet die Schneekoppe, ein aus Glimmerschiefer bestehender und mit Felstrümmern besäter Kegel, auf welchem sich eine deutsche und eine tschechische Gaststätte (Wirt CA 5208/5) und ebenso ein deutsches und tschechisches Postamt befinden. Von hier aus genießt man einen der schönsten Ausblicke auf ca. 600 m tiefe Abgründe, und Sonnenauf- oder Untergang lassen Farben erstehen, wie sie selten einer Malers Palette festzuhalten vermag.

Also — wir wandern! Hirschberg im Riesengebirge (30 000 Einw.) muß der Ausgangspunkt sein.

Wir fahren mit der Eisenbahn bis Mittelschreiberhau, um die in der Nähe gelegene Sägerhalle und Gemäldegalerie sowie den romantischen Kochelfall zu besuchen. Wandernd im schönen Zackental, wird die interessante Josephinenhütte, eine der ältesten Glasindustrien gestreift, um almählig die in einen Felskessel eingeschlossene Zackellklamm zu erreichen,

X-PN 4827

THE COLLECTOR'S DIRECTORY

SEPT. — OCT., 1928

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1928

Official Organ Of
THE EAGLE EXCHANGE CLUB
Published by
J. B. BRANDT
HENDRICKS, MINNESOTA.

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. I June, 1929 No. 3

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

Oh they say that this world has gone the bad,
That the prince of the dark regions reign.
There is nothing but sorrow and misery sad,
Murder, scandal, self-seeking for gain.
But beneath the tempestuous turmoil above,
Runs the calm placid current of those
Who proceed in their missions of mercy and love,
Caring naught how the upper stream flows.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

With a merry good- bye, Mothers send out each day
Their dearl loved ones to battle for bread;
Cheered, sustained and encouraged to go on their way,
By the comforting things she has said.
And when dark shadows fall as the night gathers deep,
They return to their havens of rest,
Recreation, food, shelter and calm tranquil sleep,
All maintained by her ministry blest.

In the shops of the country you see everywhere,
A great army of men, middle-aged,
Bent and worn by the long years of hard work and care,
And the struggles of life they have waged,
Just in order to to give their small daughter or son
The advantages they never had,
Quite content to forego all life's pleasure and fun,
And be just old plain laboring Dad.

There are many dear souls who go on with their deeds
Of sweet charity to the oprest;
There are great men in business who study the needs
Of their brothers, and seek out the best
Way of easing their burdens, and others who give
Freely smiles, joyous greetings, and mirth,
And these dear bits of leaven, wherever they live
Are most truly, "the salt of the earth."

Author Unknown

A MID-WESTERN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
VOTE FOR MRS. M. RICHARDS

X-PN 482

The

COLLECTOR'S & DEALER'S MART.

Publisher : W.E. NEAVE, 204, Cambridge Road, Kilburn, N.W.6

No. 24. *APRIL, 1931.* *4th Year*

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

THE NEW RATES.

Whole Page	£1.	Half Page	12/6
Quarter ,,	7/6	Eighth ,,	5/-

Smalls : 2 words 1d. 4 insertions price of 3.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Is it possible, many people ask, to do all that this man Ashford says he is going to do?

Having been established a full 2 years the Mail Order Agent has grown by leaps and bounds. Firstly, when published by Field & Co., the paper came out with some doubts and wonderings as to how long it would last, and what amount of success it would achieve. Those doubts were dispelled after 3 months of life. A quarter page of adverts in the second issue, ¾ page in the 3rd, until two whole pages were needed for small adverts in the 6th issue. Just a four page paper, intelligently edited, and a circulation of 1,000, this was the Mail Order Agent, when it passed into hands of the Ashford Press at No.15. No.17 consisted of 8 pages. 5 of

X-PN 4827

Capener's SUNSHINE

Vol. 14. JANUARY 1932 No. 1.

Published Monthly By

J. W. Capener, 849 Almaden Ave., San Jose, California

50c A YEAR. AD RATE 4c PER WORD. ALL ADS DISPLAYED. FORMS CLOSE 20th OF EACH MONTH
No advertising of an immoral, Suggestive, Vulgar or Fraudulent Character Accepted
Member: Mail Order Dealers' Association, Bismarck, North Dakota
Combined Circulation 6000 Copies This issue

"A MODERN HELL." Red Hot Book, 10¢. MAIZE, 1801 w Memorial, Williamsport, Pa.

NEWS **Special** Will send you 100 Fresh Names of opportunity seekers Mail 100 of your circulars (any size) for 25c J. L. Johnson The Buckeye Mailer Fredericktown, O.

1932 GOSPEL TEXT Calendars in many colors; 30c while supply lasts. Don't regret later—send NOW while you can get them. The Peerless Press, 2010 E. Willard St., Muncie, Ind.

HALF POUND circulars mailed 25c. BIG mail six months 10c. Fifty-word ad 8,000 circulation $1.00 you mail 200 (atheistic). Barkertab, 4514 Blossom, Houston, Texas

MR. ADVERTISER
HAVE YOUR CIRCULARS MAILED from the Wilson Mailing Bureau, New York City. We mail any size circular for $2.00 per 1000. 200 mailed for 50 cents. Address EDWARD W. WILSON, Box 74, Madison Square Sta., New York City. 30 years a Mailer. Prompt service guaranteed Thousands of references

SPECIAL NOTICE
Send 10c (stamps) for sample copy of the WILSON MAIL ORDER GAZETTE. Largest mail order paper in the world. 12 years old.
EDWARD W. WILSON
— 30 YEARS A MAILER —
Box 74, Madison Square Station, New York

YOUR 30 Word Ad Neatly Printed on ten thousand co operative circulars for $1.00 You get one thousand for careful mailing Address E C HOFFNAGLE, Blue Island Ill mr

1932 DIRECTORY of nearly 100 Reliable Exchange Mailers, twenty-five cents. V. KESTNER, Box 460W, Derry Pa. jun

RELIABLE Mailers Wanted If you mail to women send rates, capacity and samples of circulars you are now mailing. THE STERLING NOVELTY CO., Blue Island Ill.

Here 'Tis! You address and mail sixty letters. Salary $6 50 weekly. Source 10c. CLIF JEPSEN, 2716 E. Franklin Ave Mpls., Minn.

41,000 000 Customers are Waiting for
CIRCLE IT'S DIFFERENT Once tried always used 200% profit Sample pint 25cts Lytle Supply Co. 1433½ E. Rich St Dept 25, Columbus, Ohio m

LIVE BY YOUR WITS!!
My scheme brings me plenty of **DOLLARS!** Get it! Use it! Proper! 10c brings it. J. GAMLOWSKI, Dept 3,909 West 6th Topeka, Kansas

40% Commission circulars 10¢ per 100 PENN SALES CO., P. O. Box 5908, Phila., Pa.

25 Word Ad in 60 Mail Order Papers for $1.00. J. CREWS, SHARON HILL, PENNA.

Make $1.98 Profit on each $2.00 Sale Big demand. Dime brings complete details and other valuable information UZEMOR CO., 421 - 48th St., Moline, Ill.

100 FRESH NAMES, 20c; List revised often. Each a real buyer; has remitted 10c or more for mail order propositions. H. J. Teeple, Decatur, Ind.

WHY! Don't! You! Go! To! Work! You say: How in the H— can I work when there's no work to do. For One Dime I will tell you one honest way. O. E. Babb, Argyle Ct. Burlington, Iowa

MEN! MAKE BIG MONEY Operating mail order business. Unique system, sure profits (no selling). Write today enclosing stamp. EMERY DONALDSON, Ramsey, Illinois

TO YOU, ADVERTISER!
Ideas....geared to break thru today's economic barriers....put into your sales message. Strenuous sales arguments—greater pulling power—more sales per dollar. Send only 50c for 25-word ad that will pull many dollars. Limited time only. Act now! JOSEPH D. SCHEINER, 301 N. Robinson St. Baltimore, Md.

100% PROFIT selling my Imported NOVELTIES. Necklets $12 gross; sample doz $1.15 Franklin C. Wood, 30 Lenox St Worcester, Mass dc

The next issue of ★"AMONG THE STARS," new movie newspaper awaits your advertisement. 2c word. $1 inch. ALBERT KIRK 66 Milwaukee Ave. Bethel Conn

EARN GOOD MONEY! Start a Legitimate, Dignified Business at home Noncanvassing Can be operated by anyone Descriptive booklet 25c David Kennedy, R 10 Chambersburg Pa.

200 Pulling Imprints 10¢. P. Rose Service. 3960 Taylor, Dept. 5, Cincinnati Ohio

BUSINESS INFORMATION or errands or Credit Reports in this section of New Jersey 50c each. PAUL F. WILLIAMS Dept 5, New Brunswick, N J.

NEWS RUBBER NOVELTIES Full time and side line salesmen Catalog and sample packages 10 cts LYTLE SUPPLY CO. 1433½ East Rich St Dept 26, Columbus, Ohio mr

Just Out Directory of 150 firms furnishing FREE imprint and commission circulars. Price 25c V. KESTNER, Box 460W, Derry, Pa. mr

X-PN

The Commentator

‡ SPRING 1933 ‡

Published by L. V. Heljeson, Box 452, Mitchell, South Dakota, and Lauren R. Geringer, Route 1, Box 17, Vida, Montana. Members Noel Chapter of the United Amateur Press Association of America. Entered for laureteship of the U. A. P. A. of A.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

PRINTER'S COMMENTS

BY LAUREN R. GERINGER

With this number, THE COMMENTATOR changes printery. It may suffer somewhat from the change. Certainly L. R. Morris does splendid work as a printer of amateur journals. He has set an example, in the preceding numbers of this journal, that I will strive hard to follow.

With my meager equipment and worn type, I may not be able to print as attractively and legibly as he has. But I hope to make up for this in working in linoleum cuts and the home-made ornaments of an amateur printer. My brother helped me to make ornamental borders of old fanning-mill sieve as well as cutting monograms for his sister and for himself from bits of linotype slugs.

Most of my work so far has been small set-ups like letterheads, but I furnished some preacher friends with poetic tracts that were full chase work. I also printed my own Cristmas cards, panelling the edges. Now that I have the equipment, I am going to publish some booklets for aspiring writers. These will be of interest to amateur journalists.

X-PN 462

The Commentator

AUTUMN 1933

Published by L. V. Heljesen, Box 432, Mitchell, South Dakota, and Lauren R. Geringer, Route 1, Box 17, Vida, Montana. Members C. F. Noel Chapter of the United Amateur Press Association of America. Entered for laureateship of the U. A. P. A.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
SEP 20 1944

WORK

LAUREN R. GERINGER

WORK! What a variety of meanings that word has! To some it means toilsome labor— cold duty— unavoidable slavery. To others it is merely a means of existance— a part of daily life— routine activity. To still others it means a chance to create— self-expression— renumerative art.

For the first, any kind of task is avoided as such. They may go out and expand ten times as much energy in sports or some labor that they can call pleasure. They can go night and day, if need be, and never lack interest. But if confronted with a day's work they "aren't used to it".

The second class will work alright. They could hardly live without a rut of work to plod in. And, the more they do the more money they make. Their main interest in seeing a job done is the benefit to themselves.

But those who find their pleasure in their work— those who will work as well without pay as with it— they are the ones that make of work what the Creator intended it to be: something to keep mind and body busy, healthy and happy while providing a living in a way that will help others and give them a chance to create for themselves. Of such are the progressive people of our land. They are never "out of a job"; never without something useful to do.

X-PN 4827

The Commentator

:: WINTER 1933 ::

L. V. Heljeson, Box 422, Mitchell, South Dakota.
Lauren R. Geringer, Route 1, Box 17, Vida, Montana. } Editors
Members C. F, Noel Chapter of the United Amateur Press Association.
Entered for laureateship awards of the U. A. P. A.

UNSHED TEARS

L. V. HELJESON

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
FEB 29 194

Men's feelings are not expressed in tears,
When from their teen-age they depart,
But I have seen enacted scenes of life
Saddened—denied, from a strong man's heart:
Hands clasped behind an up-tilted head,
And far-eyed looking out to white-capped sea;
Stooped shoulders and an unswerving gaze,
Into dying embers on a brown-swept lea,
Fine eyes beneath a young man's brow,
Enshroud a chain of unshed tears,
Beneath their world film, tender depths
Reflect unnumbered griefs or fears.

TO ME poetry is a huge patchwork quilt, composed of every material, but torn and scattered here and there by people eager to know and possess its beauty. One happens upon a stray block or scrap every now and then. It may be the silk of fine language about the moon; or the cotton of rythmic praise of a wheat-field under the noon-day sun; or the somber wool of a view of a public question; or the shimmering chiffon of gay words about love; or the rich velvet of word-scenes from a luxurious palace in the Orient. And I like to think of the stitches in the quilt as being irregular— some wrought by hands of culture, some by hands upon which stern experience has left its mark.—LVH.

X-PN 4827

The COLUMBIAN

Vol. 2, No. 1. March, 1933

Fate Makes a Loophole

APR 29 1944

By PEARL ADOREE RAWLING

ANDY JENCO had promised Jimsy, when the latter was sent to the Big House at Columbus for the murder of Henry Curtzer, that he'd kill Judge Chase three different ways. Jimsy had fired the shot, and Tony had plunged a knife into Henry Curtzer which, according to the coroner, had caused Henry's death. Then when Tony had committed suicide, they had "railroaded" Jimsy off, claiming the gun wound would have caused death had not the knife wound "beat it to it."

Six weeks Andy had waited. Then Judge Chase left town and it was six weeks before he returned. But Andy could afford to wait. He couldn't rush a guy into a three-way murder.

Besides, Andy was laying his plans with unusual care. He'd built them up, torn them down and reconstructed them over and over, until there didn't seem to be a flaw in them. Not one loop-hole for the judge. Not a chance of Andy's slipping up on a thing.

Night after night he sat up, then lay awake long into the night, mentally killing the judge. He knew his plans were okay, with a night of suspense and torture thrown in for the "old bird" before he'd croak him. Andy Jenco was as good a gun-slinger and knife-wielder as ever missed the electric chair. Life wasn't the same without Jimsy, though.

Well, after the judge had been made away with, he'd go to Columbus and plan a means of escape for Jimsy, then back to old Chicago they'd go to lay low for some time. Wouldn't do to stay in circulation after that.

Andy learned while biding his time that Judge Chase was sweet on a little girl who operated a studio down town. He also learned that the girl had but to crook her little finger and the widower judge would come running, and that there were frequent all-night parties at the lakes in which the judge participated. Quite okay, when off duty, Andy allowed. Men will be men.

* * *

The judge's adventure started in simple enough fashion when he received a telephone call telling him to come to a certain cottage at Turkeyfoot Lake. It was midnight when the judge arrived, parked his four-passenger Packard and found that he'd been the target for a joke. Locked up, he couldn't get any response when he'd pounded on the cottage doors and windows.

Back in his car he had barely turned the key in the ignition when a "Put up your paws" from the

X-PN 4827

#16

The COLUMBIAN

Vol. I DECEMBER, 1933 No. 2

A Cooperative Idea Offering
HEALTH PROTECTION
For the Entire Family At a Nominal Cost

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JAN 29 1944

X-PN #17

Chips & Shavings

Being a compilation of representative essays, poems, and editorials taken from current issues of umateur journals, sent to you through the courtesy of . . .

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 2 1934

Horizons

Winter, 1933-1934

Issued by THE HOMESTEAD PRESS
4332 Lawn Ave., Western Springs, Illinois

X-PN 4827

418

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV December, 1933 No. 1

LITTLE CHRISTCHILD

By Margaret Lockerbie Richards

What matter, little Christchild,
If thou art myth or true
If thou were born in morning light,
Or evening's silver dew.
If thought of thee can thrill my heart
And cause my eyes to see
The life divine in every child
It is enough for me.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
29 1944

CHRISTMAS WISHES

By Anna E. Benson

If wishes were fairies, I'd send some to you,
And have them perform what I cannot do;
Bring health and good fortune, bring wealth, Christmas cheer,
And never once leave you throughout the New Year.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

By Mary Ellen Hartnett

The dust is off the old kegs,
The grapes have gayly turned to wine,
So I'll wish you a Merry Christmas
In the spirits of the time.

THE CHICAGO ATOM

#19

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST NEWSPAPER

Published at 373 W. Madison Street, Chicago

VOL. 1 — NO. 1 1c—Don't Pay Less NOV. 14, 1933

EDITORIAL

Inanimate things may become the objects of injustice as well as human beings. Consider the over-worked condition of a blotter in a post office. Compare its existence with the life of ease led by a blotter on the desk of a fifth vice-president of a bank. The first is afflicted with high-ink pressure and is bent beneath the weight of millions of words. The second goes garbed in curleycues and its face is unlined by any impression beyond that of an occasional "No." This inequality should be corrected.

Take the postoffice blotters out of Civil Service. Require each incoming administration at Washington to put new blotters in the post offices in place of the old. It would seem like heaven to such a blotter to only have to serve four years. Then make the fifth vice-presidents of the banks stay in after business hours each day and write some simple word two hundred times. See that each fifth vice-president blots each word he writes.

We will then have justice and equality for blotters in this great nation.

Once this space showed a fand dancer performing but the weather turned cold and she laid aside her fans, so we couldn't publish the photograph.	There was a picture here of a lady wearing a broad smile just after divorcing her husband, but she stepped out—to make up for lost time.
Snap shot of big shot vagrant in his limousine. Car has gone around corner.	This formerly showed several persons who indicated how they held their hands aloft while being held up in their office by bandits. Picture was taken out because it is such old stuff.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WASHINGTON, D.C.

APR 29 1944

#20

THE CALIFORNIAN

"May It Please the Public"

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
GENERAL RESERVE
APR 20 1944

VOL. 1 WINTER 1933 NO. 3

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

These are critical and crowded days. As Americans, we are witnessing a series of world-rocking events such as occur but rarely in human history. In this beloved land of ours the basic principles of democracy are being forged anew. A huge experiment in social planning and social control is being performed before our eyes.

Science, invention, industry and commerce continue to extend the horizon of human activities and call for greater numbers of men and women with initiative and capacity for leadership. But numbers alone do not suffice. The highest plane of progressivism in our civilization will be attained only by men and women possessing the ingredients of good character as well as knowledge, understanding and skill.

In statecraft, in art, in science, in literature, and in industry, the goal is eternally the same—leadership. At one time or another in every walk of life, there has appeared the true and unmistakable leader whose work has boldly forced itself on the consciousness of the world as masterful, fundemental and unique. Great names of all times in every sphere of human effort stand forth. Witness those who have succeeded in the age-old quest for enduring greatness. Charlemagne cannot die. He lives steadily on: he survives because the power of his work is permanent.

The leader is, in the strongest sense of the word, a thinker; a thinker with the ability to impart his subject, his will and his enthusiasm.

(Continued on page 4)

X-PN 1-2 #121

THE CALIFORNIAN

"May It Please the Public"

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

VOL. 1 SUMMER 1933 NO. 1

APR 23 1934

AN INTRODUCTION

I am happy to announce the first edition of THE CALIFORNIAN. I have been greatly encouraged in the project by amateur journalism enthusiasm and by my fellow members.

It will be my constant aim and endeavor to make THE CALIFORNIAN informative, instructive and interesting. Because of the size of this journal, and further, the fact that it is to be issued quarterly, are the reasons that I will not be able to accept contributions to the same for the present. However, I hope in the future to be able to issue a much larger journal, so that I can accept contributions and issue the best possible amateur journal by me to edit.

In this initial number of THE CALIFORNIAN, I have attempted to uphold the high traditions of amateur journalism organizations. I have looked forward from the beginning to the time when it would be possible for me to issue my own journal. At last my hopes and dreams have been realized. I realize my woeful lack of experience, but with the inspiration of my fellow members, I pledge myself to do all I can to make THE CALIFORNIAN a success.

"Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time. —Voltaire

---

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

X-PN 4827

THE CALIFORNIAN

"May It Please the Public"

THE LIBRARY OF COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC

VOL. 1 SUMMER 1933 NO. 1

APR 29 1944

AN INTRODUCTION

I am happy to announce the first edition of THE CALIFORNIAN. I have been greatly encouraged in the project by amateur journalism enthusiasm and by my fellow members.

It will be my constant aim and endeavor to make THE CALIFORNIAN informative, instructive and interesting. Because of the size of this journal, and further, the fact that it is to be issued quarterly, are the reasons that I will not be able to accept contributions to the same for the present. However, I hope in the future to be able to issue a much larger journal, so that I can accept contributions and issue the best possible amateur journal by me to edit.

In this initial number of THE CALIFORNIAN, I have attempted to uphold the high traditions of amateur journalism organizations. I have looked forward from the beginning to the time when it would be possible for me to issue my own journal. At last my hopes and dreams have been realized. I realize my woeful lack of experience, but with the inspiration of my fellow members, I pledge myself to do all I can to make THE CALIFORNIAN a success.

"Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time. —Voltaire

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

X-PN 4827 #23

THE CALIFORNIAN

"May It Please the Public"

VOL. 1 FALL 1933 NO. 2

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PR 22 1944

ANTI-SEMITISM IN GERMANY

So many mingled feelings fill one's very soul when thinking of the attitude of the Hitler government toward the Jew, that expression becomes difficult.

As an American, I deeply regret and deplore the persecution, the racial hatred, the bigotry, the prejudice and the intolerance which are being carried on in Germany. As a Jew, I most especially recoil at the physical, mental and spiritual abuses which have been heaped upon the people of our faith who live in Germany, for no reason other than they are Jewish by birth.

For five thousand years Hitlers have come and gone; and Adolf is no exception. The Jew still survives. Hitlers may destroy flesh but in doing so they bring rebirth to the spirit that endures while the pain of the flesh lingers among the Hitlerites.

It is more than sad to contemplate that the occurences which the press of the world, in spite of a rigid censorship, has broadcast, should take place in that land which all of us have regarded as a seat of culture, science enlightment, art and literature. It is tragic to reflect that the shafts of tyranny and oppression should be hurled at those who have earned the respect of the world—at men like Einstein, Wasserman, Franck, and Feuchtwanger. It is awful to realize that the most cruel and inhuman treatment should be accorded to those who helped to make their nation great in science, in law, in art, in

(Continued on page 4)

APR 29 1944

CADENCES

A MAGAZINE OF CRITICISM

MARION BLODGETT, Editor

ASSISTED BY WRITERS, ARTISTS, POETS, MUSICIANS, FUN-MAKERS AND ESSAYISTS

Vol. 1, No. 3 | Published Quarterly at 100 W. Houston St., New York City | October, 1933

Copyright 1933 by Marion Blodgett

ON THE WORST POEM OF THE YEAR

Your own Ballade of Washington Sq. is the worst poem of the year.—T. Avery.

That poem, From The Bottom of *One* Heart, written by your friend, C. Grand-Pierre, Mayor of Greenwich Village, is without doubt the very worst poem of this or any other year. How a full-grown man can calmly print anything like that is beyond me.—Arthur Hammond.

Why pick out any particular poem of D. K.'s as the worst of the year. Most of his stuff is in the worst possible taste anyway.—Helen Martin.

ON STELLA V. JONES' POETRY

Stella V. Jones has certainly blossomed out beautifully since she became one of your group. Membership in the Hodge Podge seems to have had a magical effect upon this poet.—Helen Martin.

I have followed Stella V. Jones' career in many magazines and newspapers. I have always been of the opinion that this poet had a great future ahead of her, provided the proper influences and incentives to good work were present. —Homer Beale.

That poem "Origin" is better than anything produced by those pagan poets of New York, or vicinity.—Ellery Bryant.

(The vicinity of New York includes Hoboken, Secaucus, Greenpernt and Canarsie, not to mention Gowanus Canal and Newton Creek.—Ed.)

Stella's poem The Fliers should be flourished before those high-nosed members of the intellegencia that I see roaming around New York.—Arthur Hammond.

(It would not do any good, Arthur, they do not read English. When they indulge in literature, they go into reverse gear and read backwards.—Ed.)

ON BEN H. SMITH

It seems to me that your Bobby Burns of America is slipping a little bit. Get him back to the soil, where he obviously belongs. Tell him to take his mind off Greenwich Village, to forget about Cooke, to bid farewell to Sean Mac' and, above all, to stop catering to that high-school gang out in the Middle-West. He'll get soft in the head trying to please those little cliques of tight-minded egotists. I hate to see a good guy like that go wrong. So, use stern measures if necessary.—W. C. Vanderbilt.

GENERAL COMMENTS

Are you a high-brow or a low-brow?—John Tribend.

(You will have to draw your own conclusions, John. —Ed.)

I hear that you and your crowd have gone in for cookery in a big way. How can any one expect great things in literature from a bunch of salad-makers?—Wm. P. Cooke.

Who expected the great things of us? Certainly not you. Besides, we are adept in other branches of the culinary art than salad-making. Our baked and spiced fish are dream viands. Our vegetables stews are poems without words. As for the salads — hear an expert on the matter:

> I shall woo no more in song nor ballad
> Old loves that have brought me but regrets,
> But shall pick one skilled in making salad
> For one must eat as one forgets.
>
> Ben H. Smith
> (In July, 1933 BLUE MOON)

SOME EXPLANATIONS

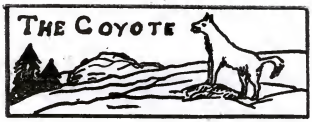
We deeply regret that lack of space forces us to omit the little gems of our friends, the brilliant essayists. The first, by Wm. P. Cooke, was scheduled to appear in this issue. We'll keep our promise in the January number, even if we have to enlarge the magazine.

* * * *

The Prince of Printers is on his vacation, somewhere in South America. Our new printer, Richard Barry, made a good job of this issue, except that he absent-mindedly attached the name of Lenore Boe to the picture of Inez M. Tyler. We sincerely hope the ladies will forgive him.

> The Democrats in sharps and flats
> Are singing with much cheer,
> We'll get the good old booze again,
> Now that we got the beer.
>
> Ben H. Smith

X-PN 4827



August 1933 Forty-fifth Number

CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

THE COYOTE

WILLIAM T. HARRINGTON, Editor
502 Cherry Street,
Vermillion, South Dakota.

COLLECTION FOR SALE

My collection of over 2000 amateur papers is for sale in order to secure some very much needed cash. I have not lost all interest in amateur journalism and had not even considered selling the papers before the depression. This will explain why I have refused to give them away or sell them for a trifling amount.

I believe this offer is unique and may be the one opportunity of a lifetime to secure a collection of this size. I have carefully saved amateur papers for nearly twenty years. A chance to buy part or all of this collection is offered.

William T. Harrington

X-PN 4827

The Commentator

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Spring Number
1934

X-PN 4827

The Commentator

OIO SUMMER 1934 OIO

L. V. Heliesen, 1013 North Main Street, Mitchell, South Dakota
Lauren R. Geringer, Route 1, Box 17, Vida, Montana Editors
Members of the United Amateur Press Association of America, and the Clyde F. Noel Chapter U. A. P. A.
Entered for laureateship awards of the U. A. P. A.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 23 1934

PERSONAL COMMENTS

LAUREN R. GERINGER

L. V. wrote me a very interesting account of meeting the three "Fargo" boys, Art A. Larson, Harold E. Flint, and Erling Rolfsrud. They must have settled the past, present and future of journalism, for they were together several days and talked shop most of the while.

Someone has prophecied that the great American writers of the future will come from this more recently settled region, where life is still close to the earth. I like to think I am acquainted with some of those future famous authors. How big a part will the U. A. P. A. have in developing them?

One of the chief characteristics of a successful writer is his persistence. Only through practice can his talent become perfect. The members of the U. A. P. A. who write or publish only once a year or so should learn to concentrate on steadier output, even though less voluminous at the time.

In this we have the keynote of success: a beginning small enough to be handled, and then built upon and enlarged until in time it is big enough to become recognized. From there on it is matter of maintaining the steady growth so well begun.

X-PN 4827 #23

September, 1934
No. 1

THE Chimney Corner

Charles L. Detrick, Editor
Member of the Nationl Amateur Press Association and the United Amateur Press Association

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
SEP 27 1944

The next to come in was a mason,
His hammer needed facin',
He said he would be Jason,
Among the jovial crew.
He told the landlord to his face
The chimney corner was his place
While Jones' ale was new,
While Jones' ale was new.

◆ ◆ ◆

The next to come in was a dyer,
Who sat down by the fire,
And no one could get nigher,
Among the jovial crew.
He told the landlord to his face
The chimney corner was his place
While Jones' ale was new,
While Jones' ale was new.

(Old drinking song.)

This issue contains a new schedule of prices for printing amateur periodicals

X-PN 4827 #29

THE

September, 1934
No. 1

Chimney Corner

Charles L. Detrick, Editor
Member of the Nationl Amateur Press Association and the United Amateur Press Association

The next to come in was a mason,
His hammer needed facin',
He said he would be Jason,
Among the jovial crew.
He told the landlord to his face
The chimney corner was his place
While Jones' ale was new,
While Jones' ale was new.

◆ ◆ ◆

The next to come in was a dyer,
Who sat down by the fire,
And no one could get nigher,
Among the jovial crew.
He told the landlord to his face
The chimney corner was his place
While Jones' ale was new,
While Jones' ale was new.

(Old drinking song.)

This issue contains a new schedule of prices for printing amateur periodicals

X-PN 4827

#30

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV January, 1934 No. 2

JAN 29 1944

LIVING LIFE

By Leta C. Mogstad

Most of us go through life blindfolded, stumbling against this, that, and the other thing. People hurt us in a number of ways, and what do we do? Do we fight back and take our rightful places in the sun? Some do, I am happy to say, but most of us take our hurts into a corner where we nurture them far too earnestly. How infinitely better off we would be if we took our trials and tribulations out of the light of day and by exposing them to the sun, minimize and see them in their true perspective. We have times when we are so far down in the dumps that it would take a derrick to elevate us to sea level. What's to do about it?

* * *

What is the secret of life? Many of us would dearly love to know. We seem to experience so many, many disappointments, and so much of our time is spent explaining our actions. Of course, the modern trend is, "Never explain anything" and I think it has its merits. Oh, that we would learn to live our lives philosophically and make the best of what the gods give us! How infinitely happier we would be!

LINGERING

By Edith M. De Laby

When the twilight shadows are growing deep,
And the stars above begin to peep,
When the great big moon is shining clear
And the spooky owl sounds awful queer,
There's one place I want to be
Dreaming dreams 'neath the old oak tree

OLD MOLNDAL

By Anna E. Benson

Ten years ago, Ma and I took a trip to Sweden where I was born. I enjoyed all the pleasures of seasickness, all the fun of stepping ashore in Europe, the thrill of meeting my fifty-seven relatives, and being treated like visiting royalty. And here are some of the funny things I found:

A little town scrambling up a series of hills that flabbergasted poor me from level Chicago. Houses built of wood, painted pretty pinks and blues—where cellars of homes would hobnob with neighboring attics. Gloriously long days—clear air—an atmosphere that made you hungry all the time. Hospitable folks.

Too hospitable. We had coffee in every home we visited and only the demi-tasse size of the cups saved us from drowning in caffein. Soft drinks were in favor. Fruit was generally served to us with our strawberry or raspberry drink—eighths of oranges, quarters of apples or bananas. But we were complimented by the singy portions—fruit is a luxury in cold Sweden.

One Sunday morning thirty-two relatives chartered two strong Ford trucks—with the steering wheels goofily on the right side—and wiggled our way to Asa, forty miles off. Here in a bay of the sea we enjoyed our first salt water bathing treat, and boy! It was the cat's whiskers! Water of an amazing transparency, soft as a baby's cheek. The sandy bottom was as smooth as the fibs of a society dame. Water so shallow I thought of wading to America in it!

(Concluded on Page Three)

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV February, 1934 No. 3

TO BERNICE

By Bessie Richards

I walked along the busy way without a thought—
The pain of the world's hurts and cares had dulled my soul.
Then, gazing idly through the noisy throng that passed,
I saw you smiling there as though you understood.
The numbness of my being could no longer stay,
For had you not passed by and cheered me with your smile?

TOOLS

By Mary Ellen Hartnett

An instrument of manual operation, as a hammer, saw, plane, or file is a tool. So too, are persons sometimes used as tools by their fellow-men, but how many of us appreciate words as tools? Properly used, they can wither our enemies or incite our friends into a feeling of nostalgia for our companionship.

Inasmuch as the way of your life is to be measured by the competent or inefficient handling of your tools, begin now to harbour within your being a dramatic feeling for words. It does not necessarily follow that we must use only the largest ones we know, but rather the most appropriate, remembering that it takes but a scant dusting of the right chemical to make tiny pills deadly. Like a true artisan practicing his craft, we should use our tools painstakingly to achieve for us results that will outlive our memories.

Take up your pen and with it wield a fine line with something besides its point.

SO IT GOES

By Helen C. Bond

I should like to relate a sad tale of three clocks,
Which have given me cause to reflect;
There were three little clocks, with three differing tocks,
One was fast, one was slow, one correct.
Now the fast little clock thought the slow little clock
Was the plodding and ponderous bore;
That the prim little clock, with its too correct tock,
Was a smug little snob to the core.
While the slow little clock thought the fast little clock
Was as shocking and rash as could be;
And quite envied the clock of meticulous tock
(Through a trifle disparagingly).
The correct little clock, so precise in its tock,
Held the slow little clock in disdain;
And delighted to stare at the fast little clock
In a mocking, superior vein.
It distressed me to see that the three little clocks
Were at odds in so grievous a way;
So I made them agree to have uniform tocks,
Which they did without any delay.
But, alas! for the fate of the three little clocks
That had chatted and gossipped at will;
For so dull grew their lives filled with uniform tocks,
That they soon became muted and still.

THE WORLD IS MOVING

By Fred H. Ringer

How the world is progressing is strikingly illustrated on our great fresh water seas. In the year 1814 a 96-ton

(Concluded on Page Four)

X-PN 4827

#22

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV January, 1934 No. 2

LIVING LIFE

By Leta C. Mogstad

Most of us go through life blindfolded, stumbling against this, that, and the other thing. People hurt us in a number of ways, and what do we do? Do we fight back and take our rightful places in the sun? Some do, I am happy to say, but most of us take our hurts into a corner where we nurture them far too earnestly. How infinitely better off we would be if we took our trials and tribulations out of the light of day and by exposing them to the sun, minimize and see them in their true perspective. We have times when we are so far down in the dumps that it would take a derrick to elevate us to sea level. What's to do about it?

* * *

What is the secret of life? Many of us would dearly love to know. We seem to experience so many, many disappointments, and so much of our time is spent explaining our actions. Of course, the modern trend is, "Never explain anything" and I think it has its merits. Oh, that we would learn to live our lives philosophically and make the best of what the gods give us! How infinitely happier we would be!

LINGERING

By Edith M. De Laby

When the twilight shadows are growing deep,
And the stars above begin to peep,
When the great big moon is shining clear
And the spooky owl sounds awful queer,
There's one place I want to be
Dreaming dreams 'neath the old oak tree

OLD MOLNDAL

By Anna E. Benson

Ten years ago, Ma and I took a trip to Sweden where I was born. I enjoyed all the pleasures of seasickness, all the fun of stepping ashore in Europe, the thrill of meeting my fifty-seven relatives, and being treated like visiting royalty. And here are some of the funny things I found:

A little town scrambling up a series of hills that flabbergasted poor me from level Chicago. Houses built of wood, painted pretty pinks and blues—where cellars of homes would hobnob with neighboring attics. Gloriously long days—clear air—an atmosphere that made you hungry all the time. Hospitable folks.

Too hospitable. We had coffee in every home we visited and only the demi-tasse size of the cups saved us from drowning in caffein. Soft drinks were in favor. Fruit was generally served to us with our strawberry or raspberry drink—eighths of oranges, quarters of apples or bananas. But we were complimented by the singy portions—fruit is a luxury in cold Sweden.

One Sunday morning thirty-two relatives chartered two strong Ford trucks—with the steering wheels goofily on the right side—and wiggled our way to Asa, forty miles off. Here in a bay of the sea we enjoyed our first salt water bathing treat, and boy! It was the cat's whiskers! Water of an amazing transparency, soft as a baby's cheek. The sandy bottom was as smooth as the fibs of a society dame. Water so shallow I thought of wading to America in it!

(Concluded on Page Three)

H33

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV January, 1934 No. 2

JAN 29 1934

LIVING LIFE

By Leta C. Mogstad

Most of us go through life blindfolded, stumbling against this, that, and the other thing. People hurt us in a number of ways, and what do we do? Do we fight back and take our rightful places in the sun? Some do, I am happy to say, but most of us take our hurts into a corner where we nurture them far too earnestly. How infinitely better off we would be if we took our trials and tribulations out of the light of day and by exposing them to the sun, minimize and see them in their true perspective. We have times when we are so far down in the dumps that it would take a derrick to elevate us to sea level. What's to do about it?

* * *

What is the secret of life? Many of us would dearly love to know. We seem to experience so many, many disappointments, and so much of our time is spent explaining our actions. Of course, the modern trend is, "Never explain anything" and I think it has its merits. Oh, that we would learn to live our lives philosophically and make the best of what the gods give us! How infinitely happier we would be!

LINGERING

By Edith M. De Laby

When the twilight shadows are growing deep,
And the stars above begin to peep,
When the great big moon is shining clear
And the spooky owl sounds awful queer,
There's one place I want to be
Dreaming dreams 'neath the old oak tree

OLD MOLNDAL

By Anna E. Benson

Ten years ago, Ma and I took a trip to Sweden where I was born. I enjoyed all the pleasures of seasickness, all the fun of stepping ashore in Europe, the thrill of meeting my fifty-seven relatives, and being treated like visiting royalty. And here are some of the funny things I found:

A little town scrambling up a series of hills that flabbergasted poor me from level Chicago. Houses built of wood, painted pretty pinks and blues—where cellars of homes would hobnob with neighboring attics. Gloriously long days—clear air—an atmosphere that made you hungry all the time. Hospitable folks.

Too hospitable. We had coffee in every home we visited and only the demi-tasse size of the cups saved us from drowning in caffein. Soft drinks were in favor. Fruit was generally served to us with our strawberry or raspberry drink—eighths of oranges, quarters of apples or bananas. But we were complimented by the singy portions—fruit is a luxury in cold Sweden.

One Sunday morning thirty-two relatives chartered two strong Ford trucks—with the steering wheels goofily on the right side—and wiggled our way to Asa, forty miles off. Here in a bay of the sea we enjoyed our first salt water bathing treat, and boy! It was the cat's whiskers! Water of an amazing transparency, soft as a baby's cheek. The sandy bottom was as smooth as the fibs of a society dame. Water so shallow I thought of wading to America in it!

(Concluded on Page Three)

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV February, 1934 No. 3

TO BERNICE

By Bessie Richards

I walked along the busy way without a thought—
The pain of the world's hurts and cares had dulled my soul.
Then, gazing idly through the noisy throng that passed,
I saw you smiling there as though you understood.
The numbness of my being could no longer stay,
For had you not passed by and cheered me with your smile?

TOOLS

By Mary Ellen Hartnett

An instrument of manual operation, as a hammer, saw, plane, or file is a tool. So too, are persons sometimes used as tools by their fellow-men, but how many of us appreciate words as tools? Properly used, they can wither our enemies or incite our friends into a feeling of nostalgia for our companionship.

Inasmuch as the way of your life is to be measured by the competent or inefficient handling of your tools, begin now to harbour within your being a dramatic feeling for words. It does not necessarily follow that we must use only the largest ones we know, but rather the most appropriate, remembering that it takes but a scant dusting of the right chemical to make tiny pills deadly. Like a true artisan practicing his craft, we should use our tools painstakingly to achieve for us results that will outlive our memories.

Take up your pen and with it wield a fine line with something besides its point.

SO IT GOES

By Helen C. Bond

I should like to relate a sad tale of three clocks,
Which have given me cause to reflect;
There were three little clocks, with three differing tocks,
One was fast, one was slow, one correct.
Now the fast little clock thought the slow little clock
Was the plodding and ponderous bore;
That the prim little clock, with its too correct tock,
Was a smug little snob to the core.
While the slow little clock thought the fast little clock
Was as shocking and rash as could be;
And quite envied the clock of meticulous tock
(Through a trifle disparagingly).
The correct little clock, so precise in its tock,
Held the slow little clock in disdain;
And delighted to stare at the fast little clock
In a mocking, superior vein.
It distressed me to see that the three little clocks
Were at odds in so grievous a way;
So I made them agree to have uniform tocks,
Which they did without any delay.
But, alas! for the fate of the three little clocks
That had chatted and gossipped at will;
For so dull grew their lives filled with uniform tocks,
That they soon became muted and still.

THE WORLD IS MOVING

By Fred H. Ringer

How the world is progressing is strikingly illustrated on our great fresh water seas. In the year 1814 a 96-ton

(Concluded on Page Four)

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV April, 1934 No. 5

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1944

By Margaret Lockerbie Richards

It is said that in some garden
Mistress Moon lets down her hair,
Shining, opalescent beauty,
Combs and brushes it with care.

Darling, when the buds are misty
And I keep my tryst with you,
I can see her steaming tresses
And I know the tale is true.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV | April, 1934 | No. 5

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PR 2

By Margaret Lockerbie Richards

OFFICIAL ORGAN

It is said that in some garden
Mistress Moon lets down her hair,
Shining, opalescent beauty,
Combs and brushes it with care.

Darling, when the buds are misty
And I keep my tryst with you,
I can see her steaming tresses
And I know the tale is true.

X-PN

#37

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV May, 1934 No. 6

APR 2 1940

PORTRAIT

By Alicia Jorgensen

She was distinct and the source of envy of many girls who saw her. Languid eyes, dreamy and melancholy; half opened lips, as if just parted in a sigh; a slender neck; a Greek profile. A body which seemed to sway gently, rhythmic, regal, and arrogant; confident of her charm, unconscious of clanging street cars, shrieking brakes, and streams of rushing humans. Fragile, cool, and disturbing in these environs of tenseness and greediness, so inharmonious to the flurry of the twentieth century.

Always noncommittal, retiring, and alone, subject to many criticisms and stares from stuffy old ladies, who seemed to delight in snatching the dress off her back. In was cruel, unjust—to be undraped, robbed, and so inactive about it all; yet she remained serene and poised.

But one day she was snatched, undraped, and put away in a dungeon tower, as a princess of old waiting for a prince to rescue her.

Now there reigns one whom the stuffy ladies wanted; even Mr. Dubie himself thinks this wax model has more sex appeal.

Will You Vote

President Nagel, of the U. A. P. A., will be given space in the June number to present his official ticket of nominees to be voted on at the coming convention. It is requested that all members give careful consideration to the election of officers and that no decision be arrived at or

(Continued on Page Two)

Cliff Dwellers

By Iva May Albert

Close to the kitchen window of our new apartment stands a majestic cottonwood, unfurling its tender leaflets and giving sweet promise of a plentiful supply of foliage and cool shade.

For days after we moved to our new home we dined in the kitchen, table close to the window, curtains as far back as possible, that we might not miss one tiny bit of view.

Each day brought an ever-changing picture to admire. Some mornings, while we were having breakfast, a saucy squirrel would stare unabashedly at us from his rustic house in the tree.

To the left were many small trees, forming a filigree of black branches, which seemed blacker and hopelessly dead in contrast to the delicate greens around them. Finally, like a mother who pleads with her sleepy little ones to get up, the sun coaxed and smiled on them until their lazy little bodies began to fidget and squirm, and with a leap and a bound they burst forth in their lacy dresses, ready for a mischievous romp with wind and sun.

To our right, as far as we could see, lay an unbroken stretch of green lawn, which our neighbors, with community pride, had preserved by partitioning their property with only shrub fences.

Directly opposite our home and facing on the next street, stands a fine old estate which somehow is holding its own against its enemy, the apartment building. Its owners have erected a stone wall around the rear yard as though expectant

(Continued on Page Four)

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV May, 1934 No. 6

1138

R 29 1934

PORTRAIT

By Alicia Jorgensen

She was distinct and the source of envy of many girls who saw her. Languid eyes, dreamy and melancholy; half opened lips, as if just parted in a sigh; a slender neck; a Greek profile. A body which seemed to sway gently, rhythmic, regal, and arrogant; confident of her charm, unconscious of clanging street cars, shrieking brakes, and streams of rushing humans. Fragile, cool, and disturbing in these environs of tenseness and greediness, so inharmonious to the flurry of the twentieth century.

Always noncommittal, retiring, and alone, subject to many criticisms and stares from stuffy old ladies, who seemed to delight in snatching the dress off her back. In was cruel, unjust—to be undraped, robbed, and so inactive about it all; yet she remained serene and poised.

But one day she was snatched, undraped, and put away in a dungeon tower, as a princess of old waiting for a prince to rescue her.

Now there reigns one whom the stuffy ladies wanted; even Mr. Dubie himself thinks this wax model has more sex appeal.

Will You Vote

President Nagel, of the U. A. P. A., will be given space in the June number to present his official ticket of nominees to be voted on at the coming convention. It is requested that all members give careful consideration to the election of officers and that no decision be arrived at or

(Continued on Page Two)

Cliff Dwellers

By Iva May Albert

Close to the kitchen window of our new apartment stands a majestic cottonwood, unfurling its tender leaflets and giving sweet promise of a plentiful supply of foliage and cool shade.

For days after we moved to our new home we dined in the kitchen, table close to the window, curtains as far back as possible, that we might not miss one tiny bit of view.

Each day brought an ever-changing picture to admire. Some mornings, while we were having breakfast, a saucy squirrel would stare unabashedly at us from his rustic house in the tree.

To the left were many small trees, forming a filigree of black branches, which seemed blacker and hopelessly dead in contrast to the delicate greens around them. Finally, like a mother who pleads with her sleepy little ones to get up, the sun coaxed and smiled on them until their lazy little bodies began to fidget and squirm, and with a leap and a bound they burst forth in their lacy dresses, ready for a mischievous romp with wind and sun.

To our right, as far as we could see, lay an unbroken stretch of green lawn, which our neighbors, with community pride, had preserved by partitioning their property with only shrub fences.

Directly opposite our home and facing on the next street, stands a fine old estate which somehow is holding its own against its enemy, the apartment building. Its owners have erected a stone wall around the rear yard as though expectant

(Continued on Page Four)

X-PN 4'

#C9

The Chicago Amateur

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Vol. IV June, 1934 No. 7

APR 23 1944

A May Afternoon

By Vivian Espinosa

Nine venturesome members (counting Norton) displayed more zest for punishment than common sense when they met for the hike in Thatchers Woods Sunday, May 6th. With the temperature between 85 and 90 and threatening to mount, the day was no day for hiking.

Freddie Nagel, arriving at the last minute, was quite breathless and raring to go, although his spirits went up and down like a barometer all afternoon. Maybe Regina's powers of clairvoyance had something to do with it, for she put a damper on his spirits when, just by looking at him, she told him what he had had for dinner.

"Good Samaritan" Aubrey offered to drive the ladies to the Woods and they could await the men at the Museum. After walking around the Museum three times and having made the personal acquaintance of snakes and other wild creatures, we (the ladies) began to wonder what had happened to the men. At this point, Nagel appeared on the scene and said the men could be found in the pavilion and that he would escort the ladies there afoot.

Arriving at the pavilion, where we found Messrs. Murphy and Espinosa displaying an attitude of not caring whether we ever showed up, we drank enough water to take a trek across the Sahara, entered the woods, and the hike started in earnest. Norton insisted that we walk by way of the river, so by the river we went. It looked nicer than it smelled,

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

A Heart to Heart Talk

By Fred A. Nagel, President, U.A.P.A.

As announced in my president's message in the official organ for June, I am not a candidate for any office for the coming year. I wish to be an exception to the customary gesture of electing the outgoing president to the Board of Directors. I consider this system of holding consecutive offices as selfish. There are members who have never held office, but whose activities in behalf of the association entitle them to recognition and a chance to demonstrate what they can do.

Since being elected president I have done all I could for the advancement of the association. Because for the first time in six years an itemized financial statement has been rendered every quarter, a treasurer's report will be available to the convention this year. A membership list and an official organ worthy of the name have been published, mailings of publications have been made regularly and the number of papers has increased appreciably. The previous irregularity in the receipt of bundles had caused much complaint. A secretary's bond has been posted in conformity with the constitution. Laureate selections will conform with the constitution, which provides that the judges shall not be amateurs and that certificates shall be awarded the best and next best in each class. Nothing can be farther from the truth than the recurring statement that I have betrayed or intend to betray the United to the National, as no act or inclination of mine would give any foundation for such a malicious rumor.

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)

8-27 1927

4140

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. IV July, 1934 No. 8

Premature Independence

By Alicia Jorgensen

Eli was one of the sixty that graduated from Moos school in June. She, incidentally, was the tallest and perhaps the thinnest girl in her class, an honor which nature bestowed upon her, much to her dismay. Her folks said she grew too fast; she was all arms and legs, awkward and selfconscious because of this.

Of course, everyone was going to high school. Eli did not seem particularly thrilled, just a different school and teachers—but would it not be thrilling and different to go to a boarding school? She had read books about it; the fudge parties in each others' rooms, the escapades to town, etc.; and best of all she would be free that little pest, Elsa. Elsa was her sister, only a year and a half younger, but then again, that meant quite a bit, she was just a little kid!

Eli mooned and talked so much about boarding school, even sang about it, until Eli's mother relented and promised to talk it over with Dad.

A school ninety miles away was chosen. A small school which had been suggested by the minister.

Eli forgot her length and even the pesty Elsa in the rush of the next few days, after all, she would not be home until—well, it was a long time anyway. And she was going to surprise them! She saw herself as head of the class, head of the gymnasium—in fact, she intended to be in it all.

Her reception at the school was cool, the pupils busy, teachers indifferent, and, of course, Eli had her hands full. There

(Continued on Page Two)

Our Wonderful Worlds Fair

By Anna E. Benson

Half a dozen times I clicked a number at a gate. Yes, I saw those turrets, towers, spires, steeples, and rainbow-splashed, mammoth treasure buildings six different times. Talk about sights! Here is a conglomerate impression of it all.

Electrical wonders that made your eyes pop out in that magnificent Electrical Building, where you laughed your fool head off at dummy Oscar's antics in the communications hall. The Hall of States, where each state, I noticed, had put on its best bib and tucker and gorgeously coaxed, "Come and live with me. Just see what I've got to offer!" Fruits, trees, grains, man-made skyscrapers and God-made mountains, manufactories and vineyards—oh my glory, what a land we live in!

A peek at Uncle Sam's busy worshop, the Federal Building, where I realized what a very big Uncle we have!

Hours on end in the Hall of Science, that ramped and smooth-walled beauty with it pylons of changing light at night, its burning deep-blue and copper-red coloration, its impressive vistas. Set like a palace at the end of that majestic avenue of flags. And indoors! Moving pictures, dioramas, murals, glassed displays that moved, illustrating the truths of science. I made a miniature sand storm sweep a new dune for me. I saw the ugly microbes with large names that thrive in our water. Saw the dental display, the medical section, the biological and mathematical exhibits in those endless corridors and halls!

(Continued on Page Three)

X-PN 4827

H41

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. V October, 1934 No. 1

*IKEBANA

By Mary Ellen Hartnett

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS TRIAL TRACKING APR 29 1944

I've paced the conservatory floors with you,
Echoed all appreciative praises,
Admired the mimosa and cherry blossoms
In jade and cobalt blue vases;
Had water drip upon my neck
In the most infinitesimal icy speck,
And wonder now to what cause am I martyr,
Since anyone like you won't know, ever,
That the best arrangements don't come in vases,
But on millinery to frame near-explosive faces!

*Japanese word for the artistic arrangement of cut flowers.

THE GARDENIA

By Marion Carey

Ten cents! The girl looked down at the small, silver coin in the palm of her hand. She had just ransacked all the boxes and drawers in her room, thinking such a search might reveal some change thrown about carelessly in better days. She went through the performance in a mechanical manner, knowing she had done this before and that there could not possibly be any loose change lying around.

What can a person do with ten cents, she wondered. Of course, it would be bus fare, or two telephone calls, or the rental of a small jigsaw puzzle for a day—for those who had other money to pay for the necessities of life. But for one whose room rent had not been paid in weeks, and who had lived on rolls and milk for a whole week, a dime had a different aspect. The spending of it must be done

(Continued on Page Two)

X-PN 482

1142

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. V November, 1934 No. 2

FRIGHTENED

By Margaret Lockerbie Richards

Bold Winter kissed Dame Autumn,
"I love you dear," he said.
She blushed and dressed herself with care
In gown of flaming red.

He seized her then in fierce embrace,
She shrieked and hung her head.
He dragged her to a cold, dark cave,
Then saw that she lay dead.

The Squirrel Waxes Wroth

By Helen C. Bond

There has come to my notice quite lately
An expression that now is abroad,
Which not only traduces me greatly
But is purely and simply a fraud.

It appears that when man behaves queerly,
Seems demented, or under a spell,
He's no longer a lunatic, merely,
But is now called a squirrel, as well.

I have heard of man's trouble and sorrow,
Of his ppoverty, want and distress,
And I would not be willing to borrow
Any part of the whole sorry mess.

I'm prepared for what life may occasion,
I have shelter and food for my frame,
I am clothed against winter's invasion;
Can intelligent man say the same?

I've no doubt man is monstrously clever,
While my mental endowments are nil;
But let me be a squirrel forever,
And let man be as sane as he will!

How To Be Popular

By Bessie Richards

To be popuar you must have, first of all, self-respect and plenty of self-confidence. People will think no more highly of you than you think of yourself. Make others aware of your personality; it does not pay to sit shyly back and wait for a favored few to discover your latent talents. Assert Yourself. Put your best foot forward.! When you have dinner engagements or other appointments, make your friends wait and, above all do not offer the slightest excuse. Being late will draw special attention to yourself, and that little independent air will make you respected. Never refrain from telling the absolute, unvarnished truth, whether solicited or not. Truthfulness is that sterling virtue which many strive for and not many attain. A person needs courage to see things as they really are, and then to admit openly the truth of all observations. "Honesty is the best policy." "The truth will set you free."

If your friend's hat looks like a relic, tell her so. Your frankness may sting a little at first, but later he will realize that, by expressing your straightforward opinion, you were merely trying to help her keep trim and chic. Tell your friends unflinchingly about their poor tastes in furniture or wrong methods of training children. Doing this may hurt you both at the time, but, since the truth is highly respected by everyone, always remember that you are doing your duty bravely and helping your friends along the right road.

A person must be versatile to be well liked. Versatility consists in being "up" on

(Continued on Page Three)

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. V | December, 1934 | No. 3

Frenchy's Christmas

By Letitia Wing Murphy

He was a little man who, because he named some place in the Canadian backwoods as his birth place, was dubbed "Frenchy" by his associates. A little man with a big heart, who bubbled over with kindness; with love for his fellow men; always putting himself to trouble for others. And, as Christmas drew near, he yearned to show his love—wanted to play St. Nicholas to all the families in his particular corner of New York's East Side.

At last he saw a chance to let his friends and neighbors see that he was a man of affairs! A man of position! He would be a real Lord Bountiful. From kitchen boy to chef of one of the city's leading hotels, in five years, was no small step. It behooved him to show them all that he had gained a position of importance. Wearing too good clothes would only make them envious, and telling them how wonderful he was, of his worth and accomplishments, would, as the old saying is, "go in one ear and out the other."

If he could give each and every one of them a lovely present, a fitting present—something in his own line—a feast! Ah! that was an dea. A feast! Christmas was a time of feasting for the people for whom he prepared food, but over on the East Side it was different; the families were large, most of the salaries small, and feasts were only to be read of. Turkey was something hanging in the windows of butcher shops with a tag reading "58c per lb." If he could

(Continued on Page Three)

The Bandit Santa Claus

By John J. Murphy

Ed Grimsby sank wearily into the chair alongside the one in which his friend, Sam Little, sat facing the show window front of the little mission, and both looked out at the early afternoon Christmas Eve crowds in unceasing flow past the window.

"Well, I've had no luck again today. I don't know what's the matter. I could pick up jobs now and then, but now I guess everyone is so busy with their own Christmas preparations they have no time to have little jobs done, or they can't spare the money. I so much want to get a little money so I may make a couple of presents here at the mission and then blow ourselves to a good Christmas dinner. Well, it's too late to do anything about it now and I guess I'll just have to give up."

"I'll just take what comes and make the best of it," Sam replied, "and I guess it'll not hurt so much to spend Christmas with the folks here at the mission—they surely have been good to us."

Ed and Sam were victims of the depression, both having had businesses which, though not large, provided them some comforts and luxuries. But their business withered away as buying power dwindled.

In spite of his weariness and dejection, Ed could easily be recognized as the nervous, straining type that frets from one thing to another. Sam, on the other hand, was inclined to take things easily, though ever on the alert for a chance that might offer itself. He would strain

(Continued on Page Two)

The Californian

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

Our Home

By FRANK BAILEY

Our home doesn't stand on a flow'ry hill
Surrounded by birches and pines
It hasn't a garden we can till
Nor hugged by the close clinging vines.

'Tis just a small flat in the heart of town
Many stories above the street
Where people seem small as we look down
And there's nary a trace of their feet.

It has a wee bit of the country tho'
In a pot hung close to the wall:
An Ivy plant that never feels snow
Or the cruel, cold winds of fall.

It always abounds in the simple things
To be found where ever men dwell
Not all the luxury known to kings
Could please us half as well.

For we are content with the little we own
And seek only more of God's Love;
The only joys we've never known
Await in our home up above.

SUMMER, 1934

X-PN 4827

The Californian

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Our Home

By FRANK BAILEY

Our home doesn't stand on a flow'ry hill
Surrounded by birches and pines
It hasn't a garden we can till
Nor hugged by the close clinging vines.

'Tis just a small flat in the heart of town
Many stories above the street
Where people seem small as we look down
And there's nary a trace of their feet.

It has a wee bit of the country tho'
In a pot hung close to the wall:
An Ivy plant that never feels snow
Or the cruel, cold winds of fall.

It always abounds in the simple things
To be found where ever men dwell
Not all the luxury known to kings
Could please us half as well.

For we are content with the little we own
And seek only more of God's Love;
The only joys we've never known
Await in our home up above.

SUMMER, 1934

X-PN 4827

THE CRUSADERS' BANNER

Published occasionally for circulation to the Crusaders' Group of the U.A.P.A. by George H. Kay, Little Falls, Minnesota

VOL. 1 DEC. 1934

APR 29 1944

GREETINGS

THE CRUSADERS send the [redacted] iday greetings to all members of the U. A. P. A. We wish everyone a very merry Christmas and especially a happy and prosperous New Year.

We also hope that 1935 will see the United enjoying greater success and activity than ever before, and that at the end of the year we will find all of the present members active and many new ones added.

The Crusaders are working as an organized group for the advancement of the U. A. P. A. We want friendship and harmony in the club, but nothing can turn us from our crusade for improvement and progress.

THE CRUSADERS

X-PN 4827

COOPERATION

An Amateur Publication

Volume I *June, 1934* *Number 1*

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

TIME

By Mary Morgan Ware

THERE is something strange about time. Yesterday is a has-been. Did it give you anything? Did you do anyting worth while?

To-day is here, and what shall we do about it? Nothing but let it tick away, perhaps.

And we say to-morrow is another day, but we know nothing about it. To-morrows are never ours. We intend to do a lot of things to-morrow. If we carry out those plans we should begin to-day.

Time is inexorably ticking us away into eternity. It has no detours, and no recess.

Once upon a time—perhaps when the world was young, you never knew what marvelous thing might happen next. Do you now? No.

Did you use yesterday well enough so that it looks back at you with a smile? If you did, or did not, use to-day better, so that when it is a yesterday it will be a pleasant memory instead of a total loss.

(Continued on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

H05

The Countersign

"We hold the challenge of a mighty line,
God grant us grace to give the countersign."

Volume I *September, 1934* *Number 1*

CHRISTIAN GUIDE POSTS
AS SET UP FOR YOUNG AMERICANS BY
MRS. JAMES MAGEE

Successful Lives Based on Study of Bible Verses

—:—

An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away

—:—

BOTH SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL HEALTH HELD NECESSITY

—:—

A Verse a Day Keeps the Devil Away

—:—

Do the things that keep you well—both physically and spiritually.

One way for keeping healthy spiritually is by underlining what seem the most important verses of the Bible so that you may be able to turn to them easily when you want them. Thus they will become such a part of you that they will guide your actions and be ever present on the tip of your tongue. The men and women of greatest character have studied and memorized Bible verses that have proved the highest value and inspiration to them. It taught them to live for the glory of God and not for their own glory and worldly ambitions. It is very important

(Continued on Page Six)

◆◆◆ *Special Feature* ◆◆◆

Greatest Scientists Call Darwin's Bluff, Evolution Unproved

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS
APR 29 1944

—:—

Special to the Amateur Associated Press

Don't let anyone stuff you with this nonsense as to the evolutionary origin of life. We were created in the Image of God. Of all the species only man had advanced in intelligence since created. It is only in God's Image that living things are not deteriorated by time. After all, evolution is only a theory and nothing ever has been proved. Even Darwin, contrary to the belief of many, did not claim to be descended from the ape, but only suggested that perhaps we were evolved from one thing to another and then from a common anthropoid ancester to man. One kind of thing has never been known to change into another kind, but it has been the fad for a few so-called intellectuals, not aware of Darwin's faulty reasoning, to believe in evolution.

God, who made the world, knew how to make a man perfect and without sin. If Darwin's theory has any foundation of fact, modern scientists would be taking single cells of protoplasm and changing the cell through natural selection into a

(Continued on Page Four)

X-PN 4827

The Commentator

O SUMMER 1935 O

APR 23 1944

L. V. Heljeson
120 South Vine Street
Harrisburg, Illinois

Lauren R. Geringer
Route 1, Box 17
Vida, Montana

Entered for laureateship awards and official criticism of the U. A. P. A.

Human Restlessness

George Henry Kay

The human race has always been bothered more or less with itching feet, otherwise known as wanderlust. Cavemen were probably never satisfied with the cave they happened to be residing in at the time. The Indian was a roving speciman of the human race.

The modern equivalent is the city dweller who yearns for the wide open spaces— for the suburbs at least— and the young folk from the country who refuse to stay "down on the farm."

What motives moved the cave-dweller and the redskin we cannot say. Which of the modern examples are right and which are wrong we cannot say. Surely the city has its points of merit and so has the country. Both have drawbacks as well. Perhaps that is the reason so many who have tasted both are never entirely contented with one. A few

X-PN 4827

The Commentator

WINTER 1935

Lauren R. Geringer
Route 1, Box 17
Vida, Montana

APR 29 1944

A Purposeful Budget

Reprinted from GIRLHOOD DAYS as typical of the Editor's work in the professional press

My Dear Friends:— I have just been watching a fly buzzing along the ceiling. (I will not tell my mother it is here until I get through observing it!) It has made figures of 8, and circles, and long winding S's, and every imaginable curved design. Its intention was to find some way of escape up through the ceiling. And it spent five minutes or so in this fruitless flying, bumping itself foolishly against unyeilding circumstance. Tiring, it came to rest near me until, at some move of mine, it rose to go through the same effort again.

In all, seven or eight minutes of that fly's life were wasted in just going nowhere. Considering the very short life of a fly, that is a long while.

I am wondering how many human beings, and especially young folks, are as that fly. Get in an auto and drive and drive, just to be driving. Or sit and read, just to be reading. And then say, "I

COAST to COAST #51
"Pacific to the Atlantic"
VOL. 1 WINTER 1935 NO. 1

X-PN 4827

"LITTLE CHRISTCHILD"

by
Margaret Lockerbie Richards

What matter, little Christchild,
If thou art myth or true
If thou were born in morning light
Or evening's silver dew.
If thought of thee can thrill my heart
And cause my eyes to see
The life divine in every child
It is enough for me.

from "Chicago Amateur"

X-PN 4827

#152

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. V February, 1935 No. 4

APR 20 1934

The Spring Catch

By Mary Ellen Hartnett

Rain was beating a lazy tattoo upon the large frame houses along Elm Street as, completely oblivious to everything about him, the sole survivor of Justin Bros. and Sons, Fancy Groceries, lumbered up the red brick street in his dilapidated wagon. His horse oozed steam. Water dripped from the branches overhead; buds popped out of the trees. It was late Spring.

Bringing his horse to a quick stop in front of one of the more pretentious houses, this member of a once promising family methodically hoisted a box of groceries to his shoulder and ran down the walk to the rear of the house. A light rap caused the door to be thrown open and a young lady in the person of the Randall's hired girl greeted him with a loud, "Well?" and, confusedly, "I thought you was Johnny." Then, because there was no one in the warm kitchen and no one on the porch next door, they both smiled—the half-hearted, furtive smile of two people who had always been ordered about, but who had never ventured into smiling. Nevertheless it invited conversation.

"Johnny's laid up with a cold. Butch is taking care of my end of the store, too. I'm Tom Justin." As he placed the box inside the door, he waited expectantly to hear the name of this soft creature of dark, wavy hair and work-worn, red hands, but no explanation came. There was an expression of hope for the delivery boy's speedy recovery, the door was closed, and Tom Justin walked out into a greener world than that from which

(Continued on Page Two)

The Despoiled Road

By Anna Benson Propson

The sky, that brilliant, star-decked
night,
Unrolled a quilt of pearly white
And spread it on the road;
Some feathery flakes fell through the
air,
And rested on the tree-tops bare,
A shining little load.

The earth that night slept on serene
Beneath the blanket's silver sheen;
At morning woke perplexed
To find its covers ruined quite,
Dark groves of brown despoiled the
white;
The road was really vexed.

The sun, upon his throne aloft,
Looked on the earth and gently scoffed
At the poor road's dismay;
"You need no counterpane," quote he,
And smiled so very genially
It melted all away.
And soon the roadside flowers came
To deck the path with crimson flame.

We often wonder if the constitution of the United could not be amended to provide an effective way for members to let their views be known by ballotting by mail on questions throughout the year, listing the members voting and the way they voted in the official organ.

Surely in an organization representing amateur journalism as a hobby it is not necessary to meet personally to debate and act upon vital questions.

Make your plans now to attend the national convention in New York, N. Y., July 4, 1935. More particulars later. Those living near New York particularly should attend without fail.

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. V April, 1935 No. 5

Resurrection

By Margaret Lockerbie Richards

How can my heart contain the Spring's awakening,
The resurrection of the lovely dead?
It seems but yesterday I laid my baby tulips
Into their brown earth bed.

With tears, I made a leafy grave for roses,
Made smooth, high mounds where once was golden glow,
But He who wept with Lazarus' grieving sisters
Will "loose the bands" and let my flowers go.

It seems that Dan Cupid is now the mascot of the Chicago Amateur Press Club. And he has driven another set of arrows into the hearts of two more of our members, Fred Nagel and Bessie Richards. It goes without saying that every member of our club has only the very best wishes for them and hopes that this venture on the sea of matrimony will not deprive us of their regular attendance at meetings. Good luck! Fred and Bessie.

Fred and Bessie will be remembered as past officers of the United.

On to the Convention

All members who are located within a short distance of New York should by all means plan to attend the convention of the United Amateur Press Association, which will take place July 4, 5, and 6, with headquarters at Hotel Webster. If you are so fortunate as to be one of those able to attend the convention you may be sure that you are envied by those of us who are prevented by distance and finances from being among those present. There is always the meeting of old-timers and the new blood, the going over of the struggles and achievements of amateur journalism which so fires the interest as to add immeasurably to the subsequent enjoyment of the hobby. The main idea of shifting the convention from section to section around the country is to have the convention at one time or another within a short distance of every member, and when the convention is scheduled to the same or a nearby city members should allow only the most serious happenstance prevent their attending even a single session.

Spring

By Anna E. Propson

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 29 1944

A soft breeze fans my cheek
With feathery touch, I feel
The first faint breath of violets
Like nectared perfume steal
My peace away; a robin trills
His saucy, jubilant song,
Oh, all the world is gay today,
For Spring has come along.

A silvery cloud sails by
Upon a sky of blue;
New burnished gleams the golden sun
In bands of rainbow hue.
And o'er the drab gray lilac bush
A thousand green knobs throng;
Oh, all the world is fair today,
For Spring has come along.

Ten million spears of grass,
Late vanquished by the snow,
Poke up bold tips from earthen fields
In legions row on row.
The oak tree gruffly shakes
Its branches great and strong;
Oh, all the world is glad today,
For Spring has come along.

We cannot help thinking that many of those who now are so much in favor of currency inflation would raise Ned if the cloth they were buying with that currency were measured with a rubber yardstick.

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. VI | October, 1935 | No. 1

APR 29 1944

Her Year

By Vivian Espinosa

When Ed came into the kitchen and kissed Minnie gently on her neck, she sighed involuntarily. So this was going to be the day. She had fervently prayed, as in fact she had done in preceding years, that each excursion would be the last: that Ed would eventually take his obligations more seriously, would think of the children.

Yet for the last three days there had been signs of the usual restlessness: the dreamy, far-away look had again come into Ed's eyes. He had, as usual, when this spring mood came upon him, been especially affectionate and kind with Minnie, unusually patient with the children.

Minnie served him his breakfast coffee ungraciously. He pretended not to notice her mood. Rather sheepishly he said, "Seein' that we're all done with our spring plantin', guess I'll go over and give Tom Howe a hand."

Not trusting herself to speak, his wife merely nodded. When Ed had finished a substantial breakfast, he rose leisurely, pecked Minnie on the cheek, and then mumbling something about being in at one o'clock, left.

Minnie, feeling that her worst fears were confirmed, resorted to tears, for she felt that she had done everything possible, however futile, to frustrate Ed's annual expeditions. His nomadic instinct cried for release; and he could no more control his impulse to steal away from home each spring, than he could satisfy his needs for food or sleep. This urge was like a virulent carcinoma giving him no peace.

As this was his only vice Minnie stood by him as she knew she would for all time. Ed generally worked hard, getting his spring planting in order, every chore well done; and then as if conferring upon himself some well-earned reward, he went away without a word not to be heard from until the fall harvesting season when he returned, shoddy, thinner, sometimes brow-beaten looking. He would come home as if nothing untoward had happened and resume his place in the family circle.

* * * *

Minnie's thoughts spanned the years. When she had met Ed he was an agent for a notion concern, traveling from town to town. He had managed to eke out a living, by no means luxurious, yet seemingly ample for his wants. When Minnie married him the livelihood became a precarious one, in complete refutation of the theory that two can live as cheaply as one. It was, therefore, a Godsend when Ed's Uncle Luke left him the farm in Wisconsin. To Minnie the idea of having a permanent home, a substantial mode of living, signified everything that anyone could wish. Ed was not as enthusiastic over his legacy as his wife, although at that time Minnie did not understand why.

Ed made a good businesslike farmer. That portion of the land not wanted for his own use he rented out on shares.

(Continued on Page 3)

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. VI December, 1935 No. 2

The First Christmas

By Margaret Lockerbie Richards

The low of the cattle falls sweet on the air,
And far Bethlehem seems quite the place for a king;
While shepherds bend low with their pastoral gifts,
And the night time grows light while the cherubim sing.

There's a slip of a youth who has rested his staff,
Horizontal it lies on a low olive tree.
As I gaze I can vision the form of a cross.
It is telling a sorrowful story to me.

Traditional Christmas in Latin America

By Vivian Espinosa

If, when Uncle Sammy's young children hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve in anticipation of a visit from Old Nick they give a thought to their little foreign cousins, they may be under the impression that all children their age are performing the same rite. Nothing is farther from the truth. Even our neighbors south of the Rio Grande have different Yule-Tide customs.

Little Latin-American Johnnie knows the Holiday Season is at hand when his papa, uncle or other head of the household come home from work on December 24th wearing a new suit. Moreover, the especially sumptuous meal prepared and served at twelve o'clock midnight definitely settles all doubt. On this specific day (or evening) the children are told to make preparations to await God's Child: they are exhorted to be good, to be kind, to keep clean, and so on, else the "Three Kings" (Reyes or Magi) coming on January the sixth (Twelfth Night) will get reports of their bad conduct and act accordingly.

The Spanish child is thoroughly coached in the religious aspects of Christmas. On Christmas Eve, in each home, however humble, is prepared a little altar on which is placed a "nacimiento" which represents a little scene made up of wooden or clay figures representing the participants in the Christmas Story: the shepherds, angels, wise men, animals in the manger and the Sacred Image of God's Child. The history of Christmas is then related to the children. After these altars are erected, the children visit this shrine and give

The Chicago Amateur

Published by the Chicago Amateur Press Club; affiliated with the United Amateur Press Association

ANNA B. PROPSON, Editor
Editorial office
2128 Montrose Ave., Chicago

Officers of the Chicago Chapter

Vivian Espinosa	President
Margaret L. Richards	Vice President
Leta Mogstad	Secretary
Annetta Christiansen	Treasurer

The Chicago Amateur Press Club meets the second Friday of every month at the homes of members. Anyone interested may obtain the address of the place of the next meeting from the editor. You are cordially invited to attend. If you wish, bring some of your work to be read. We urge United members visiting or passing through Chicago to communicate with us.

EDITORIAL

With this issue a new editor assumes the task of publishing the Chicago Amateur paper. To Mr. John Murphy who so thoroughly explained the intricacies of preparing the material for publication she extends a heart-felt "Thank you!"

To the Amateur Press Club members she makes a plea and sounds a gentle warning. She wants more material from every member, and promises to use the material she has on hand, irrespective of timeliness of articles and stories, if active members do not furnish enough variety of material.

MAILING

By John J. Murphy

The writer has been appointed mailer for the United Amateur Press Association of America for the present year and requests the assistance of all publishers and members in making a success of the venture.

It is my opinion that mailings should be made regularly and frequently and I have suggested that a bundle be mailed every month on a given date; that is, all papers received by the 20th of a month to be placed in the mails not later than the 25th, which would probably see them all delivered by the 1st of the following month. The reasons that impel me to this opinion are:

1st. Every publisher making up a paper will know when it will be mailed if he gets it to the mailer in time.

2nd. Readers will receive papers soon after they are published and find contents more seasonable.

3rd Diminish the size of bundles. Under quarterly mailings so many papers are received at one time some of them may receive only scant attention.

4th. Papers being received so soon after publication might impel other publishers to comment on the contents, and thus promote discussion of association affairs and add to the interest of the papers.

5th. Quarterly mailings sometimes result in envelopes being too full, with the possibility they may break up and lose their contents.

It will take more envelopes, of course, to make the mailings monthly instead of quarterly, but there should be no or only a slight increase in the amount for postage, as each bundle will take a lesser amount when mailed monthly than when held for quarterly mailings. It is not suggested that all papers be published monthly. Publication may continue as heretofore, as undoubtedly there will be sufficient variation in the issuance of papers to make an average mailing each month.

I should like to ascertain the views of various members with regard to this regular and frequent mailing, to learn if any great number agree with my views. In order that the attitude of the membership in this respect may be generally known, it is requested that each publisher state his views in an early issue of his paper, which may be in the form of a very short notice.

It is hoped that publishers will continue the donation of fifty cents toward mailing that they have been making in the past, and that those who have not made such donations will get into the habit of doing so if they can.

I am very appreciative of the honor bestowed upon me and shall endeavor in every way to measure up to the responsibilities that go along with it.

3118B1 22 Ap 44

"THE CHAT"

Published by George [illegible] Kay, Little Falls, Minnesota, as a friendly chat with all members of the United Amateur Press Association, and circulated among them through the Mailing Bureau.

MAY, 1935 Chat No. 1

PRIVATE MAILINGS

I asked Dr. Noel about using the mailing list for the special bundle, but he said, "I think it would look better not to have any special mailings this year." He said we should send all papers to Williams who

X-PN 4827

"THE CHAT"

Published by George [illegible] Kay, Little Falls, Minnesota, as a friendly chat with all members of the United Amateur Press Association, and circulated among them through the Mailing Bureau.

MAY, 1935 Chat No. 2

THIS BUNDLE----

—Was planned for late April. Delay in getting the papers, the funds and the mailing list held it up. Karl Williams invited us to express all papers to him for the June 1 bundle, but the

X-PN 4827

CUBICLE

#59

NOVEMBER 1935

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
TRANSFERRED
APR 29 1946

Introductory Number

X-PN 4827

The Crusader

C. A. P. C.

Vol. 2 July-August, 1935 No. 2

3 29 1944

THE UNITED ELECTION

It's all over but the 'I-told-you-sos' and the crowing. The victory of the Noel group was complete and they are entitled to any satisfaction they can get from the results of the kind of campaign they made. I promised a clean campaign and made mine so; I said there would be no wails of woe if we lost and there shall be none.

Whatever ill-feeling exists and any complaints made resulted from the charges made by the group supporting Sec'y Noel. I demand that they display proof to substantiate the charges that any member of The Crusaders was in league with, or influenced by, any officer or politician of the N A P A. Unless such proof is given, the charges should be withdrawn. Isn't that fair.

I invite comment from any member, as to their views.

—George Henry Kay

X-PN 4827

COPY
From The Eastern Manuscript Bureau of
The United Amateur Press Association of America
APR 29 1945

Eight Shots---in the Bull's-Eye

COPY last month suggested subjects for essays and articles which should put some pep into amateur production. This month the subject is **editorial** timber: what are the problems which need editorial clarification in United?

First off, for more than a year this Circulation Proposal has NOT been rendered fittingly. What have you to say for or against, **Equitable and Complete distribution of ALL UAPA journals to our membership?** This is one of the most important objectives ever attempted in the lifetime of our association; give it both barrels!

Second, how do you editors feel about the recent suggestion of putting this, or similar line on application blaks: "if your application is accepted, will you (1) contribute faithfully to our amateur journals (or manuscript bureaux), or (2) try to publish an amateur paper, during your term of membership?" Remember the place to choose the workers and eliminate the drones is at the time of application!

And right on the heels of that problem, how about asking the **Board of Directors** to dust off some dandruff and get their heads together on taking over the above function; the Secretary should not be burdened with all the work! Who has courage to editorialize this problem?

Fourth, Tom Maynard set off a bombshell when he told (See Page 4)

DECEMBER
1935

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. VI February, 1936 No. 3

APR 29 1944

It Called For Nonchalance

By Helen C. Bond

It was, as the newspaper column dedicated to that purpose would call it, my most embarrassing moment. But it became so in retrospect, since only gradually did I realize the enormity of my blunder.

It was my first day as secretary to the president of what I shall call (because it was not) the Wampum Exchange. The President, having installed me at my new desk, departed for what was technically known as "the floor." He suggested that pending further duties, I should scan the daily papers, cutting out any items of publicity that might appear in regard to the Exchange. Left to myself, I began dutifully to read the papers, but my thoughts dwelt busily upon my new situation.

My knowledge of the Exchange, its mysterious workings and its more mysterious members, was so slight as to be practically non-existent. I had heard that fortunes were made and lost in a day, that men sold what they did not own and bought what they did not want. I understood that there were cabalistic signs comprehensible only to the enlightened, whereby these monumental transactions were effected. I could imagine therefore, that these unusual creatures, the members, must exist in a state of constant chaos, of mad frenzy—that their lives were a welter of fevered finance and perilous gambling with the intricate and treacherous machinery that was the Exchange.

Personally, my preference ran to the calmer if less lucrative callings, but since the female sex was practically proscribed by the august membership, my opinion if expressed would have amounted to less than nothing. I considered with unwilling awe the mental spectacle of hundreds of men, red of face and bulging of eye, buying and selling with mad abandon the mighty tide of wampum that (theoretically) found its way into their acquisitive hands. Yes, thought I, it must be a thrilling and dangerously exhilarating life. But the trading activities of these mad and hectic beings had its sober and idealistic side, as any member of the Exchange or its publicity staff would have assured you. The real reason for its existence was to see to it primarily that the wampum grower would receive a fitting price for the fruits of his labor, toward which end the members expended their every atom of energy. This highly altruistic devotion to the welfare of the wampum raiser, was I thought, truly commendable, and to the ubiquitous wail of the grower, the trader might well say, with Solomon that "sharper than a serpent's tooth"—is an ungrateful child.

I had barely reached page four of my newspaper and this stage in my thinking, when the private door of the President's office opened, and four men, fresh from their toils on the floor, entered bearing a stretcher. On it lay a dying man.

This I saw in one brief glance at the

(Continued on Page 3)

X-PN 4827

#163

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. VI June, 1936 No. 5

R 29 1944

Payment Stopped

By Anna E. Benson

Rudolph Preston was moodily eyeing the revolver when the telephone rang. He threw the gun into the open desk drawer; grabbed the telephone like a drowning man.

"Hello! Hello! Rudolph Preston, speaking."

The voice at the other end spoke with a slight foreign accent. The man wanted to buy! BUY! Buy his $20,000 house!

"BUY!" He murmured the word in a sweat of happiness as he hung up the receiver.

"$20,000 once more in his mitts! He swayed towards the small lavatory, poured himself a drink of water, drank greedily. Tonight he and Maris would celebrate. Their last twenty dollars in the world for one wild splurge. Tonight—in evening clothes like old times at the Chez Mariette, dancing, drinking, filling starved eyes with the beauties of chorus girls. Forgetting the ugly, starving years of the depression.

He, Rudolph Preston, had once been a top-notcher in the real estate game. Subdivisions of flimsy cottages, apartment buildings. His own home, that white, 20-room dream on Sheridan Road. Three maids at first. Later on, at the beginning of the depression, one. Maris loathed house-work. Class for Rudolph Preston, even without dough. He knew how to work it. Catch green-horns, fresh and raw from Sweden, make 'em work 16 hours a day, scrub, sweep, iron, wash, dust, cook. One girl after another worked one week, two, three, the most. Then quit.

Quit without giving notice, grabbing their checks, sneaking out when he and Maris were away.

One after another they had come to his office, pleading, begging, praying. Waving their white scrap of paper, blotched with purple letters: PAYMENT STOPPED.

Whimpering, "Da benk says it ain't no goot! See, da benk stemp somet'ing on it, 'Payment Stopped'. Oh, Mr. Preston, please pay me my money. I got no yob and I gotta live!"

"You didn't give me any notice you were quitting. The law says I don't have to pay you one cent. Get out!"

They would get! The last $20.00 in the bank was his last maid wages. It was easy to get servants these days. Easier to starve them, too, than six months ago.

Preston walked the three miles to the Carlson apartment. Slightly bleary-eyed from the carousal the night before. But clear-minded. Marshalling his sales-talk with the craftiness and subtlety of a general.

Buoyant, jubilant thoughts raced below the derby he always wore. They would skip town with that dough. Leave the mess of debts behind. New York!

He arrived at the address, a modish, three-story apartment building. Pressed the button. A man's voice answered.

The lobby door clicked. He opened it, trod briskly the three flights of richly

(Continued on Page 2)

X-PN 4827

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. VI | October, 1936 | No. 6

HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER

By Anna E. Benson

A crash of wood-steel-glass splintered the night air. Behind him Gus Lawson heard shouts. "Stop him! Stop him!" Gus spun around. Out of the darkness a car was hurtling. Close to the curb now, underneath the lamp-post. Gus swore, straining his eyes. Murder in his heart. Now he wanted a gun to spike the tires of the coward killer. A hit-and-run driver had bumped Pa off ten years ago. Spoiled his whole life. Left him with Ma and a spoiled Kid-brother to support.

In one flash a number jumped at him. 100-174! So the kid had taken out the car—his car—against orders! Murdered an innocent man!

"Yep," someone was screeching, "guess the old fellow's done for."

Gus found himself running home. The Kid's weak face raced with him. The Kid was crying. "Gee, they'll put me in the pen. Honest, I didn't mean to do it. Went crazy when I felt the bump. I don't want the pen. I'd die! I like life, Gus. Don't let 'em get me!"

The Kid's face disappeared. Courtroom. Judge. Jurors. Lawyer. On the stand, the wife of the murdered man. "I had nobody but him!"

Gus, panting, shook the sweat from his eyes. He loved the Kid in spite of his faults. Now the love was like sour wine—bitter, fermenting, murderous.

He was home. Something was moving on the front porch. Into the moonlight floated the Kid's scared face. "Gus." It was the Kid's voice. Broken. Shot. "I got somethin' awful to tell yuh. You'll kill me sure when you hear it. I—I took the car out tonight and it—it was stolen!

"Gee, Gus, wassa matter? You look GLAD!"

THE CZARINA

By Vivian Espinosa

Lady Majorie was nervous, not because it was pack-up night, for that was a common thing in her life, but because she expected a visitor—an unwelcome one.

Although she was awaiting a caller she started nervously when a knock was heard. She flung the door open, and without a word her visitor entered.

"Well," he said after an awkward pause, "what have you decided?"

"I told you the last time," she replied, "that I havn't the money. Even if I did, I do not see why I should pay for a mistake. That's BLACKMAIL."

"Call it what you want, Lady Majorie (he emphasized "Lady") but the fact is that I'm in a tight spot and need the cash. If his Nibs is tight that's just too bad. These letters won't sound so good to him even though they were written when you were separated, and they might make interesting reading in court."

He paused and, as Lady Majorie made no reply, he continued: "I have the letters here," he said patting his pocket, "and I am willing to surrender them for a price. I thought I'd come here as I know you are checking out tomorrow. My room is two doors away from yours so you see I've been keeping tab on you."

"I'm telling you the truth," Lady Majorie said with finality, "I do not have the money."

"How about that necklace?" pointing to the pearls about her throat. "They will bring a tidy sum—if I know my jewelry."

"I couldn't," she answered hysterically, as she fingered the strand, "these have been in Frank's family for generations. He would surely miss them."

"I'm not going to do any more fooling,"

(Continued on Page 3)

X-PN 4827

#65

The Chicago Amateur

Vol. VII December, 1936 No. 1

DEC 12 1944

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!

By Anna E. Benson

Never since Alma could remember (she was seven) had there been such a longing for Christmas. Not because she expected anything. No, she was just waiting. Crossing off the calendar figures. Asking Ma (whose round, red face seldom smiled these days) if she was perfectly sure that Santa wouldn't come this year?

"No," Ma held the chubby figure tightly. "He has other places to go. Real poor places."

"Ain't we poor?" she asked. Then, suspiciously, "Ma, mebbe there AIN'T no Santa Claus!"

That was the tragedy. Maybe in spite of the toys other kids got, there really was no Santa. It seemed unbearable.

How could she understand that a railroad trucker's wage, half of which was spent on drink, left no contributions for Santa—who invariably forgets to leave gifts when pocketbooks are empty?

Even rocking the baby to sleep had lost it's charm. No more singing lullabies in the bleak, bare little parlor. Alma stared into the gathering twilight. Ma was in the kitchen, making supper. Pa would be home shortly, lurching with pre-Christmas celebration. It was Thursday, four days before Christmas eve. Tomorrow was the last day of school before vacation.

Solemly, the little girl was staring at the snowflakes beginning to fall. Grief hung heavy in her heart. No matter what Ma said, she didn't believe there was a Santa Claus. Else why didn't he visit them? They were poor.

Fiercely, her lips began a defiant chant:

(Continued on Page 2)

PUZZLE

By Regina Murphy

This morning at breakfast Norton started the conversation thus:

"Mama, I wish you would buy some of those things Shirley had for supper last night."

"What did she have, son?"

"She had macaroni and. . .what do you call that other thing she had, Mama?"

"Well, I don't know. Maybe if you could tell me what it was like, I could guess. Did Shirley cook it?"

"No, she gave Ben a penny, a big nickle, and he was just going to the store when Daddy came."

"If you didn't see it how do you know what it was like?"

"I knew the name of it when I was upstairs, but I don't know the name when I am downstairs. It's like my finger - round."

"Green beans?"

"No."

"Was it a vegetable?"

"It wasn't like potatoes."

"Asparagus?"

"Ma, asparagus is big. This is small."

"How small?"

"Like this." Indicating about one-fourth inch between his fingers.

"Peas?"

"No, peas are balls. It's like my finger." Then, brightly, "It's like the white hair on top of cupcakes."

"Was it cocoanut?"

"It was like it, but it's brown. real small. It comes in a can."

"Is it hard?"

"It's soft when you cook it."

"After it is cooked, what does Shirley do with it?".

"She puts it in a dish and puts it on

(Continued on Page 4)

Merry Christmas To All!

X-PN 4827 #66

THE CSPC NEWS

Official Organ of the Central States Press Club

Volume 1 August, 1936 No. 2

APR 29 1949

President's Message

Thirty-four members; three issues of an organ of eight or more pages; formation of a subsidiary; a successful Laureate Contest. These are the accomplishments of the CSPC during its first year of existence.

These achievements are not by any means solely the result of my own labors, nor of any extraordinary ability on my part; they have come about thru continued cooperation from both officers and members, an assistance for which I am deeply grateful.

I am especially thankful to Mrs. Rawling, our silent Vice-President, who indirectly was responsible for the present Cincinnati group; to Mr. and Mrs. Martin, who together efficiently acted as Secretary-Treasurer, and who cheerfully paid the expenses of that office from their own resources; to Mr. Black, who, although prevented by school work from finishing a full term as Editor of the CSPC News, nevertheless edited the first issue of that organ, and previous to that was most active in interesting many of our present members in the club; to Mr. George Palmer, who recently so kindly assumed the Editor's duties, and who, together with Mr. C. T. McCarthy, was instrumental in the organization of the OVWG last January; to Messrs. Kidney, Spink and Schram, who as Judges were ever ready to help; and to those members who entered manuscripts in the Laureate contest. To these and not to me is the credit due.

As a final word from your retiring President, may I urge you to afford equally good—or better—cooperation to your new Chief Officer for only by doing so can you insure another year of success and progress.

With best regards, I am
Sincerely,

ROBERT M. DUNLAP

X-PN 4827 #67

CUBICLE

SEPTEMBER
1936

X-PN 4827

#68

CUBICLE

Number

2

LIBRARY
BUSINESS
TRIAL BUREAU
APR 29 1944

January : 1936

X-PN 4827

#67

COPY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS PERIOD. ROOM

APR 28 1944

The Pulse of Journalism

DECEMBER, 1

MEDICAL RACKETEERING

IN a few weeks we shall hear the annual propaganda for the President's Birthday Ball and funds for the Warm Springs Foundation. While the endeavors of this Foundation are commendable, all is not as it should be; 30 per cent of the Fund goes into the medical trust for useless research.

Research and experimentation are rightful, but will this research accomplish its objective: find the TRUE cause of Infantile Paralysis? Believe it or not, the true cause IS known; that Infantile Paralysis can be cured, HAS BEEN CURED —by drugless method! Medical research for what is already known is idiotic extravagance and needless waste!

The public donors, who ought to know, but are misled by medical myths, should be told the facts which support the above declaration: that the true cause of Infantile Paralysis is known — that normal health has been restored to sufferers.

Medical experimentation is based on the theory of germ-causation of disease, a theory already blasted into discard. "Theory" is an unproved "guess-so." Medical science is universally the "'Theory' of Medicine." —to page 3—

X-PN 4827

The CLARION

#7

No. 5 4750 COPIES FOR THIS ISSUE Vol. I

THE CLARION Published by the Standard Press
106 N. 17th St. St. Louis, Mo.
Subscription $1.00 per year Six month 50c; three months 25c
10c per copy, none free.

Advertising Rates

One inch (45 words or less) ..... $1.00 ¼ page 3.00
½ page ..... 5.00 1 page 9.00
Classified Ads 2 cents a word. Cash with order, no accounts opened. Forms close on the first of the month. The publisher reserves the right to reject any copy that is obscene, objectionable or of apparently fraudulent nature.
Discounts: 3 insertions for the price of two.
Not responsible for errors in setting poorly written copy.
All articles, stories, etc. should be sent direct to the publication office. If you wish, manuscript returned, send postage.

L. A. McCLENNAN, Publisher 106 N. 17th St. St. Louis, Mo.
Send all remittance to the publisher Address as above.

AUNT NELL'S PHILOSOPHY

Eleanor A. Totman

Somefolks are like a wheelbarrow—No motor power of their own- need some one to prod them into action.

An optimist is a person who can enjoy lemonade when lemons sell for 60¢ per and sugar has reached the "High Mark" Mark Twain said; Let us endeavor so to live that, when we come to die, even the undertakers will be sorry; which same has my O. K.

He who would build success must first lay the foundation stones of Honesty and Integrity. If you desire the good of life then work and earn them for your chances are only one in a million of having them served to you on a "Silver Service"

Never go in to bankruptcy until you have lost every once of faith and enthusiasm you ever possessed.

100 8½x11 Letterheads
63¾ Envelopes
Postpaid $1.00
Standard Press
106 North 17th Str. St. Louis, Mo

Stamp Collectors!

7oz packet UNITED STATES MIXTURD for 30c, A beginers packet of 500 - 600 stamps that gives fun in sorting and lots of duplicates

50 all DIFFERENT United States Stamps for 25c

BEGINNERS SPECIAL SET— A set of only three stamps, but they will show the difference in A81, A82 and A92. They will also show the difference between FLAT PLATE, OFF SET and ROTARY PRESS type stamps, A real education! This set costs a dime. 20 All Diferent Foreign Stamps for a dime, Remit In Coin Only

ALL NATION STAMP EXCHANGE
Dept M Willow Springs, Illinois

YOU!! MISSED This Issue:-

4750 Copiss- YOUR AD in this magazine will pay you same as it pays the advertisers whom you find using space now- Your Three Time Ad, for the price of two.

X-PN 4827

THE CHICAGO AMATEUR

Vol. VII April, 1937 No. 2

ENGLISH TREASURES

By Anna Benson Propson

A feeling quite elated and not a little proud
Sweeps over us in thinking that great men have allowed
Their wondrous wit and wisdom, by printed word and page,
To reach us through the misty and grayish pall of age.

Geoffrey Chaucer shows us a group of simple folks
All bent upon a pilgrimage with stories, quips, and jokes;
A fountain deep of beauty, "The Faery Queen" has held
Her loveliness a chalice where inspiration dwelled.

Our Shakespere, star eternal, reveals the heart of man
With all its hopes and longings throughout life's little span;
While Milton most sublimely in epic great relates
The beauties of our Heaven or Hades' awful states.

No fuss or frills for Dryden, he has a style concise,
And blazed the trail for writings both learned and precise;
We greet Sir Roger warmly, his gentle, kindly ways
His little quirks and fancies are subjects for our praise.

Next Pope comes with his essays, as keen as any sword,
As polished as the gleaming steel with power cutting stored.
And now for just a moment we leave the world behind,
To meditate with Thomas Gray, tranquillity to find.

Thence to a humble cottage where Burns shall entertain
With tender tales and poems, so beautifully plain.
Of simple joy in nature the pen of Wordsworth tells,
We wander midst the flowers in meadows, hills, and dells.

Hark! Hark! The drums are beating to courage mounting high,
With pageantry and splendor, Scott leads his people by.
A being more than mortal, in search of beauty's shrine,
John Keats has left his poems, so preciously devine.

What now? Ah, here comes Dickens to introduce his friends,
The helpless child, the outcast, the folks of odds and ends.
While Tennyson, so kindly, through measured, lovely rhyme
Is holding high the torches of faith and love sublime.

THE LIBRARY OF
APR 29 1944

X-PN 4627

#72

THE CHICAGO AMATEUR

Vol. VII December, 1937 No. 3

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTTS

(Dedicated to Katherine Hepburn.)

By Margaret L. Richards

She stood alone on the cold grey floor,
Where the guards were pacing outside the door,
And the morrow cast its shades before.
She stood alone on the co'd grey floor.

She thought of life in the royal hall,
She thought of her lover strong and tall,
She must not dwell on Tomorrow's pall.
She thought of life in the royal hall.

She faced her death as she faced her life,
With head held high, where Hate was rife,
And said farewell to blood and strife.
She faced her death as she faced her life.

Some say a light shone around her head
As it fell from the block where Mary bled,
And her crucifix lay there instead.
Some say a light shone around her head.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
2 2 1944

ONLY A FLOWER

By Edith M. LeLaby

Only a flower with its nodding head,
Looking for someone to make its bed,
To pull the weeds for room to grow
And make it bloom with a brighter glow.

That it may thrive in a stonger way
And flower with fragrance day by day,
Fi'led with verdure and tender care —
Will blossom forth in beauty rare.
Just so each life, if started aright,
Will blossom forth to a greater height
If along life's pathway a little care,
When budding forth, will be rooted there.

X-PN 4827 #73

CUBICLE

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

SUMMER, 1937

X-PN 4827

A HOBBY HORSE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

CUBICLE

SPRING, 1937

X-PN 4827

A75

JUNE ◂ 1937

CUBICLE

A HOBBY HORSE

X-P.N 4827

#76

THE CRUSADER

Vol. 1 Summer 1937 No. 1

APR 29 1944

- MODERATION -

By Floyd V. Steutel, D. C.

Our present-day middle class unit has been described by Shaw as, "A moderately honest man with a moderately faithful wife, moderate drinkers both, in a moderately healthy house." And this is the average man's unconsciously accepted connotation of the word Moderation. The Average Man is a Moderate Man.

But the average man's employment of the English language is remarkably loose. Could a person be considered moderate who feeds his brain with worthless literature, and his body with denatured and worthless 'foods'? Could a rattlesnake poison its victim 'in moderation'?

Evidently, there must exist some very definite standards whereby we may determine whether or not our actions are moderate. The orange is a food of undoubted value, upon which we could quite depend for the satisfaction of our bodily needs. Yet, were you to ingest more than your normal appetite craved you would be acting very immoderately. Oxygen is a vital necessity, but its presence in air to an immoderate degree, upsetting the required ratio, could destroy the human organism.

(continued on page three)

CRUSADER 1937
X-PN 482

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 22 1937
GIFT

THE CRUSADER

Vol. 1 Autumn 1937 No. 2

YOUR RIGHTS, AND MINE

By Floyd V. Steutel, D. C.

When, some years back, Constitutional Amendment made it unlawful for Americans to weaken their bodies and dim their intelligence by the imbibing of alcoholic beverages, many men women claimed that that they were being deprived of their 'rights.' The same cry is raised against those advocates of hygienic living who denounce the use of tobacco.

There is one whom the average person loves above every other man or woman he has ever known- Himself. To Himself he abrogates every privilege his whim desires. Every other person becomes 'The Forgotten Man.'

But surely there must be some bounds to this Juggernaut's trail! 'My Rights' must not be permitted to ride down my brothers and sisters who happen to be in the way. During the opening session of the First American Youth Congress, in 1934, Arthur Garfield Hays said: "My liberty to swing my arm ends where the other fellow's nose begins." Personally, while I feel sorry for the man that uses the poison nicotine, I would not deny him the privilege of using it-providing only that he is alone where he can harm no one else.

(continued on page three)

X-PN 4827

#178

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 26 1945

COPY GIFT

THE CHICAGO AMATEUR

Vol. VII. March, 1938 No. 4

IN DEFENCE

Regina I. Murphy

About a century and a half ago when men wore lace and powdered their hair; women went to great extremes to surpass them: they wore yards of lace, embroidery, tucks, ruffles and jewels everywhere and so out did him.

This instinct of woman's in days rooted for from the beginning of history we have records and tokens of Women's love for personal decoration. Women have at the same time always been ridiculed for this but I have often thought that it might be better to praise them.

It seems to me God planted this desire for a definite good for in so doing she has evolved a good working plan to make man comfortable. This instinct to adorn herself is the very same that makes a woman dress her home and keep it clean and livable. A woman considers her home as a part of herself and furnishes it accordingly. Did you ever see a home reflect the man of the house's tastes?

It may of course conform to his ideas of comfort, but only in so far as the woman who runs the house wishes to give into them. Showing in this way her love for her husband and her efforts to please him.

As a general rule the woman that likes pretty clothes, pays some attention to the right color, tries to follow the fashion etc. has the most attrac-

Continued on Page 3

MEMORIES OF A WEEK-END IN NEW YORK

Leta C. Mogstad

While listening to the radio the other evening I heard a number which was supposed to be symbolic of New York's subway and my thoughts went back to my vacation two years ago when I spent a week-end in New York and rode the subway.

We arrived in New York about six o'clock on a Saturday evening, more or less bedraggled, having been enroute by bus since noon of the preceding day. After checking in at a hotel we bathed and were ready to explore New York. As we were walking down the street we noticed an Automat Restaurant sign and thought we would like the experience of putting a nickle into a slot and having a cup of coffee pop out. But, no, this thrill was to be denied us as we were informed upon entering the restaurant that that particular section of the restaurant was closed -- only the regular cafeteria being open. Of course we had to compromise on that but, alas, how tame! We had carried our own trays and gone through the same routine countless times at home.

Our appetites satisfied, we seemed to have new courage and decided to take the subway out to Coney Island. We questioned the cashier as to the train that would take us to the amusement park and when it rolled into the sta-

Continued on Page 3

X-PA 4827

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

THE CHICAGO AMATEUR

VOL. VII. JUNE, 1938 No. 5

THE STARLING

Vivian Espinosa

"Will it be Tom or Bill?" the members of the firm of Held and Winters asked one another as the office romance reached the stage where they were over zealous to learn the outcome

No one ventured to offend the dignity of Mr. Winters, senior member of the firm and whom Nancy served as secretary, by asking what he thought of it, although the play with all its dramatic possibilities was lost upon him. He probably would have surprised them by saying: "Tom would be my choice, and if Nancy considered wisely it would be her's too."

Propinquity did not often make for romance in the engineering firm of Held and Winters, so when the company's two most elegible bachelors contended for the favor of Winter's new secretary THAT was something to talk about Nancy was no Helen of Troy, but then with her personality she did not need to be.

Tom and Bill were on common ground in but one thing—their regard for Nancy. In all other respects they were as far apart as the two poles. Bill was the more dashing; charmingly adaptable, a hail fellow well met! Tom, who had come thus far in life thru many hardships, possessed character roots that lay deep; he was dependable, steadfast.

(*Continued on page* 3)

THE CERISE SHROUD

Margaret L. Richards

She lay on the white satin couch, her still, cold little hands folded across her breast. Almost as tho she rested before a party, she seemed, for they had clothed her in a bright cerice gown. She had wanted it so. The daughter-in-law had protested: "Why it's ridiculous. Father, her mind must have been wandering." But the old man said: "It shall be as she desired." So the gay dress of her girlhood was taken from its tissue folds and put upon her wasted form.

Afterward as one by one we passed, to look upon her calm face below its wreath of silver curls, it seemed as tho she held some lovely secret in her smile.

Just ahead of me walked a stranger, an elderly man who paused a bit longer than the rest I heard him murmer something, and I thought he said: "she remembered." As we slowly filed out the side door of the little chapel I was filled with curiosity. The stranger stepped beside the wall and opened a small locket which was attached to his watch chain. I knew I was being very rude but I could not help it. I looked over his arm. The picture in the locket, a tinted one, was of a smiling girl in a bright cerise dress.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

#30

CHATHAM CHATTER

Vol. 1. No. 7. Chatham, Mass. August 1938

MOVE TO RAISE DUES SUPPORTED BY MANY; SECRETARY AND TREASURER CONSOLIDATION OPPOSED

The move to raise dues at the Cincinnati convention has been met with whole hearted support of many members. Many members think that the dues should be two dollars ($2.00) for all members. The provision that ($1.00) be the dues for the first year is said by many to bea way of attracting new members but others have said that if a person isreally interested in A. J. they would pay two dollars, to join. Two dollars dues willput the N.A.P.A. on a better financial basis.

The proposal to combine the offices of Secretary and Treasurer., will put on one person to much work. All the N.A.P.A. is done out of hours put aside from amusement to put on one person shoulders the work of two very busy offices is unfair.

The plan to combine the Historian and Librarian willprobably be adopted because the Historian and Librarian johb which are much the same and (TO BE FRANK) not so hard.

Other improvements in the functioning of the Association are being discussed.

PHILADELPHIA IN 1940

Due to the fact that Utah is howling for the 1940 convention we have decided that it is the wests turn to travel. Therefore we nominate PHILADELPHIA in 1940. Though there will be no Worlds Fair in it in 1940. PHILADELPHIA "The City of Brotherly Love" is rich in historical matter.

Penna has a membership of seventeen with the mammoth membership of New York and New Jersey right next to it. Therefore a convention held in Penna would draw many members. While with such active members as Segal and Babcock would run the convention in a fine style.

PHILADELPHIA in 1940

CO-OP Publishing

There has been alot of talk about CO-OP publishing. We like the idea. And we hope our Vice. Pres will help get two interested parties together as it was suggested in the convention.

WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

***

THE CHATHAM CHATTER has been published since June 29th 1937. bi-monthly six issues last summer, two issues in the winter, and so far this summer four issues. Last summer Edwin H. Smith heard about us and interested us in the N.A.P.A. which we joined, at the end of the summer. We hav read all the papers we have received with great interest and have planned to get out an N.A.P.A. edition for a long time. Those interested in receiving our regular edition can so free of charge if they drop me a line giving their address.

We are interested to have comments on our masterpiece???? and will accept contributions with pleasure. One of our first objectives(see page 2) is to have the constitution of the N.A.P.A. published. Another one of them is to have the dues raised to $2.00 so that the association will not have to make campaigns for funds the way it has this year.

X-PN 4827

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1944

CAMEO

Vol. I *November, 1938* *No. 2*

THREE GIFTS

One carried laughter in his hand,
And scattered seeds upon the land...
He gave the bread.

One sang as he spun all day,
Guiding threads upon their way...
He gave the cloak.

One ate the bread, wore the cloak,
And penned a new thought ere dawn broke...
He gave the book.

--B. B.

PN4284 .S2

THE CSPC NEWS

Official Organ of the Central States Press Club

VOLUME 3 APRIL, 1938 No- 1

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

To the Officers and Members,

Central States Press Club:

Greetings:

It was indeed a pleasure to have had the privilege to attend the 3rd annual convention at Louisville last August, and to have been selected your President. I have no doubt but that a better selection could have been made, but I will in the remaining seven months endeavor to promote activity in the work we have organized to do.

Our meagre Treasury precludes the issuance of an elaborate official organ, and for that reason no issue has been published up to this time. Printers must be paid, and unless we receive some cash contibutions we cannot plan future issues. Mrs. Matheison is capable of giving us a real volume, and if you will forward to her such financial contributions as you may be able to make in this period of "recession," we will endeavor to provide an official organ at least once again this administration.

The dates for our annual convention at Detroit will be September 3-4-5, 1938, at which time the Michigan Amateur Press Association will also be in session. I am appointing Ms. Seita Matheison, Mrs. Margaret N. Martin, Norman Quillman, Arthur Strouse, and Mrs Edna Wagner as the Convention Committee. Hotel and rates will be announced later.

A campaign for increased membership will be under way shortly. To this committee I am appointing Mrs. Matheison, Mrs. Martin, Miss Schube, Mr. White, and Mr. Smith of Louisville. Mrs. Matheison will act as Chairman. One hundred members by September 1st is the GOAL. Your support is needed.

Do not forget the convention of the National Amateur Press Association in Cincinnati in July. It merits our support. I hope to meet many of our Central States members there and have a conference with them during one of the afternoons of our sojourn in the Queen City of Ohio.

X-PN 4827

#83

CUBICLE

December

1938

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT
GIFT

X-PN4827
#84

Cubicle

JUNE

1938

X-DN427
#85

CUBICLE

SUMMER, 1938

X-PN 4827

Couleur de Rose
Number Two April, 1938

APR 20 1944

ART WITH A CAPITAL "A"

In the 1938 edition of **Writer's Year Book** Achmed Abdullah discusses the lack of literature among the writings of the professional and the would-be professional. The well known author urges that writers attempt to write articles which are not cut-and-dried, but, rather, contain a bit of "art with a capital 'A'."

Although amateur authors do not contribute to amateur journals in order that they may receive a few ducats, they nevertheless fail to produce articles which have even the slightest amount of art.

Possibly the principal reason amateur authors fail to write literature, is the fact that amateur editors--if there are any in amateur journalism--fail to set any qualifications for publication. Of course the editor is the only person who complains when the manuscripts he receives are of little worth.

X-PN 4827

THE CONTRIBUTOR

#57

December No. 3 1938

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

My first attempt at printing

Merry Christmas

I want to thank you who have been so gracious to offer your fine criticisms and kind advice about my questionable attempts at poetic art; and you who have written me interesting letters, full of life and the expansive joy of membership in the various amateur press associations; and you, too, who have reached me through the medium of your printed papers; for the enveloping happiness you have given me--all have assisted during my first year in contact with the groups, in changing this morbid soul to one of glowing life.

X-PN 4827

THE CONTRIBUTOR

#58

December No. 3 1938

My first attempt at printing

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Merry Christmas

I want to thank you who have been so gracious to offer your fine criticisms and kind advice about my questionable attempts at poetic art; and you who have written me interesting letters, full of life and the expansive joy of membership in the various amateur press associations; and you, too, who have reached me through the medium of your printed papers; for the enveloping happiness you have given me--all have assisted during my first year in contact with the groups, in changing this morbid soul to one of glowing life.

X-PN 4827

#59

THE CONTRIBUTOR

Vol. 1. No. 1. May, 1938

THE ALPHA

Let me see--Yes. It was last October that Ed Martin first mentioned the A.A.P.A, and proclaimed that he was thinking of publishing a paper. Before he could proceed it was necessary to obtain the missing items: press and type.....Well, it is April, and we finally got down to mimeographing. (Not bad: eh, what?) As we have stated for the past five months, "We expect a present in the form of a press to 'show up' almost any minute now."

You may wonder how we choose, THE CONTRIBUTOR--as title? It was very simple. We wrote various possibilities on slips of paper and dropped them into a hat...Yes. You guessed it....THE CONTRIBUTOR--was plucked.

There must be many other members: who do not have within their reach, at this moment, a press. Why not; mimeograph, hectograph, ditto, linoleum-block, engrave, or wood-cut a paper? If it entails six months to produce both sides of a sheet--produce it!

Cont. page 4

CONTRIBUTOR 1938
X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The Contributor

Vol. I No. 2

"The Door is Closed"

And once when storm against the wall was cold
And bold, and thru the window-sill the chill
Of death in dampness crept upon its kill •
And when I mused, half-mad, within the hold
Of ancient evil thoughts--I fear I dozed . . .
A man of saddened mist so hard to see
And yet, of form familiar, awoke me:
And purred the crytic words:
"The door is closed."

"The door is closed," he said, and turned to
stone
And seemed with weary grief drip dreary tears
For me! As I were damned for endless years!
Now I meekly atone with wailing groan
For all my infamy: for now I see - -
The saddened granite statue looks like me.

X-PN 4827

Consider

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 29 1945

Today profits from yesterday's experiences, brightens tomorrow's outlook.

Vol. I MARCH, 1938 No. 1

WE

(Ed. note: CONSIDER was published formerly as a column in the Mortonian Weekly, student publication of J. Sterling Morton High School, Cicero, Illinois. It ran regularly for the semester ending January 28, 1938, when your editor was graduated from high school.

The following article is reprinted from the column of January 21 to illustrate the spirit of this publication.)

"Somebody recently asked the writer of this column why he always used the word, 'we,' in his personal observations, in spite of the fact that they are the comments of only one man.

"Here is the answer: Since the inception of this column in last year's annual junior issue of the Mortonian Weekly, two people have written it. I am one, the fellow who does the typing. But the other is by far the more important, for he is "Consider" himself. He is not a mortal being; he is a fine spirit who makes a home of every man's brain.

"Consider, were he to take physical form, would be an average looking man. He would be quiet, observing, fair in all questions, and thorough in all answers.

"He doesn't presume to force himself upon any man. If a person will have none of him, he quietly retires to a corner and patiently waits while the man errs in thoughtless conclusions. Sooner or later the man will realize how rash are quick, inaccurate decisions.

(Continued on page four)

CONSIDER 5-39

#12

X-PR 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY GIFT

CONSIDER

Today profits from yesterday's experience engineers tomorrow's outlook.

Vol. I MAY, 1938 No. 2

THE BLAME LIES CLOSE

By BILL HANDORF

Whom can we blame for all these war clouds which have been hovering over Europe? Who is to blame for adding impetus to the Fascist and Socialist movements throughout the world? The blame lies with the Allied Powers, who instituted the greatest of psychological and materialistic blunders at the never-to-be-forgotten Versailles Conference of 1919. These greedy victorious powers squeezed the last breath out of the newly organized German Social Democratic Government, which had, from all indications, the ideal Democratic state outlined in its program.

What did the Allied Powers do to aid this new gover ment? They made it disband the armies and take all the blame for the war. They planted Allied armies in the country to jeopardize it; they ruined its foreign trade; they caused starvation and unemployment among the millions of people; and they demanded that Germany pay war debts and reparations due each nation.

What were the consequences of all this despotism on the part of the Allied Powers? Revolutions broke out and organizations grew up with their proposed methods of bringing Germany out of her difficulty. The person to come to the aid of the German people, finally, was Hitler.

History was being made in the early years of the twentieth century, history which brought bloodshed, revolutions, and finally leaders to the front with new dictatorial governments in Europe. Now the dictatorships threaten Democracy. The next few months will tell which is the stronger!

CONSIDER 6-38
X-PN 4827

CONSIDER

Today profits from yesterday's experience—brightens tomorrow's outlook.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 23 1945

Vol. I JUNE, 1938 No. 3

COPY
GIFT

Friendship Supreme

We grope in the darkness
In search for the light;
We try to pierce black skies.
That all may be bright.

Alone and defiant,
We fight against fate;
But often we give up
And then learn too late
That there's no fight so hard.
No fate so severe,
And there's no night so dark
That friendship must fear—

For the struggle is won,
At its triumphal end,
By the fortunate man
Who is blessed with a friend.

Poetry Number

CONSIDER 7-38
X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

CONSIDER

TODAY PROFITS FROM YESTERDAY'S EXPERIENCE—
BRIGHTENS TOMORROW'S OUTLOOK.

Vol. I JULY, 1938 No. 4

LINES That Have Lived . . .

As a bright star in the heavens led the three wise men to a fulfillment of their lives' purpose, to greet with worship the Christ child on His entrance into this earth, so a bright star of ambition lighted John Milton's blind eyes and led him on to a fulfillment of his childhood desire — to write something the world "would not willingly let die."

Always deeply religious in thought, Milton wrote:

Let us with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,

a paraphrase of the 136th Psalm, at the age of fifteen. He entered Christ's College at Cambridge University at the age of sixteen, spending seven years of deep study there.

On Christmas Eve in 1629, the twenty-one year-old thinker made his real start in poetic endeavor. Musing upon the Divine Power which expressed itself through his mind and pen, and influenced by an eternal devotion to that Power, Milton set down his thoughts in an ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY, which told in beautiful speech of the coming of the Babe to Bethlehem and the retreat of false gods.

A period of voluntary study of books and nature followed college days, during which Milton wrote poems ranking among the world's finest. ARCADES, COMUS, L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO, and LYCIDAS, the last a lament of mournful beauty

(Continued On Page Four)

CONNECTICUT COURIER 12-25-38

#95

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
FOR USE IN LIBRARY ONLY
VOLUME NO.
NUMBER FOUND

Connecticut Courier

CHRISTMAS 1938

LAWRENCE QUACKENBUSH

X-PN 482

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
28 1940

#176

CONNECTICUT COURIER

NOVEMBER 1938 5c

"Hawks Nest"
Redding, Conn.
August 23, 1938

Lawrence Quackenbush
Connecticut Courier
38 Prospect Avenue,
Darien, Conn.

Dear Lawrence:

You have my permission verbally to use any or all of my radio stories for your paper, and this confirms in writing the bargain.

If it is your desire to send me a subscription in return for the use of the stories. I appreciate your consideration, and will be glad to accept.

With kindest personal regards and best wishes for the success of your paper.

Sincerely,
FRANK HAWKS

We received the above letter recently, also with the letter was enclosed the following:

This letter was written by Capt Hawks a few hours before his untimely death and turned over to me for mailing.

Signed
J. WETHERANCE
Treasurer
Gwinn Aircar Co

Frank Hawks' Story On Pg 3

A new resident in Connecticut is Gus Edson, cartoonist of "The Cumrs," who has contributed the above sketch.

WE MAKE OUR DEBUT

By Harold Yudain

In years gone by Connecticut was famous for its industries, its Yankee ingenuity and Yale University. That was all. But then "Tom" Perkins came along with the idea that the Nutmeg State had hidden virtues which should be uncovered and brought to the attention of the populace not only of Connecticut, but the whole country.

continued on pg. 3

Charter Subscribers

Here is our list of Charter subscribers: Thos. Perkins, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. H. Schwartz, Darien, Conn.; Mrs. H. Wheeler, Jr., New York: Educational Publishers, Darien, Conn.; Mrs. C. Marsh, Montclair, N. J.; Mr. Gus Edson, Darien, Conn; Mrs. Q. Minot, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. H. Richards, Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. F. A. Starr, Monticello, N. Y.

Mrs. Frank M. Hawks of Redding, Conn., will receive the one-year subscription in her husband's place. (See Col. 1.)

continued on page four

THANKSGIVING DAY

It is the day before Thanksgiving Day: A big business man has just stepped into his office; "Well I finally got my turkey ordered. Have you got yours ordered yet, Mr. Brown?"

"We're not having a turkey this year. We're going to send our turkey money to the poor so that they may enjoy a turkey tomorrow," said Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown was a very thoughtful man, giving the poor a dinner. Why don't you give a little money to the poor too?

"Do Unto Others As You Wish Them To Do To You!"

AJAY NOTES Con. from page 2

off more prospective members in the long run. Let's be different & keep our present rates.---"We want a CRACK official board for 1940 as we mean to make that the banner year of the AAPA to date."So wrote Brother Kay in a recent letter. With that in mind why not re-elect Kay to another term in 1940 and be sure we have a BANNER YEAR??...Untill November then keep cheerful.-

BE ACTIVE!

To support the AAPA to the fullest we need more and more papers. To this end we feel that we can help you. We will mimeograph papers this size, or full page, at real rock bottom prices. Or if you prefer a printed paper we will see to it that you get a high class job at low class rates. Why not drop us a line and let us know just what you want. Address either of the publishers for full info.

MEET ANDREW MACURA, JR.

Two years ago Andrew Macura, Jr. started typing the Liberty Stamp & Hobby Journal on his typewriter. A few months later he got a mimeograph machine and began to mimeo his paper. Early this year he had the first printed copy issued. That's a story of real achievment - the story of the Jounal under Andrew Macura, Jr. On a recent visit he suggested the idea for this paper & here it is.

THE LIBERTY STAMP & HOBBY JOURNAL

AN A.A.P.A. PUBLICATION

Ajayers may have a copy for a stamp. Its a nickel to all others. Here is a 24 page magazine--small in size, but not too small: large in circulation, but not too large. In plain English it fills the bill. To subscribe puts no bite on your purse-25¢ per year. To advertise in cheers up your purse-Classified 1¢ per word - Display 1 1/2¢ per word. Minimum 20 words. A big SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST is now under way in the Journal whereby all contestants get not only a chance to earn some real cash. some real prizes, but also a

THE COLUMISER

Published By

ANDREW MACURA, JR.

230 Prince St. Bridgeport, Conn.

AnD

E. H. GABAREE, JR.

17 West Porter St. Waterbury, Conn.

A LETTER TO MOTHER

Bob Smith was a likeable chap, clean shaven, well groomed, about six feet tall.His straight forward gaze gripped you,as did his frankness about himself. To look at him recalled visions of western sheriffs, rugged and virle. Smoke and drink----Bob carefully avoided them, prehaps that accounted for his physique. He had left home about four or five years ago but without fail he wrote a letter to his mother every month. Bob never forgot his mother's parting words, "Goodby, Bob son. Take care of yourself, and-and God bless you." He recalled her waving to him as he turned the corner and even now he could see the tears that dimmed her eyes. It was time for that monthly letter and Bob was hard at work penning what he knew his mother would be eargly awaiting.

Dear Mom;

I am fine, and I hope you are also. I was sorry not to have written last month, but I was traveling and really couldn't. I can't send you my address 'cause I don't know how long I'll be here, I can't write as much this time as I want to mother dear, because it gets dark so early here. I get my share of fresh air every day like you told me and I don't have to worry about my three squares a day. My working hours aren't very long, but it's not such a good paying job. How is pop and sis? Give them all my love.

Just as he penned this last line it suddenly grew dark. Bob threw down his pen, and turning to his cellmate he grumbled, "What a joint. They don't even give you time to finish."

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

Coffee and Ink

Viola and Mary Knowlton, Editors
1351 East 26th Street, Oakland, California

Members of the National Amateur Press Association and the Oakland Amateur Press Club.

Number Two January, 1939

DEMI-TASSE

Several people have inquired, "Why the name, 'Coffee and Ink'?" So here goes—Viola earns her spending money by acting in the capacity of secretary to coffee brokers in San Francisco; and Mary receives her hard kale from the multigraph business. Get it?—But now, we're stuck. Dolly, our seventeen-year-old, has been bitten by the writing bug, applied for and received mebmership in the O.A.P.C. (her credential is contained elsewhere in this issue), and wants to be an Editor, too. As soon as she makes up her mind as to how she hopes to attract the nickels and dimes that help to keep the world going 'round 'n' 'round, then we'll have to add a word to our title. Until such a time, it remains, "Coffee and Ink."

We wish to thank you-all for the cards, letters, etc., with expressions of congrats that filled our mail-box after the first issue of our paper was distributed—and a special vote of thanks to "Tony" Moitoret for his "Am proud to have discovered you."

In the first issue we advised Viola was planning on making a trip to the East, but that very much to her regret it was to be after the N.A.P.A. convention. Well, she made it (incidentally it was her first trip outside of California) and enjoyed every minute immensely—

CLAMOR 1939

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
OCT 2 1945

CLAMOR

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see, thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor ever shall be. — Pope

Volume I *Fall, 1939* *Number 1*

WHAT TO WRITE

What shall I write? the problem is.
What does the reader seek?
I asked a sage. He answered this -
"Look in your heart; then speak.

"Look in your heart and honest be,
And fearless say your say.
For what your heart thinks, even we
Think, this and every day.

"We love the fearless; gladly own
He merits 'most a crown.
Lo, what he says, our hearts have known
As truth of great renown."

To me it seems the sage makes plain
That Man is of a kind
In things that count. Why ponder vain?
I'll write what's in my mind.

(OVER)

#100

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

The Chatham Chatter

TIME & TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN

Published Bi-Monthly by The Milk Weed Printing Company at Chatham, Mass.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

APA 482

N.Y.A.A. 3 CHATHAM, MASS. 4 March, 1939

G. KEY DENIES THAT AAPA IS CONTROLLED BY SUSPENDED AAPA MEMBERS.

George Key in his American Journal denied that the recently suspended members of the United Amateur Press Association have attempted to join the AAPA or control it. Mr. Key AAPA printing and publishing manager says "So far the American has heard nothing of these gentlemen. The AAPA is have a new activity drive and it seems with results.

AAPA OFFICERS

The recent AAPA elections came out as expected. There was only one candidate for each officer and few votes were recorded against them. Jones Francis won the presidency sixty-two

cont'd p. 4

LIBRARIAN HAILS ANNIVERSARY ALBUM.

The anniversary packet of our librarian Mrs. H. Smith was full of interesting stuff. It included two issues CHAMB, one

cont'd p. 4

THE AAPA BUNDLE.

The AAPA bundle arrived packed full of papers.

The EISEGESIS being well represented with several numbers. First, we want to thank Mr. Smith for his kindness to our "brain-child". The EISEGESIS is a magazine which we certainly need in the association. A. monthly, it keeps up to date.

EISEGESIS looks as though it is growing fast and we think it will rank high among amateur publications in the near future.

The N. H. STAR presents its winter issue. Full of interesting comments and articles.

Though we live in New York part of the year, and were for it last year, we don't believe in a "lame duck", we feel that it has been made clear that the AAPA does not want to try New York as a Convention City.

Cont'd p. 4

MANY COMMENTS ON BABCOCK COMMITTEE REPORT

Many comments on the Babcock Committee report are all ready buzzing around the association. The New Hampshire Star says "Off all the suggestions of the Babcock committee none would be more beneficial than the proposed change of The National Amateur from a sixteen page quarterly to a four or six page bymonthly". The Chatter agrees with Mr. Stevens' comment. We would like to hear what the present official editor or a former one has to say on this. The N. H. STAR says that this would mean that the bureau of critics would have to be abandoned. We think that if it was condensed that the bureau could still carry on.

EISEGESIS says "I would not be too hasty to reconcentrate all critics in the hands of four or

Cont'd p. 4

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

The Chatham Chatter

TIME & TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN

Published Bi-Monthly by The Milk Weed Printing Company at Chatham, Mass.

#101

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 20 1944

X-PN 4827

AAPA -1 CHATHAM, MASS. MARCH - 1939

WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

This is our first attempt at doing any thing in the AAPA. We would appreciate suggestions, comments and constructive criticism. We plan to get this paper out three or four times a year and more if possible, with our literary "gems", as they have been styled, comments, news articles and constructive criticism. We first started our publishing ventures in 1937 with a hectograph but we have now advanced to the extent of a mimeograph and better reading has resulted. About three months after we joined the elections rolled around and the two-thirds

cont'd p. 2

CZECHOSLAKIA

A little while ago Czechoslakia was divided into three states, Slovakia, Ruthenia, Bohemia.

continued page 3.

THE AAPA BUNDLE

The AAPA bundle with the results of the election arrived with a burst of new activity. The American Amateur Journalist heads the list. The officers promise action in their different reports.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL stages its reappearance with plenty of anti UAPA propaganda. Mr. Kay's HCAPA is quite an original one. The American Journal is very entertaining and never lets you fall asleep. THE WEISER WORLD is a sort of variety show - the kind everyone is glad to see. THE MOCKING-BIRD battles off its attackers and sticks up its head and mocks them all. More mockings for the MOCKING-BIRD. W. WILLIAMS THE KANSAN is a very small publication yet it has worthwhile material in it. We hope that Mr. Williams will continue his personality sketches.

MAILING MANAGER GOES INTO ACTION

Manager Bruce Smith has announced that a bundle will be mailed every 35 days, typical of AAPA efficiency but as Mr. Smith says if there are not enough papers for the bundle the schedule cannot be kept up, for it is no use mailing a bundle with one or two papers. Members should certainly spare a few cents for the mailing bureau considering the fact that AAPA dues are fifty cents while dues to other associations are one dollar.

The Yankee Press has a new printing schedule now. Reminiscences in TOPIX have been consolidated and the combined publication will be issued oftener than it was before. TOPIX will appear again in April.

#102

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1943

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

The Chatham Chatter

TIME & TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN

Published Bi-Monthly by The Milk Weed Printing Company at Chatham, Mass.

AAPA -1 CHATHAM, MASS. MARCH 1939

WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

This is our first attempt at doing any thing in the AAPA. We would appreciate suggestions, comments and constructive criticism. We plan to get this paper out three or four times a year and more if possible, with our literary "gems", as they have been styled, comments, news articles and constructive criticism. We first started our publishing ventures in 1937 with a hectograph but we have now advanced to the extent of a mimeograph and better reading has resulted. About three months after we joined the elections rolled around and the two-thirds

cont'd.p. 2

CZECHOSLAKIA

A little while ago Czechoslakia was divided into three states, Slovakia, Ruthenia, Bohemia.

continued page 3.

THE AAPA BUNDLE

The AAPA bundle with the results of the election arrived with a burst of new activity. The American Amateur Journalist heads the list. The officers promise action in their different reports.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL stages its reappearance with plenty of anti UAPA propaganda. Mr. Kay's NCAPA is quite an original one. The American Journal is very entertaining and never lets you fall asleep. THE WEISER WORLD is a sort of variety show - the kind everyone is glad to see. THE MOCKING-BIRD battles off its attackers and sticks up its head and mocks them all. More mockings for the MOCKING-BIRD. W. WILLIAMS THE KANGAN is a very small publication yet it has worthwhile material in it. We hope that Mr. Williams will continue his personality sketches.

MAILING MANAGER GOES INTO ACTION

Manager Bruce Smith has announced that a bundle will be mailed every 35 days, typical of AAPA efficiency but as Mr. Smith says if there are not enough papers for the bundle the schedule cannot be kept up for it is no use mailing a bundle with one or two papers. Members should certainly spare a few cents for the mailing bureau considering the fact that AAPA dues are fifty cents while dues to other associations are one dollar.

The Yankee Press has a new printing schedule now. Remarks in TOPIX have been consolidated and the combined publication will be issued oftener than it was before. TOPIX will appear again in April.

X-PN 482

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

The Chatham Chatter

PRICE 2c
A YEAR 20c

Published by The Milk Weed Printing Company at Chatham, Mass.

#103

LIBRARY
APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827

MAPA CHATHAM, MASS. JUNE 25, 1939

SEGAL, GUDONIS ENDORSE PHILLY, 1940 CONVENTION

E.J. HOLLAHAN SAYS THREE MONTHS IS ENTIRELY TOO LONG TO WAIT FOR MA

Mr. Joseph Gudonis Calls Attention to Library of A.J. as Added Attraction

Mr. Harold Segal and Mr. Joseph Gudonis have endorsed Philadelphia for the 1940 Convention of the National Amateur Press Association. Mr. Gudonis gave his reasons for endorsing Philadelphia.
(1) NAPA was founded in Philadelphia. So was UAPA.
(2) No amateur convention has been held in Philadelphia for several years.
(3) Library of A.J. is in Philadelphia.
(4) N.Y. World's Fair will be within reach for amateurs from far away.

(Cont. on pg. 2)

Mr. Hollahan Says Finance Forced Quarterly MA

The letter below was received from Mr. E.J. Hollahan, recently.

Dear Mr. Gilbert:

Your note in a recent issue of your Chatham Chatter regarding proposed change in size of our official organ noted. Being a former official editor of the National Amateur, it is my opinion that a small bi-monthly would be much more beneficial to the Association. It happens that the quarterly issue went into effect during my administration, and the sole reason for that was financial. Three months is entirely too long to wait for an

(Cont. on pg. 2)

AMENDMENT SUPPORTED

The amendment to the constitution proposed by the club promoter is one which deserves the support of all NAPA members. Although to some the requirements for the chartering of clubs may seem very strict, we certainly should not let a club be affiliated with NAPA without, at least, a little activity.

This amendment will certainly pop up the interests of local clubs, and will serve the useful purpose of fixing the relationship of the NAPA to local clubs for the benefit of all.

April 1927

#1104

CAMEO

Vol. I *January, 1939* *No. 3*

ON ICE

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Where the winter moon
Makes blue tree shadows
On the frozen lake,
We skate around a curve
Into the icy night.
Our breath-cloud mingles
With the northern wind
That tingles our cheeks.
From the frosted willows
On the snowbound bank,
A fairy orchestra
Plays silvery waltzes
That lend wings to our steps
And swiftness to our pulse.
Our hearts are flying, too,
On tiny shining skates
That race ahead of us.

—*B. B.*

X-PN 4827

4105

CUBICLE

MARCH, 1939

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

X-PN 482 T

CUBICLE

JUNE, 1939

THE LIBRARY OF
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
JUN 29 1939

X-PN 4827

H161

THE CRIMSON CARDINAL

(A Poet's Journal Of Verse)

Vol. I. *June, 1939* *No. 2.*

THE GYPSY TRAIL

By Laurence E. Estes

I am looking ever forward,
I am hopeful for the day
When I shall seek the winding trail
And the road that leads away,
Leads away to grace and beauty
In the land of gypsy lore,
Where long has lain the precious jade
In the caves of golden ore!

I am tired with the sunset,
I am feverish for the trail;
My gypsy blood is beckoning,
To the conquest of the gale.
I would fight a hundred lions,
I would stalk a tiger she;
With eagerness appalling
I crave the wind-tossed sea!

Just to clutch a spar and tremble,
Hear the lonely, lashing wind--
And laugh at life and fury
And the faith on men I've pinned;
I am eager, oh, so eager,
I am filled with zest to see
Not the things that have been done,
But those that are to be!

* * * * * * *

This I learned from the shadow of a tree, which to and fro did sway against a wall. Our shadow-selves--our influence--may fall where we can never be.

—Selected.

CRIMSON CARDINAL 1939
X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE CRIMSON CARDINAL

A Poet's Journal Of Verse

Vol. I. *Spring, 1939* *No. 1.*

CAGED

All cooped up in an office,
Feelin' kinda blue,
Wished I was in the open
On a lake in a birch canoe,
Just idly driftin along
With rod and reel;
Maybe it's kinda foolish,
But that's the way I feel!

All cooped up in the city
Mighty strange to say,
But isn't it a pity
On such a beautiful day
That I can't stray down
The old ox road again
And get my skin all brown
Like we fellows did when
We were young and carefree
Back in life's yesterday;
Maybe it's kinda foolish,
But I just feel that way!

--Laurence E. Estes.

X-PN 4027

#67

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1940
COPY
GIFT

April, 1939

Couleur de Rose

#110
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1939
X.PN 4827

THE CORNHUSKER

December 1939

Number One Volume One

FACTS SELDOM FOUND by Norman S. Levine

Glancing through newspapers, magazines, books, etc., literally hundreds of Facts Seldom Found may be discovered. I am not going to put down "hundreds" of these, but here are a few:

A California man was awarded $304,840,332,912,605.16 to satisfy a 25 year old note, plus interest. This amounts to all the money in the world at present!...And here's one for you dairy fans. "Ormsby Butter King" world's champion Holstein, averaged fifty quarts of milk daily for one year....Frank Finney of Connecticut owns a 1929 car that is covered with the signatures of 156 movie stars....Do you think you can name the men pictured on the $1, $2, $5, $10, $20, and $50 bills? If you can you're pretty good as only one man out of 10,000 can do this.. Last year the liner Queen Mary was docked in 34 minutes by TWO MEN IN A ROWBOAT!...You can wrap a coin in a handkerchief and press a lit' cigarette against it,WITHOUT BURNING THE HANDKERCHIEF!-(I've never tried the trick out myself, but I am taking the word of a New York newspaper, so don't sue me if it doesn't work!)

- - - - o- - - -

THINGS THAT BEDEVIL ME by William K. Groveman

The greater New York Chapter of the United....Hearstpapers....Chewing gum.sticking to my shoe....a pile of homework when I have other plans for the evening....static....Advertising blurbs in the middle of a good radio broadcast....an offset on a print job....rotten eggs.... those who don't practice what they preach....Poorly tasting ice cream pimples, which I take great pleasure in squeezing....myself....Dogs and cats raising hell when I'm trying to get some sleep....baby talk. the boys that yap about inactivity and never do a darn thing to stop it....hero-falls-over-the-cliff-see-what-happens-next-week-serials at the local movies....practical jokers....the self appointed critics that try to belittle our amateur efforts when they are getting the papers free anyhow....crowds and too much noise....the anti-World Fair movement prevalent in the middle west....to get letters with the postage due....a hole in my pocket....cranks whinny little bratish kids....hair in my eyes....the New York Giants baseball team....Common colds....short circuits....to find a worm in a piece of fruit....and finally life in general.....

- - - - o - - - -

SPORTS TALK by Wayne Williams

As this is being written, the national collegiate football season goes into the second half of play. In the south it is all Tennessee. "The Vols, we believe, will be the important contender for the coveted Rose Bowl game. Cornell, Michigan, Notre Dame, Oregon State, and Southern California have all gone through the first few weeks of the 1939 campaign with good records....Watch for Jerry Priddy, second baseman for the Kansas Blues last season. He will be giving Joe Gordon of the Yanks plenty of competition in a couple of years....Keep an eye on Buddy Scott, Dallas Texas heavy weight, Weighing only 186 pounds Buddy is a boxer of the Bob Pasteur type....Rumor is that Joe Curran will be the new editor of 4 Star Sports....Quido Massare, Kansas University gridder, is a brother of Al Massare, who fought Joe Louis a few years ago....Say, didja know that Art McCurdy, Hutchinson, Kansas Golden Glover, holds a win over Lou Nova? The two met some years ago when both were fighting amateur. Since then, Nova has turned pro while McCurdy is still an amateur....Bill Groveman predicts big things for the Brooklyn Dodgers if the McPhailures (as Bill calls them) get Joe Medwick from the St. Louis Cards...

- - - - o - - - -

THE CORNHUSKER

Published and edited
by

WILLIAM A. SCHEURICH
Imperial, Nebraska

THE CONVENTION NEWS

PUBLISHED BY THE 43RD U.A.P.A.A. CONVENTION COMMITTEE

EXTRA JERSEY CITY, JULY 8,1939. EXTRA

X-PN 4827

CONVENTION HUGE SUCCESS!

FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEET

MOST SUCCESSFUL IN HISTORY

By Thomas Torre,
(Special Correspondent for Amateur publishers).

CONVENTION HDQTRS.,JERSEY CITY,NJ.

Harmony, sporadically lacking in decades of organized hobby writing was the keynote of the 43rd annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association of America held in Jersey City.At no time in the history of the association has a convention convening in a body been more harmonious. Concentrated effort on the part of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club and other metropolitan area members under the brilliant leadership and planning ofAnthony DeMarco made it an unparalleled success.

For the first time in the history of organized amateur writing, with the Hudson County Amateur Press Club acting as host, a convention of the United Amateur Press Ass'n of America was staged with all the panoply and fanfare deserving of a national get together, and with no reflection on past conventions, it was the greatest and most successful EXCLUSIVE 'UNITED' Conventions in the history of the organization.

The exterior of the three-story convention headquarters lo-

Innumerable placards and eye arresting signs were placed strategetically, and along the sides of the hall exhibits of papers, amateur and professional; prison, high school and college publications were attractively displayed on long tables and blue cloth hung on the wall. The hall was used for all business sessions and the 'open house' day. Every facility for the convenience of delegates and guests was placed at the disposal of those attending by the Charles F Stoebling Ass'n. which had modernized the building and made it the most modern and best equipped private club house in the State.

Months before Jersey City was voted convention city for 1939 at the Seattle convention in 1938, far sighted members in Hudson County were planning the convention program in the event their campaign to bring the convention to Jersey City was successful despite opposition aroused by the anti-red campaign then prevailing in the County.

Even at that early date an elaborate program was tentatively outlined.The final prgram carried out to the last detail was very little changed from the original. The convention arrangements committee chairmanned by Anthony DeMarco was formed on learning that Jersey City was successful and publicity began to emanate from Convention

#112

X-PN-4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 2 1945

Merry Christmas

CONTRIBUTOR
TURQUOISE 1939
NO. 8

Happy New Year

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

GIFT

CONTRIBUTOR

Topaz 1939

MORE VAGARIES

Including myself, a number of members are beginning to believe that "there ain't no such person as Herbert Kingsbury, Jr." He supposedly resides in East Hartford, not eight miles from Manchester, in an easily accessible neighborhood. And yet, after six months of voluminous correspondence concerning the natural development of such proximity we've still to know realization. Could he be dodging my suggestions? If so, why? His letters are full of enthusiasm up to the final message, and then suddenly something goes wrong at his end. An untampered-with can of beer (Horton's) is offered for the most illogical solution of the tenebrous trouble. All entries become the property of The Lycantrophy Press and are apt to be published.

Now I didn't have any difficulties like that with Linton Clark who lives fourty miles away in the densest depths of Abington. We exchanged a battery of postal cards for a few months bemoaning the tribulations of the carless; and cheered by our plans to remedy that lack in the near future. It developed that Linton

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY

THE CONTRIBUTOR

Spring No. 4 1939

OUR TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS WITH A 5x3

The fourth Contributor--and the fourth different size. (A 1000 apologies to the meticulous souls who bind their collections. Rest assured, my friends, 'Con', if it retains that name, will remain this size--I think. . .You have my word for it. Amen.)

The questionable artistic endeavors thrust loosely within are my first two attempts at lino carving. Please mention gently.

MORE FRAGMENTS AND REMNANTS OF MENTAL ABERRATIONS

We admit that my first attempt at printing wasn't by any stretch of the imagination, a pleasing typographical masterpiece. It contained no erudite or fetching thoughts; still, we think it was worth more than one lonely card of recognition. On second thought, we may waive that card for its condescending sender was really trying to sell us something. We have one consolation in our mediations of

Cont. Next Page

X-PN 4827

#115

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

THE CONTRIBUTOR

GIFT JUNE 1939 NO. 5

MILLENIUM

THE International Amateur Press Association averages 200 members. Over half of them own presses and regularly, or irregularly, publish a paper. The monthly bundle has never contained less than 75 papers. Most of these papers are large, but large or small the matter printed thereon is intensely interesting, well thought-out, well written. Not the crap you see in 75 percent of the amateur papers! Why is this so? The other 100 members, those who do not own presses, are ACTIVE authors. Competition is keen. Publishers always have plenty of material to choose from and they choose the best, rejecting slipshod and 'rank' amateur offerings with a kind, helpful, but firm hand.

This group is not, as the others are, a 'philanthropic' organization. It does not allow 'deadwood' to know the privileges and honor of membership

CONT. LAST PAGE

X-PN 4827

#116

THE CONTRIBUTOR

JUNE 1939

APR 29 1944

MILLENIUM

THE International Amateur Press Association averages 200 members. Over half of them own presses and regularly, or irregularly, publish a paper. The monthly bundle has never contained less than 75 papers. Most of these papers are large, but large or small the matter printed thereon is intensely interesting, well thought-out, well written. Not the crap you see in 75 percent of the amateur papers! Why is this so? The other 100 members, those who do not own presses, are ACTIVE authors. Competition is keen. Publishers always have plenty of material to choose from and they choose the best, rejecting slipshod and 'rank' amateur offerings with a kind, helpful, but firm hand.

This group is not, as the others are, a 'philanthropic' organization. It does not allow 'deadwood' to know the privileges and honor of membership

CONT. LAST PAGE

X-PN 4827

CONTRIBUTOR

Topaz 1939

APR 20 1944

MORE VAGARIES

Including myself, a number of members are beginning to believe that "there ain't no such person as Herbert Kingsbury, Jr." He supposedly resides in East Hartford, not eight miles from Manchester, in an easily accessible neighborhood. And yet, after six months of voluminous correspondence concerning the natural development of such proximity we've still to know realization. Could he be dodging my suggestions? If so, why? His letters are full of enthusiasm up to the final message, and then suddenly something goes wrong at his end. An untampered-with can of beer (Horton's) is offered for the most illogical solution of the tenebrous trouble. All entries become the property of The Lycantrophy Press and are apt to be published.

Now I didn't have any difficulties like that with Linton Clark who lives fourty miles away in the densest depths of Abington. We exchanged a battery of postal cards for a few months bemoaning the tribulations of the carless; and cheered by our plans to remedy that lack in the near future. It developed that Linton

X-PN 4827 #118

THE CONNECTICUT YANKEE
NUMBER ONE — SPRING, 1939

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

The Scoop

by Janice E McCloy

JEFF MARLEY slumped forward, seated upon a chromium-plated stool before a fashionable cocktail bar.

"What do I care? Why should I sober up?" he mocked, grinning at Bill Newton, his cameraman.

Bill was a robust fellow and quite good natured. His kind brown eyes held a look of pity for his pal, Jeff. He turned to him and said,

"Where's this gonna get us? Here we are in Reno, a city of svelt, rich and beautiful women under the title of divorcees. You're here to interview Becky LaRue, the famous screen star, who is seeking her third divorce. She's marrying Count Nicholas Adronsky, reputed to be worth a cool million. I'll bet Miss LaRue's very anxious to be interviewed and you sit here like Grumpy, of the seven dwarfs." He knew Jeff hated the subject of divorce, having experienced it himself. The matter of Jeff's former wife had always remained a closed subject, even to Bill, his most cherished friend.

"Remember," Bill continued, "you're the Globe's star reporter so how about sobering up?"

"All this society gossip about Becky LaRue. I want to cover something that is news, Bill; foreign affairs, some power seeking a new border base in Europe's game of

CONNECTICUT YANKEE 7-39
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 5 1945

THE CONNECTICUT YANKEE

NUMBER ONE — SPRING, 1939

COPY
GIFT

The Scoop

by Janice E McCloy

JEFF MARLEY slumped forward, seated upon a chromium-plated stool before a fashionable cocktail bar.

"What do I care? Why should I sober up?" he mocked, grinning at Bill Newton, his cameraman.

Bill was a robust fellow and quite good natured. His kind brown eyes held a look of pity for his pal, Jeff. He turned to him and said,

"Where's this gonna get us? Here we are in Reno, a city of svelt, rich and beautiful women under the title of divorcees. You're here to interview Becky LaRue, the famous screen star, who is seeking her third divorce. She's marrying Count Nicholas Adronsky, reputed to be worth a cool million. I'll bet Miss LaRue's very anxious to be interviewed and you sit here like Grumpy, of the seven dwarfs." He knew Jeff hated the subject of divorce, having experienced it himself. The matter of Jeff's former wife had always remained a closed subject, even to Bill, his most cherished friend.

"Remember," Bill continued, "you're the Globe's star reporter so how about sobering up?"

"All this society gossip about Becky LaRue. I want to cover something that is news, Bill; foreign affairs, some power seeking a new border base in Europe's game of

X-PN 4827

#20
WORLD'S FAIR ISSUE
JUN 28 1945

Connecticut Courier

We Serve Connecticut

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 6 — DARIEN, CONN., APRIL, 1939 — PRICE FIVE CENTS

Bull at the Fair

NEW YORK—One of the most striking sculptures at the New York World's Fair 1939 is pictured above. It represents Europa riding Jupiter, the white swimming bull. The sculptor was Gleb Derujinsky.

CONNECTICUT COURIER
25 Prospect Avenue
DARIEN, CONN.

Subscriptions $1.00 per year

Short manuscript, including letters will gladly be considered. Any used will not be paid for, nor is any responsibility assumed for the use or return of manuscripts.

ACTIVE MEMBER
AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

President.
Lawrence Quackenbush

Vice Pres.
Charles M. Coleman

Editors
Harold Yudain — Bruce Smith
D. W. Smith — Jack Jay
Dan McDuff — Don McLuren

What the World's Fair Means to Connecticut

by HAROLD YUDAIN

The New York's Fair of 1939 will open in April and Connecticut is tingling with excitement. I admit it sounds rather inconsistent, for you might well inquire why we Connecticut Yankees should thrill with anticipation when the big show is exclusively New York's. But—the Fair will attract people from every corner of this country and many foreign lands—and that is where Connecticut enters the picture.

There are those who will come to stay for the duration of the Fair, but who will not wish to remain in New York. For the more affluent visitors to the World's Pair, Connecticut—and more particularly Fairfield County—stands out as a most desirable retreat to which to retire after a day of excitement at Flushing.

Trailer camps, tourist houses, hotels and inns are preparing to reap the golden harvest which they hope the Fair will bring to Connecticut. Even the other business—as which cater to roadside trade are wistfully awaiting the day that Grover Whalen, the grand pandrum of the Fair, proclaims it officially opened.

Then again, it is not very often that the Connecticut resident of average, not to speak of those of below average means, gets the opportunity to take in the wonders of a World's Fair. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad is putting on special trains at excursion rates to give the people of this State a chance to take in the great show at Flushing without experiencing too much pain in the vicinity of the pocketbook.

State Educational authorities are considering the possibility, according to current reports, of sending excursions of school children to the Fair to obtain educational advantages offered by industrial and agricultural exhibits.

So—it's on to the World's Fair Connecticut!

May First Is New Haven Day at Fair

The Connecticut way of doing things is still an example for the rest of the universe it was disclosed today by the State Publicity Commission.

Most recent of the achievements accredited to the Constitution State results from the ingenuity of enterprising New Haveners, Connecticut's "City of Elms" who have secured May 1 for the celebration of New Haven Day at the New York World's Fair.

That date, the first full operating day of the World's Fair, brings New Haven into the universal spotlight, with the distinction of being No. 1 city of the World.

More than 5000 persons are expected to take advantage of the opportunity to assist New Haven in making a great impression as the first municipality to be honored at the World's Fair.

At least five special trains are being planned for by the "New Haven" Road to transport the celebrants to the Fair grounds.

Governor Raymond E. Baldwin has accepted an invitation to head the official State delegation.

The honorary committee in charge of this gala occasion is headed by Mayor John W. Murphy of New Haven as chairman and Roger A. Connolly, managing editor of the New Haven Register, as vice-chairman.

The big event at the World's Fair will be a dinner in the largest of the eighty restaurants on the grounds to be attended by every New Havener of prominence.

Free Shows at New York Fair For Millions

NEW YORK—Millions of "average" Americans, from Maine to California, will clear their cottages, bungalows, and apartments for brief periods this year and start out for the New York World's Fair 1939. They will arrive by plane, car, bus, and some, perhaps, on foot.

About the wonders of the Fair they will have read much. They will expect the utmost of this $155,000,000 exposition. But the question they are asking now is "what will it cost?"

The answer:

They may enjoy virtually all the wonders at the Main Exhibition Area without cost, except what they may spend for food which ranges from 10-cent frankfurters to de luxe swank meals in the cafes.

Every night they will be treated to the greatest free spectacle in exposition history: the $1,500,000 fireworks and fountain displays which will bathe the 1,216½ acres of the Fair in brilliant colors.

Free Shows Galore

Hundreds of free shows on the grounds will include such varied entertainment as a rocket ship which carries passengers through brain space and time to remote planets; thrilling head-on crashes at the automobile proving ground, a model dairy where 150 prized cows will be milked daily. Industry, science and the musicians of the world will offer their wonders and art treasures to the free view of all Fair visitors.

Admission to the grounds will cost 75 cents for adults and 25 cents for children. One day each week children will be admitted for 10 cents.

One of the most elaborate spectacles in theatrical history, Billy Rose's stage and water ballet at the 10,000 seat Marine Amphitheatre, starring Eleanor Holm and 300 dancing and swimming girls, will cost only 40 cents.

The World on Display

Sixty-two foreign countries whose magnificent pavilions face the Lagoon of Nations and the

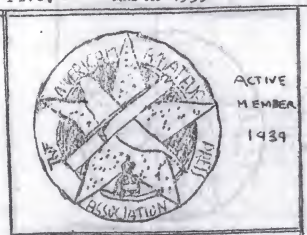
(Continued on page 2)

#121
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS-- SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 194
X-PN 4827

CONNECTICUT COURIER

Volume One, Number Five. March 1939 Five Cents A.A.P.A.

The Connecticut Courier is now a member of the American Amateur Press Association. The A.A.P.A. is a group of amateur Publishers, editors, printers and writers. Among the papers whose editors are members of the A.A.P.A. are; New Era, Providence, Rhode Island; The Illustrated Chronicle, Rochester, N.Y.; The Keyboard, Minot, North Dakota; The Keystone, Lansford, Pennsylvania, The Press Clarion, Bay City, Mich: The All Star Monthly, Green Bay, Wisconsin; Cubicle, Mahanoy, Pa. Echoes, Holyoke Massachusetts and The Contributor, Manchester, Conn.



Three Weeks ago We sent in Application to become a member of the A.A.P.A. Several days later we received the following letter;

Dear Lawrence,

Your application together with the copies of the Connecticut Courier, just reached me, and I am sending you a membership card. I am sure you will never regret having joined our organization because of the many papers you will recieve from other amateur journalists like yourself and because of the opportunity you have to write and become acquainted with (Continued on page three)

GIRL RODE TO SCHOOL IN HEARSE

By Lawrence Quackenbush

In a small cemetery, a few miles north of Putnam Connecticut, stands an old casket-length hearse. The Cemetery purchased this hearse 152 years ago. It is heralded as the oldest hearse in The United States.

The Old Hearse is now the property of the town of Thompson. It was used by the citizens of this town in the 18th and 19th centuries. When a casket was to be carried to the graveyard, a black horse was hitched to the hearse.

Although the hearse has not been used for over fifty years, it is still in pretty good shape. On each side of the wagon there are small windows. Instead of rollers on the inside of the hearse, there are two grooves which have been worn by the many caskets that have been pushed in and drawn out of the vehicle.

Many legends have been told about this (Continued on Page3)

WINDY WEATHER - TROUBLE

BY D. W. SMITH

A few years ago Ted Martin and I were building a kite. The kite was ten feet high and six feet wide. We used a clothesline about 3000 feet long to hold the kite. After working on the kite for almost two weeks, it was ready to sail. It was a nice windy day in March. We took the kite to a nearby field. I held the kite and Ted held the rope. Then -Suddenly- The Kite Rose Into The Air!!!!My Foot Caught In the Rope So I Went With It!!!!! That Kite went up so fast I thought that I was a Sky Rocket. After a while the kite stopped going up and stayed almost still. Here I was-Hanging By one Foot, 1500 feet above the ground. There was a Sudden Gust Of Wind and the kite started up again! It went up about a hundred feet and then stopped. I managed to (Continued on Page 3)

#122
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 12 1939
GIFT

CONNECTICUT COURIER

Volume one - Number four February 1939 Price, Five Cents

LET'S GO TO WORK

In the spring of 1938, "Dr. Herbert Hadel" as he is known to radio listeners, became convinced, from personal observation of many young men and women who came to him in their search for employment that relief was rapidly destoying those props of self respect which are the foundation of American Character.

Dr. Hadel found too that most efforts to solve the problem of unemployment were still in the conversational stage, and that little real effort was being made to solve it from the standpoint of the individual, and so he determined to do something about it.

What he did was to start a radio program called "Let's Go to Work" over station WICC in Bridgeport, on this program which is now breadcast every Saturday evening over stations WTIC in Hartford and WICC from 7:30 to 8 o'clock, Dr. Hadel interviews men and women looking for jobs. Each man or woman is given a few minutes to talk about himself or herself, and then the Doctor does what he can to fit them into the jobs the radio listeners offer.

Thus far the program has proven quite sucessful and Dr. Hadel, It is said, has helped many young people to get jobs. Even if you are not looking for work it might be a good thing if you listened to the program as perhaps you can offer a job to someone you hear or tell Dr. Hadel, who by the way lives in Darien, Where a job may be found.

* * * * * * * * * * *

NUTMEG NOTES

In the northern boundary of Connecticut may be seen a little oblong indentation, where territory belonging to Massachusetts breaks the straight line. This irregularity is a monument to the error of two surveyors who lived nearly 400 years ago. In 1642, when Connecticut was just starting on her career as a colony, there was some debate as to whether Springfield was in Massachusetts or Connecticut. Massachusetts sent out two men, Woodward and Saffery, to run the southern boundary, which at the time was "In the Air". They began operations by finding the point of boundary in the extreme east, and then took a boat around Cape Cod and up the Connecticut River. They found a place which they asserted to be the same place in latitude as the first, but which was in realty eight miles too far south. Connecticut protested the line and a long dispute followed.

(continued on page five)

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

The New subscribers to the Courier since November 1938 are;

Mrs. Warren Christman, Darien Ct.
Richardson A. Libby, Darien and
Erskine Caldwell also of Darien.

It is never too late to subscribe so mail your dollar today to: The Connecticut Courier, 26 Prospect Avenue, Darien, Connecticut.

K-PN 4827

WE SERVE CONNECTICUT

CONNECTICUT—COURIER

HARRY N. ZARIN 5 CENTS

VOLUME ONE NUMBER THREE JANUARY 1939 PRICE FIVE CENTS

-EDITORIAL-

TIME TO CLEAN UP FOR FAIR

This year Connecticut may expect a large amount of tourists. Thousands of Tourists will come to Connecticut after seeing the New York World's Fair of 1939.

Let's not let these visitors go home with a bad opinion of Connecticut. Let's not let them go home and say" Connecticut's cities are the dirtiest cities I've ever seen." Let's get to work and clean up!

SKIING . . . . . .

BY (CHAMP) D.W.SMITH

This is a story about the first time that I went Skiing.

We were on a high hill that had a ninety foot Ski-Jump on it. I had never been on skis before but I knew that I would have to start sometime.

I got started but I hadn't gone very far before I sat down. Then I hit a rock - Did a somersalt- and kept on going down the hill. Boy,was I going fast! I shot off the jump like a bullet and landed on my head in a snow drift.My motto is"If at first you don't succeed, Try,Try again"So I started up the hill to try again.

This time I managed to stay standing until I reached the jump but then I sat down. This time I landed in a tree.

I didn't give up and today I know how to ski perfectly.

Have you got what it takes?
Then sign Below:
Courier,26 Prospect Av.Darien Ct.
Send me it for a year
Name.....
Address.....
City.....
(Don't forget to send $1.00)

THE HOUSE OF MUSICA FALLS

BY HAROLD YUDAIN

More amazing than any fiction tale ever concocted by human imagination was the startling expose and downfall of"The House of Musica", a noterious band of international swindlers, whose duplicity was bared following an SEC investigation into the tangled affairs of the McKessen & Robbins drug firm.

The nation read with interest the early newspaper accounts of false financial statements, gasped when the distinguished appearing F.Donald Coster and three of his aides were identified through fingerprints as the brothers Musica, whose weird financial manipulations in the "Human Hair" swindle dominated the headlines of another generation.

And with the perfect timing and sense of the dramatic that one would expect in a gripping novel,F.Donald Coster,alias Philip M.Musica,sent a bullet through his temple,forever stilling the machinations of the brain that planned a career as a financial colossus for the son of an Italian immigrant barber.

The anti-climax of the story was written in the death of this man, whose distorted financial genius was apparent in boyhood. From that first entanglement with the law when he was convicted for irregularities in conducting his small importing business to the day he became head of one of the largest drug firms in the country,his brilliance was always apparent.

(please turn to page five)

APR 29 1944

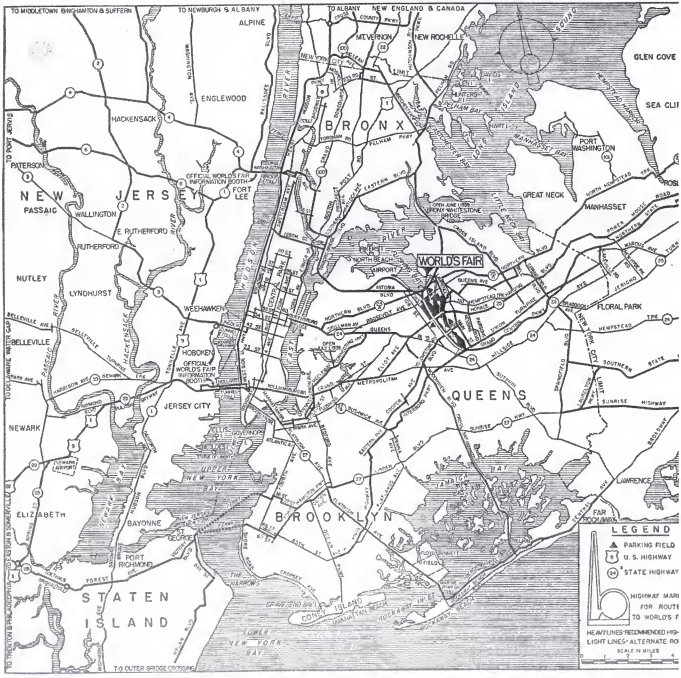
Connecticut Courier #124

OFFICIAL

N. Y. FAIR PICTURE

RECEIVED FROM N. Y. FAIR PUBLICITY COMM.

MAP SHOWING OFFICIAL ROUTES TO NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR '3



NEW YORK—Approved recently by Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York City and Grover A. Whalen, president of the New York World's Fair 1939, this map is designed to be of especial use to those motoring to the exposition. A comprehensive system for handling Fair traffic has already been developed after more than a year and of study. According to Mr. Whalen, "Out-of-town motorists, of this system, can thread their way through the city to the Exp grounds as easily as they now go from their own home down t

A-P N 4 2 8 7 1

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

#125

JUN 28 1945

COMMENTARY

NOV. 1940

VOL. I NO. 1

"You Name It, I Blame It"

Introducing—

Al Ross, 115 So. Darling Angola, Ind., – this is my college address, as I come from the Bay State, Mass. To those who don't know me goes this thumbnail sketch: I am 18, 6 ft. tall, light complexion, 135 lbs, and belong to AAPA only. I am interested in politics, journalism, corry, and recreation. I am co-editing THE EASTERNER with Fran Weber, thereby dropping THE EASTERN, the first issue of which appeared. My choice for the aspirants for office is listed in THE EASTERNER.

I'm taking this opportunity to wish the Bay State Chapter lots of luck, as well as the many Chapters all over the country, and to say I welcome comments.

COMMENTARY is written every month by Al Ross, 115 So. Darling, Angola, Indiana.

X-PN 482 #122

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 2 1945

NOV. 1940

COMMENTARY

VOL. I NO. 1

"You Name It, I Blame It"

Introducing—

Al Ross, 115 So. Darling Angola, Ind., – this is my college address, as I come from the Bay State, Mass. To those who don't know me goes this thumbnail sketch: I am 18, 6 ft. tall, light complexion, 135 lbs, and belong to AAPA only. I am interested in politics, journalism, corry, and recreation. I am co-editing THE EASTERNER with Fran Weber, thereby dropping THE EASTERN, the first issue of which appeared. My choice for the aspirants for office is listed in THE EASTERNER.

I'm taking this opportunity to wish the Bay State Chapter lots of luck, as well as the many Chapters all over the country, and to say I welcome comments.

COMMENTARY is written every month by Al Ross, 115 So. Darling, Angola, Indiana.

X-PN 4827

4827

THE COLONEL

Vol. 1 December, 1940 No. 3

Star of Bethlehem shining
bright,

Upon the darkness of the
night,

Broken only by its light;

Focused rays upon the
scene

Where Infant Jesus slept
serene.

LIBRARY
12 29 1944

Your glow gave cheer that
Christmas night,

The shepherds beheld the
sight

And kings traveled by your
light

To witness, too, the Holy
Scene

Where Infant Jesus slept
serene.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

X-PN 4827

#128

The Colonel

Vol. I - No. I. May, 1940

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH

The commerce and industry of the north, blended with the Southern flavor, makes Louisville "a city to remember". The taller buildings in the business section serve as a delightful background to the private homes in the residential area.

Louisville is alive with tradition, culture and memories. The many books, novels, poems and songs written about the brave adventures of men, beautiful Kentucky scenery, the fine horses, gorgeous women and perfectly blended whiskey, have made Louisville dear to the hearts of many. It is a perfect setting for journalists, poets and authors. Many scenes suggest "food for authors". The Ohio River (La Belle Riviere, as the French called it) is full of local color Excursion boats with calliopes, ferries and tug boats dot the harbor in the summertime.

We can boast of the only inland Coast Guard Station in the U.S., quite a proud possession. And we also have one of the largest electric organs in the world in our radio station WHAS. The third oldest typewriter in Louisville is owned by Ed Reed.

In the downtown section, old homes remind one of the social prestige of their one-time tenants. On the highways leading into our fair city, one finds a veritable haven with the old colonial mansions suggestive of plantation days.

The first settlers came chiefly from Virginia, Maryland and the two Carolinas but some New Orleans men of wealth and influence came to Louisville and left the imprint of their previous training and social environment.

(continued on page 7.)

X-PN 4827

#129

The Colonel

Vol. I - No. I. May, 1940

VITAL RECORDS

GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH ---

APR 29 1944

The commerce and industry of the north blended with the Southern flavor, makes Louisville "a city to remember". The taller buildings in the business section serve as a delightful background to the private homes in the residential area.

Louisville is alive with tradition, culture and memories. The many books, novels, poems and songs written about the brave adventures of men, beautiful Kentucky scenery, the fine horses, gorgeous women and perfectly blended whiskey, have made Louisville dear to the hearts of many. It is a perfect setting for journalists, poets and authors. Many scenes suggest "food for authors". The Ohio River (La Belle Riviere, as the French called it) is full of local color Excursion boats with calliopes, ferries and tug boats dot the harbor in the summertime.

We can boast of the only inland Coast Guard Station in the U.S., quite a proud possession. And we also have one of the largest electric organs in the world in our radio station WHAS. The third oldest typewriter in Louisville is owned by Ed Reed.

In the downtown section, old homes remind one of the social prestige of their one-time tenants. On the highways leading into our fair city, one finds a veritable haven with the old colonial mansions suggestive of plantation days.

The first settlers came chiefly from Virginia, Maryland and the two Carolinas but some New Orleans men of wealth and influence came to Louisville and left the imprint of their previous training and social environment.

(continued on page 7.)

#130

CHUMS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

Vol. 1 March No. 2

X-PN 48272 3 1945

COPY _____
GIFT _____

X-PN 4827

#131

THE CHICAGO AMATEUR

Member Of The United Amateur Press Association

VOL. VIII June, 1940 No. [illegible]

APR 29 1944

TINY MAE

By Vivian Espinosa

Spring is here and so is the Circus. The word "circus" recalls to mind a period of childhood and interesting memories, especially incidental to the summer of 1917. That year, when my aunt played Cincinnatti she took my cousin and I with her as she figured the amusement park would hold especial attraction for us. The open theater presented a variety of acts, and to me the one most interesting was the animal act -- interesting not so much for the act itself, but what went on behind the scenes.

Tiny Mae, the elephant, could just as well have been a mule for all her mulish traits. She carried the stellar role in an animal act consisting of elephant, pony and Collie, but sometimes she did not do so well. Her attendants usually took her into the alley about an hour before curtain call where she was made sartorially perfect: nails filled with a horse-hoof rasp and painted white, hide vigorously brushed and washed with a hose. She made a regal stage entree with fancy trappings girding her figure, but her exit was not always quite so regal.

The point is that there was one thing, despite all loving admonitions, her grooms could not get her to do -- heed nature's call. No matter how much they cajoled, threatened, bribed or shouted "Tiny Mae, do it," she maintained an amusing attitude of stubbornness -- or shall we say nonchalance.

One matinee, just before the conclusion of the performance, the trainer muffed the act. Tiny Mae was becoming restless and for a reason an audience could not very well appreciate.

Usually she concluded in grand style. With elaborate gestures, she rejected various flags until she came to "Old Glory" which her trunk deftly picked up, and amid much bowing she waved the flag gracefully. That with orchestral help "Stars and Stripes Forever" never failed to arouse patriotic fervor in an audience.

Continued on page 4

X-PN 4827

Varak Printing Co.

QUALITY SERVICE
Designers & Producers OF
DISTINCTIVE
PRINTING

2430 South Albany Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

Phone Rockwell 9669

ALL TYPES OF PRINTING AT LOW RATES

SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST OR STATE YOUR NEEDS -- NO OBLIGATION

THE CHICAGOAN

A-PN 4827
#193
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 3 1940

Number 2 - August 1940

THE CHICAGOAN

Number 3 - September 1940

JUN 28 1945

X-PN 4827 H64

AUTUMN

X-PN 4827 #135

THE
CARTOON JOURNAL
March-April, 1940 Vol. 1, No. 1

U.A.C.A. MEMBERSHIP DRIVE NOW ON

Are you interested in cartooning? Most likely you are or you wouldn't be reading this paper. Then why not join the United Amateur Cartoonist Association, of which Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates," is honorary president.

Members are entitled to one year's subscription to "The Cartoon Journal." Then there will be contests in which only U. A. C. A. may enter. If any member has any question we will try to have some famous cartoonist answer it.

The dues are only 25¢ for one year. This is a non-profit organization and was organized in the interest of amateur cartooning.

A-PN 4827

THE
CARTOON JOURNAL
May-June, 1940 No. 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

CREATIVE WRITING IN CARTOONING

by Milton Caniff

One of the most unfortunate errors of omission made by students ambitious to create an adventure type comic strip is neglecting to learn to tell a story well. Too often, the beginner finds he has slaved over his drawing until he can portray the necessary characters and backgrounds, then must seek some one to show him what to do with his knowledge.

To offset this deficiency, a sound course in narrative technique should be followed during the period of learning to draw. This does not mean dull courses

Cont. on pg. 6

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The CARTOON JOURNAL

for America's amateur cartoonists

Released through the
United Amateur Cartoonists Association
and the
American Amateur Press Association
FALL, 1940

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

CAMEO

VOL. II MAY, 1940 NO. 3

A FAIRY TALE

(Dedicated to Amateur Publishers)

Little Jimmy Journalist got into his nice new red airplane and flew high up into the blue sky. Like all journalists, he was daydreaming, and the wind blew his hair into tangles as the propeller spun blithely through the fluffy white clouds.

All of a sudden, the motor sputtered a warning and, coughing feebly, died. The little red airplane pointed its nose earthward and glided down the afternoon breeze. It made THREE CIRCLES, and by IRISH LUCK landed on the sandy beach of a tiny island out in the ocean. The beach was covered with DRIFTWOOD.

Jimmy Journalist crawled out from beneath a dented red wing and looked about him at the beautiful island basking in the PEOPLE'SUN. A MOCKING BIRD made a great CLAMOR, and a CRIMSON CARDINAL called an EASTERN GREETING to him. Deciding to give the island a TRYOUT, he started up one of the winding MOUNTAIN TRAILS, because he was quite a HIKER. Just at sunset, he came upon seven wise old men drinking MINT JULEP at a ROUND TABLE. They beckoned him to join them beneath the RED & WHITE EMBLEM.

(Continued on Page 3)

CAMEO

VOL. II JULY, 1940 NO. 4

Musing

Somewhere I know the sky
Must be a deeper blue,
But for a day of musing
This one will nicely do.

Somewhere the river
Must flow faster to the sea,
But this lazy murmuring one
Is an inspiration to me.

Somewhere the yellow willows
Surely bend with gentler grace,
But these make long shadows
That fall to the ground like lace.

Here I'm lazy as the river
And as happy as the sky,
I count a hundred dreams
And let the world pass by.

• • • • Bessie Barnes.

X-PN 4827

#140

CAMEO

VOL. II DECEMBER, 1940 NO. 6

LIBRARY
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Friendship

I hold true friendship as a shield
To carry with me all the while,
To guide me through the hastening years
To a grand farewell with a smile.

My old friends are far more procious
Than many strands of gleaming fold.
My new friends are added riches
That bring warmth and worth to the fold.

For a handclasp and a cheery word,
For sparkling wit to light the day,
For true friends that I can harbor
I'll trade the fanfare of the gay.

—B. B.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD #141

JUN 28 1945

GIFT

CAMEO

VOL. II MARCH, 1940 NO. 2

THE GRAND DECISION

Sometimes his customers remarked how Fred, the grocer, always seemed happy and cheerful. Even the day the delivery boy dropped a whole crate of eggs on the basement steps, Fred had not lost his temper, but merely told the trembling boy to get the mess cleaned up and have all the orders out by five o'clock.

This, to the butcher and the other grocer, was a masterpiece of self-control. Little did they know that Fred had a hobby, a deep, satisfying, inspiring hobby, ...amateur journalism.

When he was putting canned beans and saurkraut on the shelves in neat rows, his mind was far away on an article he was writing for his next amateur paper. The paper, though it was small, was a source of pleasure to Fred. He could print anything he wanted to in it, and it would be read by three hundred amateurs like himself.

One June day, Fred was seemingly busier than ever, checking the stock in the basement. Even at five o'clock, when the daily rush of business came, he stayed in the basement and let the boys wait on all the customers without his help.

(Continued on Page 4)

APR 29 1944

CAMEO

VOL. II OCTOBER, 1940 NO. 5

VACATION LOG

With a light heart I boarded the early morning bus for Seattle, the first stop on my vacation trip, which I spent seeing people and places.

In no time at all we were speeding westward down the highway between the wheat fields, which after a while changed to the flat sagebrush prairie. After noon and lunch in Ellensburg, the famous rodeo town, the landscape became greener. The Snoqualmie Pass over the Cascade mountains is the most beautiful and peaceful scene one could ask for. Great fir trees grow down the mountain sides to the edge of the road, and further down into the canyons beyond. On the other side of the mountains the shrubbery was surprisingly green.

Rose Cohen met me at the depot in Seattle late that afternoon, and we went shopping and had dinner in the busy bustling city that always fascinates me. That evening the Seattle Chapter held their meeting at Mrs. Agnes Clemensen's lovely home. Everyone was called upon to speak for the good of amateur journalism, and several read their literary works as their part of the program.

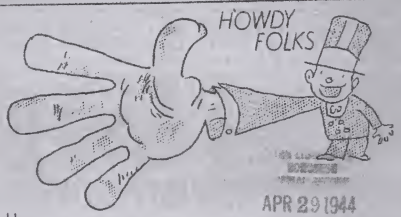
X-PN 4827

#1

THE CURIOUS JOURNAL

an amateur quarterly

Vol. 1, No. 1 Louisville, Ky. Fall, 1940



APR 29 1944

HELLO World! I'm glad to know you.

THIS is The Curious Journal speaking for the first time and hoping that you are listening.

I hope to see you four times a year--- that is iif my editors don't go to sleep on the job. Tryttokeep them awake, will ya, with a few cards and letters.

I aim to please. It there's anything here you don't like, blame it on my editors. Give them the woiks. You might let them know what you do like, too.

THAT'S about all I have to say at present. I hear Clem, Margie, and Bud calling me, so I guess I'd better leave.

OH yes, I want to thank Mr. Bill Martin for suggesting my name, which I'm dern proud of.

X-PN 4827

#144

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

APR 29 1944

CUBICLE

FALL, 1940

X-PN 4627

CUBICLE

WINTER, 1940

APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827 #146

The

CUB REPORTER

Vol. 1 Summer, 1940 No. 1

Why It's Houston In '41

There will be many attractions for the Houston convention which will be held on July 10, 11 and 12 in 1941. Highlights of the convention will be the tour thru the $6,000,000 newsprint paper mill at Lufkin, Texas, ajay contests, talks by important Texas journalists, tours of newspaper plants, dance, and many others. (For further information, see first issue of THE TEXAS JOURNALIST.) While at the convention you can meet the Texchap and ajays from coast to coast. If you think you can come, drop a card to Ralph Brandi at 124 Fauna, Houston, Texas.

The Ajay Opinion Poll

The editor would like to know your opinion on these subjects. Please write your answers on a postcard and mail it to him. Results will be published in a future issue.

1. Are you in favor of $1.00 dues?
2. Do you think there should be a limited number of members?
3. Do you think that unactive members should receive only papers that are printed on electric

(See AJAY POLL, Page 4)

X-PN 4827

#147

The Crimson Cardinal

(A Poet's Journal of Verse)

Vol. 2 Winter Issue, 1940-'41 No. 4

APR 29 1944

CLOUDS

by Laurence E. Estes

Oh sunrise clouds are the lovliest clouds
That I have ever seen
Of crimson, gold and the sky
A deepening bluish green!

Oh, youthful smiles are the joyous smiles
That I have ever seen,
Of wealth and health, and happiness
Where ever I have been!

But aged smiles are the wiser smiles
That I have ever seen,
Of depth and understanding
Experience could gleen!

Oh, sunset clouds, most glorious clouds
That I have ever seen
And the beauty of the darkness
That hovers just between!

X-PN 4827

The Crimson Cardinal

(A Poet's Journal Of Verse)

Vol. 2 Fall Issue, 1940 No. 3

I HAVE TASTED OF THE WATERS

By Laurence E. Eates

I have tasted of the waters
Of the Lake of Shindahi;
I have tasted the cool waters
Where the deep-red rubies lie!

I have quenched my thirst in Athens,
In the ruins of ancient Rome;
I have quenched my thirst in Paris,
And have drunk a draught in Nome!

Yet of all the waters tasted
There are none so clear or whole,
As the inward springing waters
That come surging from the soul!

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

B149

The Crimson Cardinal

(A Journal of Poetry and Prose)

Vol. 2 Summer, 1940 No. 2

NIGHT

By Laurence E. Estes

She comes on soft foot-falls,
Silent and slow is she
Like age in silent halls,
Of a lost memory;
Slowly ever so slowly,
She waves her long black wand,
And covers the earth so peacefully,
The world on every hand--
And you hardly hear the rustle
Of her gown as she passes you by;
You may listen and hustle,
To bid her adieu, and you sigh,
For she is gone as quick as she comes,
To the land of the far away,
And you never see where she runs,
As darkness changes to day!

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

THE COUGH DROP

VOL. 1.....NO. 2
MAY 1940

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

#151

THE CORRESPONDENT

A guide to better letter-writing

Vol. I October, 1940 No. 1

By Way Of Introduction

Letterwriting, today, has become one of America's most popular pastimes. The low postage rates and the pleasant convenience of the art, help to account for it's popularity.

But alas, and alack, so many of the letters go out to their receivers in such bad form that they fairly scream defiance to the goodness of the art. For letterwriting, is an art. Definitely so!

So, this little journalistic endeavor will be devoted to improving the impressions made by our daily flow of mail. Bits of advice here and there to help make your letter one that will find a welcome note. We invite comments, criticisms, and manuscripts of 175 words or less. May we solicit your subscription?

—The Publishers.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

Cornelius Jones'

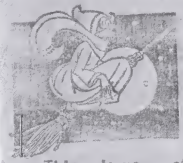
EXCLUSIVE

1945

STORM AND SHOWER

by-- Lydia Ruth Farrer

T... es,



ing down.

ing sou

This Issue of ng,
EXCLUSIVE is dedicat- shore.
ed to the MetChap.

BY the time it reaches
The sandy beaches
It's lost much of it's power.
When it finds the plain
And the planted grain,
It's just an April shower.

X-PN 4827

A153

The Co-Operative REVIEW

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Official Monthly
Journal
of the
Board of Trustees, Self-Help Units
Pioneer's College of Cooperation

Contains news of the co-operative efforts of the aged, relief and W PA Workers, and educational articles and instructions by Co- op- Leaders.

5¢
per copy
per yr. 50¢

P U B L I S H E D
by the
EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
[redacted]

* * * *

Pioneer's College of Cooperation
"Many can SLOAUCH it one DIRECTION do "
621 West 4th Street MAdison 5817
Suite 12 Los Angeles, Calif.

X-PN 4827

#154

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

GIFT

COMMENTARY

June, 1941
Vol. I, No. 5

The ink
that flows from
your pen taps all
your senses, including
your good sense and your
sense of humor. The words
you spread on the page reveal
inexorably how full and rich is
the life you are leading. They show
how much or how little you read, how
keenly you observe, how much you pick
up from people, how orderly and near
your mind is, how surely it works, and
finally how genuine you are in selfexpression...

—lines dictated by my teacher

AL ROSS—109 Bloomingdale Street,
CHELSEA, MASS.

X-PN 482 1

#155

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

COMMENTARY

Nov., 1941
Vol. 2, No. 1

ANNOUNCEMENT

Despite recent announcements, I shall not be a candidate for the presidency of the AAPA, withdrawing and leaving that office open to Bill Haywood. Having two years experience as treasurer behind him, and showing ability and activity deserving of reward, Haywood undoubtedly is the choice.

On the other hand, promising to do my best if elected, I shall be a candidate for the the 1st vice-presidency. Linton Clark, in a letter to me, has strongly recommended action for the association-i.e., new membership lists printed, also Constitution and by-laws, and some one capable handling the Round-Robins. If elected, I'll give you plenty of activity next year. And, brother-I've got the will!

X-PN 4827

THE COAST

Co-Operative

San Francisco--Los Angeles--Portland--Seattle--Spokane Vancouver--Bellingham

FALL 1941

APR 29 1948

1942 Convention

ONE OF THE FINEST CONventions ever held in The United history was at San Francisco in July 1934. Irma A. Gwin, as Reception chairman, left no stone unturned to entertain the visitors. The convention sessions were noted for harmony. The climate was perfect, cool and invigorating. Greatest surprise of the convention was the beautiful floral emblem appearing in Golden Gate Park. Sight seeing trips were taken to Stanford University and the many beautiful parks and beaches surrounding the Bay City. The San Francisco, Oakland and Sacramento members were out en masse. Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and Chicago were well represented. Many of the delegates remained for an extra week to enjoy the California hospitality.

Now eight years later comes the golden opportunity to enjoy the wonderful hospitality of San Francisco again. July 3rd, 4th and 5th are the dates. Irma A. Gwin, our experienced chairman of reception, is in charge again. Irma, assisted by her husband Will, and all the old gang, plus some new blood. will be on hand to welcome you to the Golden Gate.

Among new things to see will be the wonderful new bridges, over which a tour is being planned

The Bonds, the McLaughlins, Pannell, Mauritzen, Rushes, Lawless, LeNoaches Schick will greet you.

It is expected that Plaza will be the headquarters as of old.

The Program will be as follows:

Reception and greetings at the new home of Irma and Will Gwin, Friday eve, the third. July 4th business metings at 10 a.m. and 2, p.m. Annual banquet, evening, at seven.

Sunday the 5th will be given over to sight seeing in and about the beautiful city of San Francisco.

Many of the delegates will stay into the week to visit the many places of interest. Members are expected from New Jersey and New York, Chicago, Louisville, Kansas City, Topeka and all the coast cities and way points. This 46th convention of the United should be one of the best ever held. Plan now to be present. Railroad and bus fares are reasonable at this time of the year. Many fine hotels and restaurants in San Francisco. Card Irma A. Gwin 2081 47th Avenue, San Erancisco, for any particulars.

It is your duty and pleasure to be present July 3rd; 4th and 5th at the San Francisco CONVENTION.

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
#157
JUN 28 1945

The Chimes

Vol. 1 No. 4 August 1941

X-PN 4827
#158
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE CHIMES

VOLUME 1 NO. 3

X-PN 4827

#139

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Chimes

Vol. 1 September, 1941 No. 5

Small Talk at the Table

When we go to the table the center of interest is food, but there are those who want to make this a place for conversation. When two people are talking and everyone else listening its known as "pitter". When three or more couples are talking at the same time its "patter". When everyone is talking and no one listening its a mess. Its all a nuisance anyway you take it. Maybe there are three people, each wanting to be the shining conversationalist at this meal. The one who gets started first and holds his advantage is bound to make the other two feel neglected. Thats bad. Or lets say each one tries to make conversation with the person next to him. Have you ever tried to answer your neighbor's question around a bite of celery? Or suppose you have your coffee cup up to your lips just when someone mentions where they saw you the night before. Any-

—Continued on page 4—

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

#160

GIFT

The Chimes

From The Green Spot

Vol. 1 November, 1941 No. 6

OUR RECRUITS

By Michael Phelan

Newcomers into our ranks inevitably produce a problem. They are accompanied by the difficulty of becoming acclimated, so to speak. A recruit submits his application, is accepted, receives his membership card, then . . . there's a halt!

If the newcomer isn't brought into activity shortly after admission into the Association--if he isn't contacted by some member who's willing to show him "the ropes"--the recruit is likely to develop into a first-class deadhead and be of no credit to himself or the AAPA. Getting the new member acquainted and made "one of the gang" is a task we all should tackle. Toward that end I have suggestions.

Firstly, upon the publication of the recruits, names

● Continued on page 6 ★

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 2 1949

The Chimes

From The Green Spot

Vol. 1 December, 1941 No. 7

"Dead Loss" Publishing

By George Henry Kay

Since I have been connected with amateur journalism, the practice of charging a subscription and selling advertising has not been in vogue. In past years, however, publishers were inclined to sell subscriptions and advertising space.

Publishing is very well as a hobby, but it is rather expensive, especially in time and postage. The equipment, if he does the printing in his own shop, may run into a fair figure, but once secured it will last for years. The cost of the paper depends on the kind used and the size of the publication, but generally is not great.

There is the question of the benefits gained from publishing a paper when no effort whatever is made to

★ Continued on page 2 ●

X-PN 4827

CAMEO

VOL. III FEBRUARY, 194[illegible] NO. 1

Return APR 29 1944

You may wander through the cedar groves
Or marvel at the ocean's foam,
But your heart is with the soft brown hills
Warming in the sun at home.

You may view a dozen foreign ports,
Or climb a mountain's snowy dome,
But the grandest sight you'll ever see
Is the twinkling lights of home.

It's great to venture once a year,
To see how other people do,
But the joyous part is getting back
To the place that is home to you.

—*Bessie Barnes.*

X-PN 4827

41163

CAMEO

VOL. III JUNE, 1941 NO. 3

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

SOMEDAY

Someday...
I shall behold the ocean,
And hear the roar of waves
Pounding upon the sand.

Someday...
I shall fly on silver wings
And feel the giant winds
Above the highest clouds.

Someday...
All my dreams will be over--
But I shall count on memories
To brighten the days for me.

...Bessie Barnes

X-PN 4827

#144

CAMEO

VOL. III NOVEMBER, 1941 No. 5

Theme of Thanks

Thank God for our flag flying there
Red, white and blue on autumn air...
Each star a song, each stripe a prayer!

Thank God for harvest feast and fun
To mark a year of work well done
Beneath the wind and summer sun!

Thank God we worship as we please:
Some find solitude with the trees...
Some find heaven upon their knees!

Thank God for this November day,
When we can freely speak and pray
In the great American way!

—Bessie Barnes.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 29 1944

Editorial

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

What is this magic cry, "Freedom of the Press," that we hear above the tumult of war and destruction?

They tell us it is our heritage hewn from years of expressing the true principles of journalism in America. They say Benjamin Franklin was an early exponent of this faith, as he set his editorials by hand on his brother's printing press; they say that William Edward White brushed off the banner when he printed his editorial "What's the Matter with Kansas?"; they say that amateur writers of today are engraving the phrase deep into the record of time as they work over their four-page journals in basements and attics throughout the nation.

X-PN 4827

CAMEO

VOL. 3. MAY, 1941 NO. 2.

MY MOTHER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

If I were a master at art,
I'd find a precious coral stone
And carve on it a cameo lady
That I am proud to own.

Her wise grey eyes that understand,
Her laugh that fills the house with cheer,
Her hands that do a thousand deeds,
Are the things that make her dear.

My mother is my favorite cameo,
Carved upon my heart by years of grace,
With cheerfulness and strength and courage
Radiating from her lovely face.

. . .Bessie Barnes.

X-PN 4827 #166

CAMEO

VOL. 3. MAY, 1941 NO. 2.

MY MOTHER

If I were a master at art,
I'd find a precious coral stone
And carve on it a cameo lady
That I am proud to own.

Her wise grey eyes that understand,
Her laugh that fills the house with cheer,
Her hands that do a thousand deeds,
Are the things that make her dear.

My mother is my favorite cameo,
Carved upon my heart by years of grace,
With cheerfulness and strength and courage
Radiating from her lovely face.

. . .Bessie Barnes.

X-PN 4827

#167

The Crimson Cardinal

(A Poet's Journal of Verse)

VOL. 2 FALL 1941 No. 4

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

APR 29 1944

CARDINAL

(From The Kansas City Times)

How grand to be a cardinal,
And wear a saucy scarlet crest,
To look like flame against the snow,
To own, in Spring, a feathered nest;
And cheerfully, the whole year long,
To make the earth resound with song.

—Letitia Penprase

THE WAVES

By Laurence E. Estes

You may never know how little you are
Nor how big this world can be
Till you open your eyes and look afar
At the roaring waves of the sea!

How peaceful they look when the sea is calm,
How gentle and kind are they.
But when the wind shakes the cane and the palm,
And the wintry skies are gray---

They rush with frenzy against the shore
And bury their teeth in sand,
And they fight a losing fight as before,
But, oh, the sight is grand!

#168
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 20 1945
X-PN 4827

AUGUST, 1941 VOL.

CORNHUSKER

Published when possible by Bill Scheurich Imperial Neb.

DANIEL CARTER BEARD PASSES
1850 - 1941

'Uncle Dan' Beard, the beloved idol of the youth of this nation recently passed away filling the old as well as the young hearts filled with sorrow.

This 'grand old man of scouting' was born in Cincinnati Ohio. He grew up in a period when the United States was still young. He saw this great nation of ours grow and develop into this fine America of today.

When he was a mere ten years old he saw men and knew men who later were to improve the literary and political America.

He died within a few days of being ninety-one years old. Even at this old age he was still active as a friend and helper to all boys. We will all miss 'Uncle Dan' but the memory of him and his high ideals will linger on forever.

I would like to have you read as I did one of his last messages:

"To all my friends:

"Old age is creeping on my heels, but why be down-hearted. Life and death are what we make them. Joy and sorrow, heaven and hell are in our hearts. Then lets go through life with a song on our lips and when we cross the Great Divide, don't allow old kill-joy Charon to put gloom in our hearts but sing him a jolly sailor's chantey song, keeping time with a stroke of the oars. It stands to reason we will be gladly welcomed by the waiting ones on the shore of Infinity"

****

SOLDIERS GET VITAMIN PILLS

Uncle Sam's soldier boys, are believed to be the best fed in the world. Now, the men in the Northern lands get two vitamin pills in addition to his regular ration. In Iceland and Alaska, where fresh fruits and vegtables are scarce as well as sunshine, these pills will take care of this deficiency.

****

The editor is now the proud owner of a new 5 by 8. Watch for the 'Corn' is new size and form. This the 4th issue of the 'Cornhusker.

CONVENTIONEER

The American Amateur Press Assn.

Vol. 4 Houston, Texas, July 24, 1941 No. 1

#169 LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

O. HENRY AUTHORITY IS ADDED SPEAKER

CHAIRMAN SEARCHES FOR AAPA'NS; EMERGES VICTORIOUS

(By Thomas Barnhouse)

Expectations were high Thursday morning, July 24, 1941. At last, after a year of figuring and planning, the real thing had come. Registration was to begin at 9:00 a.m. The program chairman was at the Texas State Hotel at 8:30. No delegates were seen two blocks from the Hotel--but, one block--no delegates. At the Hotel, knowledge looked out that two out-of-town delegates had registered at the Hotel: Bill Bradfield, Jr., of Garland, Texas, and Kirk Sattley, of Chicago, Illinois. The program chairman searched thirty minutes for Bradfield--only to find Sattley. Ethel Cook, Houston; Bradfield; Sattley; Norman Bradshaw, of Wamego, Kansas; and Tom Barnhouse, Houston, convened at 9:03 a.m. for convention registration. Everything was ready, but the typewriter promised by the Chamber of Commerce.

Finally, by 1:00 p.m., 11 poor dupes had paid their $2.50 and in return received a badge, "Chicago in '42" ribbon, and Rodeo Jewelry pins.

Registrants: Hugh Christianson, Merle Irwin, Tom Barnhouse, Ella Newman, Ethel Cook, Leonard Harris, Ralph Brandt, Dick Fowler, of Houston; Kirk Sattley; Chicago; Bill Bradfield, Garland, Texas; Norman Bradshaw, Wamego, Kansas.

Fifteen University of Houston journalism students have been invited to all convention sessions.

-:::-

BARNHOUSE CHOSEN CONVENTION HEAD

Tom Barnhouse was elected chairman of the Houston convention, and Ethel Cook secretary-treasurer at the first session Thursday morning. Tom appointed Hugh Christian-

(By Dick Fowler)

Convention delegates are anxiously awaiting the Friday morning session at which they will have the unexpected opportunity of hearing Guy MacLaughlin speak about the early journalistic efforts, the unforgettable short story artist, O. Henry and the first literature of a new popular style, "The Rolling Stone." Mr. MacLaughlin has possession of many interesting relics, originals of the early O. Henry works and a large store of unpublished personal letters and documents of our early literary figures. The fact that his father published an early Austin paper from 1877-80 should endow Mr. MacLaughlin with a large reservoir of facts, tales and anecdotes of that colorful period in Texas journalism.

No one seems to know why and from whence he came, but all are delighted that this unplanned hit of coloring be added to the picture of events at the 1941 Houston conclave.

...oooOooo...

ON TRASH & DELEGATES . . .

(By Hugh Christianson)

Too bad someone couldn't be on the scene with a candid camera to record the priceless expression that must have dwelt on the maid's face when she came into Room 409 at the Texas State. Lacking a wastebasket, conclave members have been tossing all refuse, trash, cigar butts and unwanted attendees into an empty closet. The closet is rapidly filling.

Efforts to slug, jerk, swat, or otherwise persuade innocent bystanders into Room 409 in an attempt to swell the confab's meager attendance, were of no avail.

X-PN 4621

#170

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

DONATION
GIFT

Number 6. October 1942.

COMMENTARY

Published by
Al Ross, 9 Fitz Terrace,
Chelsea, Mass.

For the AAPA.

EDITORIAL

Remember me? It's a belated appearance I'm making, but better late than never. You'll find some good material in this issue—outstanding of which is "The City", and "Oriental Interlude". "The City" is a clever piece of work on an old theme—repetition, when correctly placed means a lot. "Oriental Interlude" is an example of good writing; good adjectives and good similes helping out, and a deep mood that affects you. The introduction between the two characters seemed vague to me, however, and not true to life—but it's the only fault.

It's election time again, so have a good time voting. I've thought about running for the Board of Directors, of which I was a part in 1942, but I'm doubtful if I'll run at all. Luck to those who do—may the best men win. Phelan, Maney, and Gabaree have accomplished a lot, and deserve your support. COMMENTARY is for them 100%.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

Number 7

COMMENTARY

Published by
Al Ross, 9 Fitz Terrace,
Chelsea, Mass.

For the AAPA.

★

PROPAGANDA

AL ROSS FOR PRESIDENT....( )

But if you don't think he can handle
this office, don't vote for him
in the election.

X-PN 4827

#772

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 20 1944

Number 8. December, 1942.

COMMENTARY

Published by
Al Ross, 9 Fitz Terrace,
Chelsea, Mass.

For the AAPA.

I hope most of you members have recovered sufficiently from your second helpings of lavish turkey and cranberry sauce and pie to read this month's bundle. I intended to write a pleasant little Christmas story for this issue, but I'll promise a nice, big one next year. I've got, in fact, quite a bit of writing slated for the future, so be on the lookout. Elmer, the incomparable, wrote an article for this issue, called "On Checking Activity". He and I urge that the question of activity be brought out into the open now, and decided upon.

Oh yes, the election. What say we just have officers who have shown themselves to be active. I won't give you a list of candidates I prefer—as you've got a mind of your own. The draft will affect, of course, quite a few members of the AAPA next year, what with the 18-19 year old age limit passed. Yet brighter days will come—and in the meantime, don't slacken your activity. The AAPA will be headed for a great future, if we just cooperate.

X-PN 4827

The COAST
Co-Operative

JUNE 1942 MEMBER of U. A. P. A. A. PACIFIC COAST

BUSINESS
FEB 29 1944

Some Past History

When attending the University of Washington at Seattle, I became acquainted with Dave Gourman who recruited me for the United. After I had become a member and my name had been printed in the official organ, I began to receive honeyed communications from members of a rival organization, known as the NAPA. They insisted that I ought to join the other group also to promote brotherly love among amateur journalists, and they assured me that we were all one great, happy family. They further pointed out to me that, belonging to both associations, I should receive all the amateur papers and thereby build up my collection of amateur papers.

Finally, being green and unsophisticated, I succumbed to the whirlwind campaign of proselytism, and I joined the NAPA. My papers were distributed to the members of both associations, and soon I had many friends in both groups.

Later I found out that the letters I had received from the NAPA were a part of an organized effort by that Association to steal from the United every recruit that published a paper or showed promise of developing into an active amateur journalist.

In the course of time, came the annual elections. My vote was accepted and counted in the United without any question as my dues were paid up. But, in the NAPA, my vote was thrown out at the convention. Somewhat embarrassed at this turn of affairs, I made an investigation, and I learned that in the NAPA your ballot is not counted unless the Executive Judges, meeting at the convention, decide that your activity has been sufficient, in their opinion, to entitle you to a vote. And from their decision, there is no appeal or review.

For many years, the NAPA has been run by a man living in Jersey City whose name is Haggerty. He dominates the Executive Judges. Moreover, the office of secretary is controlled by him at all times. Either he is in the office, or his wife, or his niece, or an aunt. Possibly he could, if he wished, find some stooges like Heins or Crane who also he felt he could trust in that position. Latterly he had the term of office of secretary increased to two years; probably because he was running out of relatives.

Getting back to my story. I quit the NAPA in digust. One year was enough for me in that snobbish, undemocratic organization. My name was carried on the rolls free for a year or two after that, which

X-PN 4827

The COAST
Co-Operative

SEPT. 1942. MEMBER of U.A.P.A. PACIFIC COAST

APR 2 1944

Firewater Cocktail

BIG BEAR, Chief of the Canemahs was a good friend of the pioneer settling around the Falls at Oregon City. On many occasions he had been forced to use all his profound judgment and wit to handle problems arising from these contacts, especially that of preventing many young Bucks from securing firewater. At the Falls were some unscrupulous traders always anxious to trade good whisky for furs.

The Chief decided something would have to be done about this menace. He had noticed a certain tent where his young Bucks had been caching some bottles. Big Bear played 'possum and tried to show no signs of recognizing such activity.

One morning, when the young men of his clan were fishing, Big Bear slipped into the supply tent in question and discovered a new cache of firewater—no doubt to be used in celebration of Silver Star's wedding to a young white soldier. Silver Star was a daughter of Big Bear.

The first marriage between a Canemah and a white was to be featured by a three day celebration, in which both whites and Indians would take part.

Anxiety was in the mind of the Chief.

Before the first day of the great pow-wow was over, the erring young Bucks had lost their enthusiasm. Many of the revelers showed signs of whiteness around their bronzed cheeks and were retiring to their tents.

Big Bear and his new son-in-law, Jack Dalhart, winked at each other to the wonderment of the young squaws attempting to administer aid to the ailing Bucks.

The firewater habit was evidently cured.

That night Big Bear sat in his tent and chuckled as he fondled a label from a bottle reading, "Castor Oil."

— DEAN MEREDITH

Recruit Committee

President White has announced the appointment of the following recruit committee to serve during this administration, Others will be added from time to time.

Spokane....Willette King
California . Kenneth Dodge
Oregon....Dean Meredith
Montana....Butte Tipton
New Jersey....Fred Benzing
New York....Marion Blodgett

X-PN 4827

The COAST
Co-Operative

SEPT. 1942. MEMBER of U.A.P.A.A. PACIFIC COAST

Firewater Cocktail

BIG BEAR, Chief of the Canemahs, was a good friend of the pioneer settling around the Falls at Oregon City. On many occasions he had been forced to use all his profound judgment and wit to handle problems arising from these contacts, especially that of preventing many young Bucks from securing firewater. At the Falls were some unscrupulous traders always anxious to trade good whisky for furs.

The Chief decided something would have to be done about this menace. He had noticed a certain tent where his young Bucks had been caching some bottles. Big Bear played 'possum and tried to show no signs of recognizing such activity.

One morning, when the young men of his clan were fishing, Big Bear slipped into the supply tent in question and discovered a new cache of firewater —no doubt to be used in celebration of Silver Star's wedding to a young white soldier. Silver Star was a daughter of Big Bear.

The first marriage between a Canemah and a white was to be featured by a three day celebration, in which both whites and Indians would take part.

Anxiety was in the mind of the Chief.

Before the first day of the great pow-wow was over, the erring young Bucks had lost their enthusiasm. Many of the revelers showed signs of whiteness around their bronzed cheeks and were retiring to their tents.

Big Bear and his new son-in-law, Jack Dalhart, winked at each other to the wonderment of the young squaws attempting to administer aid to the ailing Bucks.

The firewater habit was evidently cured.

That night Big Bear sat in his tent and chuckled as he fondled a label from a bottle reading, "Castor Oil."

—DEAN MEREDITH

Recruit Committee

President White has announced the appointment of the following recruit committee to serve during this administration. Others will be added from time to time.

Spokane....Willette King
California . Kenneth Dodge
Oregon....Dean Meredith
Montana....Butte Tipton
New Jersey....Fred Benzing
New York....Marion Blodgett

X-PN 4827

The COAST
Co-Operative

SPRING 1942 MEMBER of U.A.P.A.A. PACIFIC COAST

The San Francisco Convention

NINETEEN-FORTY-TWO presents a wonderful opportunity for our United members to enjoy another hospitable convention at San Francisco.

The convention will open with a reception at the home of Irma and Will Gwin on Friday evening July 3. Plans have been made to make this enjoyable, though entirely informal.

Fellowship and good will, will be the theme of the entire convention, states Irma, who is heading activities for those three days. That the Gwins are perfect hosts, was learned in 1934 by our delegates.

Saturday, July 4th will open the business sessions; one at 10:00 a. m. for general business; another at 2:00 p. m. for election of officers. It is hoped that all business can be finished in these two business sessions. At 7:00 p. m., the colorful annual banquet will be held in the private banquet room of one of San Francisco's world famed restaurants. It will really be something different, with unsurpassed food and all conveniences for such an affair. There will be entertainment, secured by the committee and suited to the occasion. Fun, fellowship and fraternity will rule. Some surprises are being planned but Irma won't tell us what they are, She says only those who come and see will conquer their curiosity in that respect.

Sunday, the 5th will be given over in part to a planned sight seeing trip to ocean and park; the rest of the day being left free for the delgates to do as they please — something everyone likes when on a trip.

Mary A. Schick, 156A Sussex St. San Francisco, is Custodian of ballots,

Many delegates plan to stay the remainder of the week, viewing the many places of interest and museums found in this last outpost of the old West.

Western conventions are noted for their general good feeling, and San Francisco gives promise to be the finest of them all. Write a card to Irma as soon as possible if you plan to attend – but DO NOT ASK HER TO MAKE RESERVATIONS FOR YOU at the hotel. Write to Mr. W. L. Thacker Manager, Plaza Hotel, Post and Stockton Streets, San Francisco and make your reservation. Rooms are $3.00 ane $4.00 single, and $5.00

CLAMOR

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see, thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor ever shall be.—Pope

Summer – 1942

'TWAS SAID FOR YOU

Why not realize your world? There never was a right endeavor but it succeeded. Patience and patience, we shall win at the last. Never mind the ridicule, never mind the defeat; up again, old heart! There is victory yet for all justice!

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

X-PN 4827

The CINCINNATUS

IN THE INTEREST OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

VOL. 3, No. 1 JERSEY CITY, N. J. MAY, 1942

Anlian for President

Heads UAPA Victory-Goodwill Ticket

Haig Anlian, amateur editor, historian and newspaperman, has been nominated on the Victory-Goodwill Ticket for president of the United Amateur Press Ass'n of America. A brief, factual account of his amateur activity appears below.

For the past two years, Anlian has been serving as official editor of the Ass'n, publishing The United Amateur, its organ. His previous United service includes a year as director and one as East recruiter.

A charter member and past president of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club, he is historian, and managing editor of the club monthly newspaper, The Workshop, its first editor and again for the third anniversary.

This is the 10th year of Editor Anlian's People'Sun, an independent journal. Originally a handwritten paper, People'Sun made its printed debut in 1939. The 102nd issue came off the press last month.

Awards aplenty have come to Anlian—United Amateur Press essay laureateship two consecutive times; O. C. Lightner Laureate Trophy, highest writing prize; local club news story certificate and honorable mention.

Anlian has as well contributed to these papers: Red and White Emblem, American Blars, Spinning Globe, Ink Echoes, Saces Amateur, Hudco Amateur.

HAIG ANLIAN

For seven years he has written hundred of letters and articles, published in New York Times, New York Herald-Tribune, New York World-Telegram, Jersey Journal, Jersey Observer, Hudson Dispatch, Bergen Record; Also American Mercury Magazine. National Amateur Journalist, published by donor of Lightner cup, reprinted an AJ article by Anlian. In no instance was payment made or involved.

During the past three years, An-

(see Page 4, Col. 1)

X-PN 4827

#179

The CINCINNATUS

IN THE INTEREST OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

VOL. 3, No. 1 JERSEY CITY, N. J. MAY, 1942

Anlian for President

Heads UAPA Victory-Goodwill Ticket

Haig Anlian, amateur editor, historian and newspaperman, has been nominated on the Victory-Goodwill Ticket for president of the United Amateur Press Ass'n of America. A brief, factual account of his amateur activity appears below.

For the past two years, Anlian has been serving as official editor of the Ass'n, publishing The United Amateur, its organ. His previous United service includes a year as director and one as East recruiter.

A charter member and past president of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club, he is historian, and managing editor of the club monthly newspaper, The Workshop, its first editor and again for the third anniversary.

This is the 10th year of Editor Anlian's People'Sun, an independent journal. Originally a handwritten paper, People'Sun made its printed debut in 1939. The 102nd issue came off the press last month.

Awards aplenty have come to Anlian—United Amateur Press essay laureateship two consecutive times; O. C. Lightner Laureate Trophy, highest writing prize; local club news story certificate and honorable mention.

Anlian has as well contributed to these papers: Red and White Emblem, American Blare, Spinning Globe, Ink Echoes, Sacco Amateur, Hudco Amateur.

HAIG ANLIAN

For seven years he has written hundred of letters and articles, published in New York Times, New York Herald-Tribune, New York World-Telegram, Jersey Journal, Jersey Observer, Hudson Dispatch, Bergen Record; Also American Mercury Magazine. National Amateur Journalist, published by donor of Lightner cup, reprinted an AJ article by Anlian. In no instance was payment made or involved.

During the past three years, An-

(See Page 4, Col. 1)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
OCT 13 1945

CHIPLEY BUGLE

"A Little Paper With a Big Toot."

CHIPLEY, FLORIDA

Volume III OCTOBER, 1942 Number 3

Ross, Kay Lead for Prexy

Bradfield, Albert, Vaggy, Sellers In Lead

In This Issue . . . . .

TYPOGRAPHIC REVIEW

RESULTS STRAW BALLOT

NEW BALLOT TO FILL OUT

AND ARTICLES & POEMS

X-PN 4827

#181

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WASHINGTON

JUN 28 1945

CHIPLEY BUGLE

"A Little Paper With a Big Ton

CHIPLEY, FLORIDA

Volume III December, 1942 Number 4

In This Issue . . . .

Brandt On Printing

A Hawes Thriller

Final Ballot Results

—With this issue, the Bugle celebrates the ending its first year in the A A P A—

WISHING ONE AND ALL

A Very Merry Christmas!

And

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

X-PN 4827

#132

The Chipley Bugle

A LITTLE PAPER WITH A BIG FOOT

Volume III SEPTEMBER, 1942 Number 2

LIBRARY
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS
JUN 25 1942
GIFT

Straw Ballot Results...

The response to the first straw vote was not very strong, although it was as good as expected. Space does not permit exact tabulation of numbers, so we have run the races together in paragraph form:

Haywood 2, Maney 2 for President, Bradfield 5, Watson 0 for 1st V. P., Vivarttas 4 for 2nd V. P., Kay 3, Maney 1 for Editor, Albert 5 for Sec., Hiatt 2, Riddle and Maney, 1 each for Treas., Rouze 4, Gabaree 1 for Mss. Mgr., Hawes 3 for Clubs-Chap. Mgr., Sellers 4, Wesson 1 for Print.-Pub. Mgr., Riddle 3, Curran 1 for Mailer, Vaglienti 3 for Historian, Phelan 5, Clark & Bruce Smith, 3 each, Curran, Haywood, Ross, Kulzick, Kay and Gabaree 1 each, Barron 0, for Director.

These results would have been more complete if the editor had not gone off to Mississippi on a vacation.

As you can see by the Ballot (No. 2) enclosed, many of these offices have changed around. We will try to keep the Bugle's Ballot in A-1 shape throughout the pre-election months.

BUGLER TAKES VACATION

This issue comes out in Lucedale, Miss., at the office of the George County Times, which is owned and edited by the uncle of the bugler, Mr. E. G. Sellers. The editor is on a vacation here in Lucedale.

Lost and found columns of Tokio newspapers are crowded these days. Every time an American buys a War Bond, the Japs lose face. Buy your 10% every pay day.

X-9N 4027

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The Chimes

—Keep Em Ringin—

December, 1942

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 1942

Another Issue of

The Chimes

From The Green Spot

Volume 2 June 1942 Number 3

When Amateurs Gather

By MICHAEL PHELAN

AS A LOGICAL COUNTER-measure to a poorly-attended national convention, President Haywood has designated the policy this year of holding sectional gatherings in regions that display sufficient interest. Hempstead was first to receive official appointment and approval; reports are current that southern AAPAians, in conjunction with the Florida Boy Editors, will conduct an assemblage in Tampa in mid-July.

These gatherings are boons to the amateur world. Hempstead, 40 minutes from the world's largest city, should draw a horde of amateurs from the metropolitan area, with infiltrations from New England and the northern Middle Atlantic States. Tampa should have a fair gathering of amateurs from the South. But wherever assembled, a.j.'s can meet and talk and have fun that will instill in them and those who scan the reports a greater interest in our hobby.

Talk and fun are the chief reasons behind sectional gatherings: the fun of talking a.j. In spite of what may be published in amateur journals, these AAPA gatherings are not "conventions," nor can they enact any official business whatsoever for the Association. Constitutional restrictions prevent it; AAPA enacts all its legislation by mail vote.

Published notes that the Hempstead conclave plans a "business session" is so much oat-stuffed baloney. Of course a nose-count may be taken of those present to indicate an opinion apropos any given problem, but that opinion has no official bearing. No gathering of AAPAians can ratify a constitution, enact an amendment, or make any official decision of matters pertaining to our legislative or judicial life.

These points must be clearly understood by all members of the American, especially those who may attempt to magnetize a mere gathering of amateur journalists into a "notable convention." At best, these meetings are meant only to be gabfests and funfests.

STOP BEING
A DEAD-BEAT

Now!

X-PN 482 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

September 1942--6th Anniversary of Founding of AAPA

The Chimes

—Keep 'Em Ringin'—

VOLUME 2 SEPTEMBER, 1942 NUMBER 7

Brutalizing?

By Porky

"So, You're a butcher? My, what an awful, brutalizing occupation!" Mebbe so, madam, and mebbe not! Watch us!

"Drop 'em," signals the Boss Butcher. Up against the roof appear hog carcasses, sliding down into an elevated vat of scalding water. The scald-man flips a switch and the de-hairer begins a rurr-rurr-rurring tempo that sets the pace, into it goes a dripping, steaming hog to come out presently on the other side, onto a steel table high above your head. A dexterous gamble-man swiftly catches the hind legs, cuts loose the skin around the tendons, inserts a wooden stick which spreads the legs, sets this stick or "gamble" in a hook whose rollers run on a rail above and with a snappy "Hi" shoves the hog off the table and down the rail to the dipper who stuffs the nostrils with cotton, slips a rubber band around the snout and rolls the still dirty and somewhat hairy object onto a device which dips it into a vat of hot tar and resin. Up it rises again to the rail, and after a moment's pause to cool, the hog rolls on, completely covered with a shiny, hardening coat, which is swiftly peeled off to remove every vestige of hair, dirt and blood. It passes on to the butchers whose knives and cleavers flash as they perform with lightning precision, the gutting, splitting, pulling of leaf lard, beheading, and skinning and boning out of heads; the scale man weighs the finished product and gives it a last wash down before he opens the cooler door to let out a cool breeze as he rolls the stuff in, in groups of five.

"Don't those entrails smell?"

Lady, look at those gut-boys sliding those entrails down the line, separating them as they pass and dropping 'em into various containers and carts filled with water! Why, that stuff doesn't have time to emit odors! The blood? It's flowing in a blazing, crimson stream into those vats; you don't think of it in relation to these [Concluded on Page 3]

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 2 1945

THE CHIMES

FEBRUARY 1942

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY

The Chimes

THE AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

May 1942

X-PN 4827

H188

The CAROL for 1942

IN CHIME WITH THE TIMES

APR 29 1944

CHRISTMAS
GREETINGS TO
OUR FRIENDS....
Harold and Dorothy
December 1942

X-PN 4827

CAMEO

APR 29 1944

VOL. IV MARCH, 1942 No. 2

Contesting as a Hobby

Thousands of people all over America are devoting their spare time to the growing hobby of "Contesting." Many make it a source of income, and spend all their time writing entries for national and local races of wits. They write slogans, name babies, and send questions to the quiz programs. Sometimes they win; more times they don't. There are an amazing number of correspondence courses "to teach you to write a wealth of winning entries," and there are ghost writers who promise to write for you a so-called thousand dollar entry for a hundred dollars!

Contesters are banded into national clubs and state units for the study and advancement of contesting as the national indoor sport. That there really are winners in the big national contest is very evident in the glowing reports in the contest magazines. Airplanes, cars, groceries, fur coats, watches, shoes, candy, money, books, and diamond rings are reported to be bagged by those with wits and luck.

Appearance of the entries carries about as much weight as the subject matter. Spelling, typing, and general neatness are as valuable as special art work and clever construction. Entries may be in statements, poetry, or pictures, varying with the contest rules. Rules must be followed explicitly, as a single oversight may disqualify an otherwise outstanding entry.

According to the veterans in this game, not every one makes a successful contester. They advise us to follow contesting purely as an enjoyable pastime and not for commercial profit. We are supposed to enter a contest and then forget it when the entry is mailed; and we should regard an accidental prize as a bonus for work well done, they say.

However, it is surprising to note the lists of prizes won in one year by certain individuals, nearly all of whom belong to the national groups. It is also surprising to note that some people win consistently, while others never are listed, not even in the runners-up. The difference is definitely out of proportion, and it would seem to the neophyte that there must be a password involved. Yet, all contests announced

(Turn to Page Three)

X-PN 4827

#170

CAMEO

VOL. IV AUGUST, 1942 No. 4

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

The California Story

In 1849 there was a migration to California of men eager for gold. Now, nearly a hundred years later, I hurried to California for a glimpse of the golden state before the war emergencies clamped down entirely on travel. Naturally, my prime motive was to attend the 46th annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association in San Francisco.

After debating about the feasibility of making this trip, I finally decided, after buying a War Bond, that I could make it. From Spokane to Portland, there was the familiar sagebrush and my old friend, the Columbia River, outside the train window for many miles. It was my fate to ride on an air-conditioned train from Portland to California on which the air unit did not work. There was a freak heat wave on, and we really sweltered. We stood for several hours on the platform with some other people who also thought the hot wind was better than no air at all, even if it did make us look weather-beaten. Since this was an economy trip, I spent the night in a chair car with a pillow. Surprisingly, I slept comfortably for about six hours.

First Impression

When I awoke we were in California, and the first impression was lovely. The train was standing motionless on the track overlooking the Sacramento River thundering down the Sacramento River Canyon. We were still high in the Cascades, and the view was gorgeous. We went out on the platform after breakfast for a whiff of the cool moun-

X-PN 4827

CAMEO

VOL. IV MAY, 1942 No. 3

My Journey to the Coast

When an amateur journalism club holds its annual banquet, that is an event worth attending. I asked my boss for Saturday morning off, so that I could go to Seattle to the 39th annual celebration of the S. A. P. C. on March 28.

This was my third bus trip to Seattle, but I was as impressed with the splendour of the sage brush, the fury of the Columbia River, and the snow-laden beauty of the Cascade Mountains as ever before. In Snoqualmie Pass the snow was about eighteen inches deep along the sides of the road.

Walking up Seventh Avenue looking for familiar Seattle landmarks, I nearly ran into a man coming out of a shop door. We both called greetings at once, since this was Dave Gourman, veteran Seattle journalist, just stepping out of his health food store. He invited me in to see the shop, and treated me to a delicious health fruit cocktail. Then I went downtown and looked at all the beautiful dress materials in the largest department store in Seattle. I was having a grand time feeling and admiring many fabrics and marvelling at the gorgeous prints, when the store closed. Five-thirty on Saturday night in those large stores is no time to expect to be waited upon, I found.

Then I hurried to my hotel and dressed and went over to the Y. M. C. A., where I was greeted in the lobby by Dr. and Mrs. Noel, Mr. and Mrs. Erford, Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, Rose Cohen and Mrs. Clemensen. In the banquet room I met the other Seattle members, and really enjoyed seeing all my friends again.

Dr. Noel was toastmaster at the banquet and everyone present had an opportunity to address the group. It was inspiring to see that these people who have followed amateur journalism for years are still enthusiastic and finding fun in the toleration of ideas and writings in the Seattle club.

After the banquet, I went home with Elsie and Jim

(Turn to Page Three)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Current Stammer

Vol. 1. JANUARY 1942 No. 2.

NUMBER TWO IN THE SISTER SUSIE SERIES

LET'S GO RUSTIC

By Pearl Adoree Rawling

"There! I trust these put us nearer the promised land of genuine mink coats and sea voyages." Susie gave vent to a boresome yawn as she handed me two freshly-typed chapters from our second attempted serial story, then seated herself, with a sigh, to sip iced limeade.

I sank into the depths of an overstuffed mohair to do some proof-reading, and while not particularly interested at that moment in fur coats, I did give in to a moment's visioning myself at sea in a distant future.

"Suffering anchovies!" I barked at her. "What's wrong with you? Your punctuation in these chapters is putrid."

"I'm tired - - -" Susie sighed, not resembling one bit the picture of a pause that refreshes. "I've been clackety-clacking on this go-hickie so long I'm on the verge of a coma," she said by way of apology, but came to droop over the desk at the offending manuscript.

X-PN 4827

#112

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

SAMPLE NO. 1.

The Current Stammer

It Isn't Copyrighted and It Doesn't Stink; Well, Not Much.

VOL. 1 APRIL, 1942. NO. 5.

(Number 5 in Sister Susie Series.)

LET'S GO TO THE DOGS

By Pearl Adoree Rawling

SUSIE consented to go South and we'd been in Florida a month when it appeared we'd have to leave if we expected to continue along a literary course. Miami was too beautiful. It over-stimulated one. Distance lending enchantment and all that, became clear.

It was one of those days when nothing mattered and wouldn't if it had. Dialogue was banal. I couldn't strike that safe course between the "unreality of bright, meaty talk" and insipid meanderings. As a result, our brainchild was clumping along like a robot. The whole thing outside a nut shell was, we were turning out mechanical stuff. We'd learned long ago that it's only the manuscript turned out when you have that singing gayety of the mind possessed by something

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Current Stammer

It Isn't Copyrighted and It Doesn't Stink, Well, Not Much.

VOL. 1. MAY, 1942. NO. 6.

(Number 6 in Sister Susie Series.)

THE GLAMOUR OF MIAMI

By Pearl Adoree Rawling

"What are you up against now--journey's end?' Susie burst in inquiring. I came back from the place where writers' minds go to give birth to ideas. "I'm amazed at the profundity of your astounding knowledge, Susie."

"All this writing, the rewriting and revising--sometimes I wonder if either of us will know what it's all about three months from now."

"I've an idea this time we'll go over, if you will do your part and learn to spell."

"Over an editor's head--" Susie gave a derisive giggle.

"I can see him biting his lips under a corrugated brow, he's so upset and worried. As for spelling--I haven't your fatal passion for accuracy and I'm not satisfied to wear my brain out in giving all, to insure the goal of the darn stuff's being read."

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Current Stammer

It Isn't Copyrighted and It Doesn't Stink; Well, Not Much.

Vol. 1. JUNE 1942 No. 7.

NUMBER SEVEN IN THE SISTER SUSIE SERIES.

LET'S STAY SINGLE

By Pearl Adoree Rawling

Susie and I had fussed our way through several attempted and one complete serial story and untabulated short ones, and we were still marching along although Susie's avocational passion had been dwindling since she got caught in the dazzling Florida moonlight. Sometimes I fear she's not going to be a career girl after all. There's nothing quite so fatal to this kind of career as love. But then I guess more careers have been side-tracked or wholly derailed, by love, than I have time to worry about.

"I'm literarily extinguished," I whewed, looking up as Susie returned one afternoon from Dinner Key. That's the Pan American Airways. "If you'd stop trying to see everything twice . . . "

#196
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 1948

THE COUGH DROP

FLASH: HAYWOOD APPOINTS BILL SMITH DIRECTOR IN BRUCE SMITH'S STEAD.

BELATED CONVENTION ISSUE

Vol. I October 1948 No. 1

WHAT HAPPENED AT HEMPSTEAD

On the 22nd and 23rd of August one of the most successful conventions, if not the most successful that the American Amateur Press Association has held was staged at the home of editors on 11 Andover Place, West Hempstead.

Twenty-three members attended the banquet and Sunday sessions while ten braved the heat to come on Saturday. Some of the outstanding personalities of a. j. were there in the persons of Bill Haywood, our proxy, Gabby Gabaree, ex-chairman of the board, Al Ross of Chelsea, Mass. the editor of COMMENTARY, Burton Crane of MASARA and Old MEANIE , Sheldon Wesson and Helen Vavarttas , the SIAMESE STANDPIPERS, Walt Stromback of the KINK, Vincent Hagarty and Bernice McCarthy.

The main topic of conversation was knocking each other. The National was knocked around under the capable direction of Gabby Gabaree , while the American was bullied by Billie Schaberucher.

At the Sunday banquet we signed programs and ate turkey in between times. After the ravenous amateurs were finally subdued by full stomachs Burton Crane made a speech on Loyalty to an Amateur Press Association in which a great deal of truth about interassociate affairs was expressed. Then about 9:30 the party broke up with all hands rushing for trains. It was an experience that will remain with me for the rest of my born days.

-----Bill

This issue was mimeographed on an old stylo A. B. Dick mimeograph using Tempo stencils.

THE CONVENTION TICKET::::

PRESIDENT: AL ROSS
1ST V.P. : BILL BRADFIELD
2ND V.P. : TED CONOVER
SECRETARY: RAY ALBERT
OFFICIAL EDITOR: KEN KULZICK
MAILER : BOB MAHEY
TREASURER: CHARLES RIDDLE
HISTORIAN. JOHNNIE VAGLIENTI
MANUSCRIPT MGR.: GORDON ROUZE
PRINTING & PUBL. MGR.: WESSON
CLUBS & CHAP. MGR.: JIMMIE SELLERS
DIRECTORS: BILL HAYWOOD
MIKE JHELAN
LINDON CLARK
HELEN VAVARTTAS
BILL SMITH

VOTE THE RIGHT WAY IN THE NEXT ELECTION. CHOOSE YOUR CANDIDATES WISELY. YOU CAN'T GO WRONG IF YOU VOTE THE CONVENTION TICKET.
INDORSED BY 7 100% AMERICANS.

5 STAR QUALIFICATIONS

*ACTIVITY***** 2½ years continued activity in the A.A.P.A.
*LOYALTY***** All American
*EXPERIENCE****** Has published and correspended with prominent members and thus gained a knowledge of the function and duties of all the officers and how best to carry them out.
*SINCERITY****** when undertaking a job the effort is prolonged and severe.
*EFFICIENTCY****** letters and R. R.'s are answered promptly and all association matter will be handled with quick efficient measures.

THEREFORE WE ASK THAT YOU CAST YOUR VOTE FOR WILLARD F. SMITH AS DIRECTOR*****.

X-PN 4827

X-PN 4827

#197

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 2 1946

The

'42 Conventioneer

Number 1 *HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.* *January 3, 1942*

1942 Convention at Hempstead

Wave of Activity Hits Hempstead Members

News of Hempstead's appointment as the 1942 Convention city brought a wave of enthusiasm over Hempstead members, large scale publishing immediately being planned. Most important reaction was that of Norman Levine, who announced the purchase of a 5x8 press and 25 pounds of body type.

Tom Erhard and Bob Smith have both stated that they will publish monthly. Like statements from Willard Smith and Levine are expected momentarily.

Hempstead in '42

COMMITTEE NAMED; SET AUGUST 22, 23 AS DATES FOR ANNUAL GATHERING

Hempstead, Dec. 28, 1941: William Haywood, president-elect of the American Amateur Press Association, has announced that the 1942 national convention of the AAPA will be held in Hempstead, New York.

A convention committee has been named, members of which are Thomas Erhard, Norman S. Levine, Robert L. Smith, and Willard F. Smith. This group has already swung itself into action and has slated August 22 and 23 as the convention dates. A tentative program, to be announced later, has been drawn up.

cont. on page two

X-PN 4827

The COAST
Co-Operative

JANUARY 1943 MEMBER of U.A.P.A.A. PACIFIC COAST

The Play Is Done

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

By Jerry F. Chmelicek

T'was late at eve..the first of May,
A night in May..'t was time for love
A love lure sang the turtle-dove,
Where scented pine groves stretched away.

The tranquil moss sang love's lament;
Love's sorrow shamed the blooming tree;
A nightingale sang love's melody,
While a rose replied with love's sweet scent.

These opening lines to "May," the epic poem, immortalized by the Czech poet, Karel Hynek Macha, riveted my attention several years ago, before an intense desire grew up within me, to capture a part of the life of the creator of those verses into a play.

Many moons have passed, and finally, I am bending over the finished manuscript, with a sense — a feeling of mixed emotions. For in those pages, impregnated with each session's breath, is also a part of my own life. One thinks of many things as he turns over the pages of the finished work. One looks back when the play was merely a little note-book of ideas, when the mind was a chaos of words, scenes, costumes, all pounding like the ocean's fist against the shore. Many nights of labor, not physical, but mental, lay between the covers, curling up at the ends from the heat of my hands. Notes, research, dialogues, construction, polishing, re-writing. Then slowly, out of that mass of notes, the work was spun together, line by line, word by word, page by page, and act by act. Three full acts. Today it is finished. Not a one act play, as before, but a full-length three act Bohemian patriotic dramatic opus.....

And then the rehearsals swing into shape, and life cloaks each word. It is hard to describe — but you are a part of it all. It is like your child, which you have zealously hidden from the eyes of the inquisitive world, till it is born whole. Try to picture to yourself, characters, which you have been moulding for a long time, suddenly come into action, pulsating, breathing and laughing. And then the premiere. Cold hands seem to grip your heart and sqeeze it till you think it will

X-PN 4627

#199

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 29 1945
COPY
GIFT

CLAMOR

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see, thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor ever shall be.—Pope

Spring, 1943

BOOKS possess an essence of immortality. They are by far the most lasting products of human effort. Temples crumble into ruin; pictures and statues decay; but books survive. Time is of no account with great thoughts, which are as fresh today as when they first passed through their authors' minds, ages ago. What was said then and thought still speaks to us as vividly as ever from the printed page.

—Smiles

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
28 1945

CLAMOR

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see, thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor ever shall be.—Pope

Summer, 1943

"Let our object be our county, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, *not of oppression and terror*, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."—Daniel Webster

Publisher and Editor
Charles Boedecker, Willow Springs, Illinois

X-PN 4247

JUST OFF THE PRESS

THE CHIMES

Keep 'em Ringin'

Volume 3 February, 1943 Number 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Why Not Send Some Material To The Manuscript Bureau?

Third Anniversary Issue

X-PN 4827

#382

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

THE CHIMES

From The Nebraska Prairies

Volume 3 Number 5 October, 1943 20th Issue

Key West Fights Its Third War

BY ED WALL

The southernmost city in the United States, Key West, Florida, is making good in war for the third time.

The tiny coral rock, four miles long and a mile and a half wide with its toupee of green subtropical vegetation, is truly an American Gibralter.

Nine years ago Key West, with 20% of its population on relief, looked wearily to the future. Some even wanted to abandon the island. Then, with rejuvinated spirit, Key Westers went to work on their city, which soon became an important tourist resort.

Then came the war, and the Chamber of Commerce found itself in the strange position of urging people not to visit the city for pleasure, for the Navy had moved in en masse and there was work to be done.

The census leaped from 12,000 to 40,000, and millions of dollars went into circulation on war construction. Space was short and a new island was literally pumped out of the sea; homes, barracks, housing projects all transformed from plans to reality.

Visitors to the town are left with a thought that every street and building is part of a great fortress. Navy whites and Army khakis are practically all that can be seen on Key West thoroughfares, and a third of the land area now supports naval installations.

A vital link in the whole Caribbean defense setup, the city is well protected by army guns.

Residents are impressed with the permanence of naval preparations in the present conflict, contrasted with the temporary use of the island in the Spanish-American war, the civil war and the first World war. Many hope that it will remain an important base of operations even after the peace treaties are signed.

When Americans began to boycott "Made in Japan" goods, the Japs renamed one of their towns "USA." They stamped a big "Made in USA" on products made there and the required "Japan" in tiny letters.

X-PN 4827

THE CHIMES

-Keep 'em Ringin'-

Volume 3 Number 4 August, 1943 19th Issue

★

Quit Ajay? Never!

What would it feel like to quit Amateur Journalism altogether? Have you ever thought about what it would feel like to quit receiving a bundle every month, or to store your press and type in the cellar and kiss a few of your troubles good-bye? Many of us haven't, and a few of us have.

The people a person meets thru correspondence; ajay papers; and sometimes those of us fortunate enough to meet one another face to face, shake hands, and discuss ajay; all this is enough to make a person enjoy Amateur Journalism.

What if we had to give all these things up? Suppose we didn't buy bonds and the axis made us give it up? Or if so few of us worked to keep ajay going that it finally disintegrated like a proud city into a ghost town?

Let's hope these things will never happen. Let's insure Amateur Journalism's future by keeping one another interested enough in our great hobby so that none of us will become inactive and quit.

—*Dean Rea*

★

Featuring—

Gothberg ● Gabaree ● Kriebel ● Dunlop ● Others

X-PN 4827 #704 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1945

THE CHIMES

=Keep 'em Ringin'=

Volume 3 Number 3 July, 1943 18th Issue

Goldbricking

By Pvt. Gabby Gabaree

(This is the first of a series of articles written exclusively for this paper. All imformation is to be taken with a grain of salt, as the author wrote it with his tongue in his check. Or in other words--it's all in fun.)

Introduction To Goldbricking

Goldbricking is a science that requirs technique. The fundamentals, tho, are easy to grasp as any rookie will tell you. Rookies are noted for their ability to acquire the title of Goldbrick, but to retain it is another story. For the unimformed, Goldbricking is the gentle art of seeming to work while you are not. Do not confuse Goldbricking with the more common, every day garden variety of loafing. In the army you can't loaf safely, but if you are a student of the art you can Goldbrick.

The Art Of Goldbricking
Lesson No. 1

In Goldbricking you must have your technique perfected so as not to get caught. That in a nutshell is the whole idea. Now to try hiding or staying in a place you consider safe from prying eyes is wrong. For one thing you are noticably absent from sight when wanted and that immediately looks bad. Therefore the general idea is to stay where you belong. That might be summed up as the entire first lesson. Stay in sight, and Goldbrick.

Gabby

Lesson No. 2

The Goldbricker must develope the seventh sense to the highest degree. In other words his goldbricking must look like work and at the same he must be on the lookout for danger. Once a Goldbricker is caught practicing he immediately loses his title and the

—Continued on page 4—

#05

Counterspy

"THE VOICE OF AMERICAN YOUTH"

"We hold the challenge
of a mighty line;
God grant us grace
to give the counterspy"

Jaff Jennings, Editor,
1084 Amsterdam Avenue,
New York 25, N. Y.

Vol. 9 November, 1943 No. 1

PRESENTING COMA AND COMMA

The Benton eleven-year-old twins, Coma and Comma, so named because of their inordinate desire for sleep at any and all times were ruthlessly awakened one morning at their summer bungalow by their mother's voice impatient of delay, "Time to get up, Coma! Time to get up, Comma! Breakfast ready!"

Tha brother, Coma, and the sister, Comma, still yawning and rubbing their eyes, sat down at tha breakfast table.

"Mother, this breakfast is like a pig's tail," quoth Coma, pretending to complain.

Mrs. Benton quite naturally dislikad having her excellent fare unjustly accused. "What is it wrong now?"she answered "It's twirly,"smilingly responded Coma.

The effort went entirely unappreciated by Mother Bentcn who voiced her disfavor of Coma's humor thus: "Goodness gracious! When, indeed,would you children like to get up?"

"During Easter vacation, up at Aunt Fara's we each got up just as soon as the sun's rays hit the windows of our rooms," recalled sister Comma.

"I wish you could both form a study habit like that"Mother Benton exclaimed fervently as she set tempting waffles and syrup onthe table.

"So do we,"slyly wentcn Comma, "the windows of our rooms faced the west." Than she cast a glance of suppressed mirth toward her brother.They snickered out loud when Megan from their mother's beaming face that she was finally forced to admire the ease with which they had trewced her.

"We're hot today," observed Coma to Comma. "We'll sure have to be", answered Comma"if we make good at the morning session of summer school,without any preparation."

As the brother and sister finished breakfast and hastily sought out material for a writing course at the eight o'clock summer school, Mother Benton laisurely partook of her own breakfast.She remarked to Comma,"I'm glad you had such a lively time in the country at Aunt Fara's."

"Yes,"answered Coma in place of his sister, "We had a very lively time. They even had an eclipse the moon while we were there!"

With that all threa laughed merrily and tha brother and sister started on that usual long morning walk to tha school.

Just as the last bell was ringing, Come and Comma entered the school room and were greeted by the restrained laughter of the other pupils who thus registered their mild appreciation as two of their number happened for once to be on time.

It was a hot day and the English period dragged along. Near the end of tha session the teacher began asking for definitions of certain words in tha required reading.

"Coma, what is agotism", asked the teacher.

"Egotism," he hastiantly insisted,"is the painlass process of making a fool of one's self."

"Ha,ha, very good, we'll give a hundred per cent on that"This from the teacher,who was plainly showing that Coma stood in good favor.

"What than would an egotist be, Comma?"continued the teacher. Comma had not been paying strict attention and from her face came blank looks.

"Oh, ah, ah, an egotist is a person who thinks as much of himself as you thinkof yourself," she finally hazarded.

Before the rising tide of smiles that got bigger and wider, the teacher choked out a little cough of embarrassment. "That will do," ha warned. And then with a blistering gaze on Comma that seemingly caused her temparature to rise far above normal, he slowly and scowlingly described a fatal circle in the handy grade book.

Lunchaon at home,being over, the whole afternoon belonged to Coma and Comma to do with as they wishsd.

"Friends, dear old Friends, We'll always be loyal forever. Ties that will -"

Coma, singing the beautiful old school song that he loved better than any other song in the world,was suddenly interrupted by Comma, as she dashed out the front door onto the bungalow porch where he was seated in a big comfortable rocker.

"Where is that terrible noise coming from?" Comma kept saying to her brother,"I could enough for Coma to hear.Then,pretending to have just noticed her brother,she continued:"Oh,was it you Coma,dear? I thought it was the cat! Our cat, you know, made an awful noise last night. Ever since he ate that canary he thinks he can sing!"

"Say, that's hearty,how do you get that way, and plassa shoot us the answer, for I'm just crazy to know!" thundered Coma. "Your lines is not so hot, for Noah had it with him in the Ark."

Not in the least overawed by her big brother whom she knew was really very fond of her,she now began singing a song created on the spur of the moment,

"Yu-hu! Yu-hu! Coma gave a concert! Coma give another!

One's sy Tom-cat!
The other's my brother!"

Coma, with tha twins, greatly exasperated, chased his sister off the porch and again peacefully reclined in his rocker.

Coma and Comma, Coma,and Comma made it a habit of dining promptly at eight each evening, whether abroad, on Park Avenue, at their place in Florida, or even in their shore bungalow.

Ever since a certain year's residence in Paris, Mr. Benton felt that each of tha family gatherings at dinner, with or without guests, should be a real occasion when each one would be at his or her best.

Thus, at the parents,erect and dignified, but at the same time gracious,tried to preside as befitts the mistress of a home. On one such occasion, Comma, looking the soul of modesty, was particularly devout as the blessing was being asked. But tha pattered perfectly aftar her father and mother as they ever so nids slowly drank from their bouillon-cups and manipulated their forks in the fingers of the left hand in the most approved styla a l'Anglaise.

Coma,unappreciative of his sister's improved manners and being momentarily unobserved by his parents,let go accessitically to Comma, "Out the steak with the sharp side of the knife and not with tne back, Dearie!"And he sweetly emphasized "Dearie."

Comma answered just as sweetly,"Who ever told baby there was a sharp side?"And for interest,Comma's left foot, the only part of her anatomy untrained in table manners, accidentally stbped and contacted Coma's shin bone, causing him to yell"ouch" under his breath and to stare so that it looks were daggers Coma would have been dead a dozen times over.

Even their epicurean appetites of omelette souffle with its cake and ice cream filling was finally interrupted by cries of "Cis, "Tisn't," "Tis," "Tisn't,"

"Coma,"scolded his mother, "Why all this heated discussion?"

"Well,"replied Coma,all told Comma was that page of the fellows wemboard the corner restaurant yesterday in order to listen to Jessay Heimer eat soup.

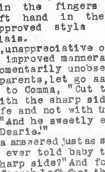
She turned up her nose and asked why I didn't have my crowd come here to listen to my own soup eating. I thought I was telling Comma a funny story but she said it was disgusting. That's what the argument was about. "I suis desole," complained Mr. Benton. "When your mother and I were your age, Coma, we knew jokes that wera really nice and wholesome and at the same time funny; not crude jokes such as you deliberately forced on Comma. Please don't let it happen again."

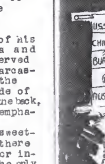
"Another thing, Coma," continued his father,"you are entirely too disrespectful not only to your sister but to your mother and me as well. It seems to me you may be in the habit of associating with rough, bad boys. Dont forget the fable about the rose and the clay. A man in the East chanced to pick up a piece of clay that lay in his path and was surprised to find it smelled so sweet. "It is but a poor piece of clay, a mean clod of the earth, but how sweet it is! How fragrant! But whence has it this scent?" The clod made answer,"I have dwelt with the rose."

At tan,the twins tumbled into their beds. They were followad by their father and mother a few minutes later.

"Papa,"began Coma, framing a question which carried distinctly to his father's room, "why didn't Noah swat both mosquitoes when he had such a good chance?"

"You go to sleep," came the answer, short and gruff.





X-PN 4827

THE CONAPAN

JANUARY 1943

X-PN 4827

H267

THE CONAPAN

APRIL 1943

#28

THE CONAPAN

JULY 1943

#209

It's always FAIR WEATHER when good Ajays get together

C. S. P. C. NEWS

COME·ON EDITION

Vol. 3 June 10, 1943 No. 1

GRAPEVINE POLL TAKEN

PAESS CLUB FOREGOES · SPRING RALLY ·

The most recent of polls was taken, not by the Gallup method, but by that mysterious vineyard entanglement which is invariably uncannily prophetic - for without any formal vote the concensus of CSPC opinion was construed as having been definitely voiced and the Spring Rally was not called.

By the same carrier we learn this assures transfer of the same body of prospective attendees to the scene of the NAPA convention instead.

Latest ciphers over this system indicate that such attendance will represent CSPC substantially.

C.S.P.C. GOES ALL-OUT FOR NATIONAL CONVENTION

Cancellation of the CSPC Spring Rally was an all-out measure to clear the right of way for 100% attendance at the National convention, July 3—5. By voluntarily eliminating that mileage, CSPC consciences feel easier about journeying to Columbus. It may relieve them still further to know that the ODT has ruled "travel to conventions a permissable use of transportation facilities, as practically every branch of society is confronted with wartime problems that cannot be solved without conference." (They must have known that when ajays get together, world problems and myriad other complexities melt in torrid debate carried on far into the night.)

"CALLING ALL CSPC'S!"

While final program details will emanate from Springfield, announcement comes that Friday evening - July 2 - is designated as "CSPC Night." Reunion for CSPC members thus was merely a deferred pleasure. They will also form a committee of the whole to extend the hospitality of the central states region to convention visitors from other points.

"VISITORS, WELCOME!"

X-PN 4827

CAVALIER

X-PN 4827

TTER

E REBEL

---

gust 1944 issue of
ment is made:

per; for this it
amateur paper in
rofit, nor as the
tion. It is pub-
litor receives in
ted and intolerant

do and then glanc-
our publication, I
r ideas of an ama-
say THE REBEL is
let's see. In the
ation - at least
s may be had for 25
ghout most of the
ust to make expen-
u make more than
lance over to NAPA,
Journalism?

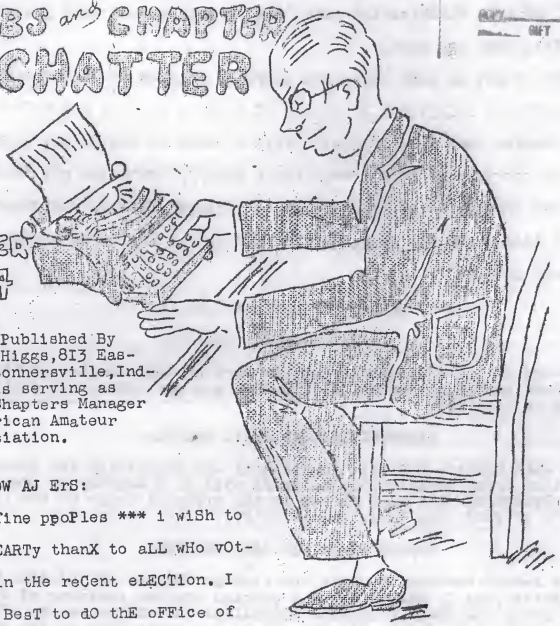
#211

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

CLUBS and CHAPTER CHATTER

VOL. I
NO. I
OCTOBER
1944

X-PN 4827



Edited and Published By Raymond C. Higgs, 813 Eastern Ave., Connersville, Indiana; who is serving as Clubs and Chapters Manager of the American Amateur Press Association.

DEAR F eLLOW AJ ErS:

Listen my fine ppoPles *** i wiSh to Xtend my HEARTy thanX to aLL wHo vOtEd for mE in tHe reCent eLECTion. I wIll do mY BesT to dO thE oFFice of ClUbS aNd ChApTeRs MANager fuLl justice at AlL tImes. i aM noW bUSi tRYing tO starT a CAMpaiGn aMONg thE meMbers of thE AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION tO heLp foRm CLubs anD CHAPters in yOur toWn, NeiGhborHOOD or ciTy. SUREly there aRe otheRs near you that beloNg to A.A.P.A./gEt 'Em toGeTher, ANd ORGan/izE a ***cluB oR/ChapTer;;;;;or if there iSn 't///gEt oUt anD siGn uP somE neW /memBers, aNd sTart that club. If you'sE wanT to "C" us leAd in tHe fiEld of amAteur jour a lism #333# by aLl meaNs gIt oUt aNd gIt buSy / i'm a beGgin' foLks....doN8t lEt me doWn/ whOOO

X-PN 4827

CLUB BULLETIN

Published in the interests of The

HAPPINESS CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

By **Frank F. Shinn**

Box 74 Reading, Pa., U. S. A.

Why Join?

We have been asked why anyone should join our Club? It would take several pages of this paper to state the advantages in full. If you will read the list of benefits on another page, you can obtain some idea of the "why."

However, our suggestion is that you send us 25c for a six months trial and let us prove that it is worth while. If we do not satisfy you, then do not renew your membership. We make this offer deliberately, believing that you will be well pleased and continue with us.

If you have a hobby, seek pen pals, like to swap — join today.

X-PN 4827

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS
1 8 1944

"CHIPS"

"How to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May"
For Amateur Journalists of To-Day and Yesterday

VOL. 5 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1944 No. 1

ADVENTURES IN HISTORY

By WESLEY H. PORTER

THE casual visitor to California usually is conscious of the fact that the state has a romantic background, for Spanish names, old missions and historic buildings are rather plentiful up and down the state. However, to me, the old gold towns have a particular fascination.

Looking back now, I would say that it was Anthony Moitoret who first introduced me to this phase of the state's history. That was some 20 years ago. Since that time I have traveled on my vacations to practically every corner of California and never tire of spending a day or night in some ghost town.

Tucked away in the foothills of the Sierras not far from Sacramento is Auburn, a picturesque little town that nestles in a scenic spot a few miles away from where James Marshall first discovered gold. My introduction to Auburn was made while accompanying Anthony by automobile on a trip to Truckee and Lake Tahoe. We stayed all night in an old hotel and I found time on that first trip to inspect an old portion of the town that was built in the gold rush days.

When the history bug first bit me it was always back to this section of California that I would go. Later, upon returning home, I would discover that there was some other town that I had missed. Take Mariposa, for instance.

Tourists who visit Yosemite seldom realize that when they pass through Mariposa they are actually at the southern end of the famous Mother Lode. It took me a number of years to discover that by taking highway 49 from Mariposa I would pass through scores of towns made famous in the writings of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. The very town of Mariposa was part of the Mariposa ranch which was purchased by General John C. Fremont for $3,000 and later was valued at around $20,000,000 when stupendous gold strikes were made on the property.

Along this Mother Lode highway you will find old towns with some picturesque names. For instance, in a little book on Tuolumne County is this notation: "Tuttletown, where Mark Twain bought supplies and where the placer miners found wealth, is an interesting village. Mark Twain's cabin is about a mile from here, over Jackass Hill at the head of Whiskey Slide."

It seems that Mark Twain left an imprint in a number of spots of the West, for you'll find cabins and houses not only in California where he was supposed to have lived, but when you get over into Nevada you'll also find others. Mark Twain worked on a newspaper in historic Virginia City and also in Carson City, Nevada's capital.

Carson City is a small town, with a population of 1500. The first time I stayed there all night I had to ask a service station manager where I could find a hotel. He told me that I had just passed it. My stay that night was an eye opener.

The lobby was liberally supplied with tall brass spitoons and just off the lobby was a bar room with a weird assortment of slot machines. In one of my trips to Carson City I dumped the jackpot on the first nickel. That's a thrill!

I remember Carson City for another reason. It was here that I met a couple who were conducting a gift shop. When they closed up shop for the night they invited my party to their home to see some other treasures that were not for public display. This couple just had returned from China and in their home were thousands of dollars worth of rare Oriental art objects, old chests, Mandarin coats, etc.

Following the old Pony Express road over the Sierras to the California side you come to Placerville. Before telling you something about Placerville, I might insert that there is quite a story of how Hank Mann gave Horace Greeley, founder of the New

X-PN 4827

#214

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

MAY 8 1944

"CHIPS"

"Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May"

For Amateur Journalists of To-Day and Yesterday

VOL. 5 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1944 No. 1

ADVENTURES IN HISTORY

By WESLEY H. PORTER

THE casual visitor to California usually is conscious of the fact that the state has a romantic background, for Spanish names, old missions and historic buildings are rather plentiful up and down the state. However, to me, the old gold towns have a particular fascination.

Looking back now, I would say that it was Anthony Moitoret who first introduced me to this phase of the state's history. That was some 20 years ago. Since that time I have traveled on my vacations to practically every corner of California and never tire of spending a day or night in some ghost town.

Tucked away in the foothills of the Sierras not far from Sacramento is Auburn, a picturesque little town that nestles in a scenic spot a few miles away from where James Marshall first discovered gold. My introduction to Auburn was made while accompanying Anthony by automobile on a trip to Truckee and Lake Tahoe. We stayed all night in an old hotel and I found time on that first trip to inspect an old portion of the town that was built in the gold rush days.

When the history bug first bit me it was always back to this section of California that I would go. Later, upon returning home, I would discover that there was some other town that I had missed. Take Mariposa, for instance.

Tourists who visit Yosemite seldom realize that when they pass through Mariposa they are actually at the southern end of the famous Mother Lode. It took me a number of years to discover that by taking highway 49 from Mariposa I would pass through scores of towns made famous in the writings of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. The very town of Mariposa was part of the Mariposa ranch which was purchased by General John C. Fremont for $3,000 and later was valued at around $20,000,000 when stupendous gold strikes were made on the property.

Along this Mother Lode highway you will find old towns with some picturesque names. For instance, in a little book on Tuolumne County is this notation: "Tuttletown, where Mark Twain bought supplies and where the placer miners found wealth, is an interesting village. Mark Twain's cabin is about a mile from here, over Jackass Hill at the head of Whiskey Slide."

It seems that Mark Twain left an imprint in a number of spots of the West, for you'll find cabins and houses not only in California where he was supposed to have lived, but when you get over into Nevada you'll also find others. Mark Twain worked on a newspaper in historic Virginia City and also in Carson City, Nevada's capital.

Carson City is a small town, with a population of 1500. The first time I stayed there all night I had to ask a service station manager where I could find a hotel. He told me that I had just passed it. My stay that night was an eye opener.

The lobby was liberally supplied with tall brass spitoons and just off the lobby was a bar room with a weird assortment of slot machines. In one of my trips to Carson City I dumped the jackpot on the first nickel. That's a thrill!

I remember Carson City for another reason. It was here that I met a couple who were conducting a gift shop. When they closed up shop for the night they invited my party to their home to see some other treasures that were not for public display. This couple just had returned from China and in their home were thousands of dollars worth of rare Oriental art objects, old chests, Mandarin coats, etc.

Following the old Pony Express road over the Sierras to the California side you come to Placerville. Before telling you something about Placerville, I might insert that there is quite a story of how Hank Mann gave Horace Greeley, founder of the New

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1945

THE CHIMES

Keep 'em Ringin'

Volume 4 Number 1 January 1944 22nd Issue

1943 - History, Now

1943 was quite a year and I think we can mark it down as one of the best in the American's history. Even though the war has hindered us a lot, we have kept advancing and when the boys come back after peace they will find a strong association to welcome them.

Headlines of '43: Kunde returns to activity with the first American Banner in over year and half, having received a medical discharge; visits Imperial in Oct...First September elections held; minor change in constitution & by-laws...51 members in service; Wise, Cohen, Hoye, Strombach, Merriman, Riddle overseas...American Ajay Hostesses organized...William Haywood and Matilda Shabrucker married; also Sheldon Wesson and Helen Viv... Riddle visits Paxton, Albert, Nelson Bond (pro writer) while at Camp Peary...Vivian Chatfield joins the Waves—first woman member to the service...Frances Tyler invents new tool for war plant...Harold Preece's latest book, "Lighting Up Liberia" out—a best seller...Riddle, Wise, and Strombach publish from

(Continued on page 4)

Facts & Figures

From the Mailing Bureau

When I took over the Mailing Bureau there was a mailing fund of $13.25. Now there is a negative $1.52. The Bureau should be nearly self-supporting, by your contributions, but it isn't. For the first three bundles I mailed, I spent $25.82 (including purchase of envelopes) and got $9.19 in contributions. The rest came from the mailing fund and now that it is gone will have to be taken from the regular treasury.

I don't know how the other mailers worked it; either they got more contributions, or made the difference up out of their pocket or came right out and asked for it like I'm doing. But something should be done. Big bundles cost big money. I'm not saying you don't contribute enough; but not enough contribute. If every publisher would send a small bit when he sends a paper to be mailed, it would help keep us out of the red. It's been estimated that it costs about 16 cents a pound to mail a paper—surely it's worth that.

Among other things that come

(Continued on page 4)

X-PM 1827 #216

THE CHAPBOOK

APR 19 1944

A JOURNAL OF VERSE AND OPINION

X-PN 4827

C.S.P.C. NEWS

OFFICIAL ORGAN CENTRAL STATES PRESS CLUB

Edited and Printed by Willametta and Elaine
for the Editor, Burton Jay Smith

Vol. 6, No. 3 Springfield, Ohio October, 1944

("The War Department regrets to inform you of the death of Burton Jay Smith on the first day of September over England . . .)

War seems to have dealt a mortal blow to the second childhood of the Central States Press Club. Revived in Toledo in September of 1941 it has struggled valiantly for three years, but its end seems inevitable. With most of the leading spirits occupied in war work, or actually in Service, it was hoped to keep CSPC in a state of suspended animation until the boys came home; and if it is possible we intend to do so.

The failure of CSPC and similar regional groups is, however, a healthy sign for the prosperity of the parent organization, for so long as the National is active and absorbing we have no time to spare for side issues.

The latest meeting of the CSPC, in Cleveland over the October 8th week-end, was strictly on the informal side. The usual Labor Day meeting had been called off on account of hotel conditions, so a few out-of-towners gathered October 8th at Helm Spink's apartment.

Edna Hyde McDonald came from New York to attend Eleanor Nelson's wedding to Stewart McCormick; Willametta Turnepseed came up from Springfield on the Saturday night train while Guy Miller arrived via Youngstown where he had been visiting his sister. These three, with Helm, held a preliminary meeting Saturday night in the Harvey bar, and made arrangements for the next day's meeting. Guy was an overnight guest at the Spink apartment where he earned his board by washing dishes (but not the windows), while Vondy and Willametta stayed at the Clevelander.

C.S.P.C. NEWS
OFFICIAL ORGAN CENTRAL STATES PRESS CLUB
Vol. 6, No. 2 Wendover, Utah January, 1944

Presidential Message

Greetings, fellow members!

Even outside of war production, that stirring statement "Too little—too late" has a very personal meaning for all of us.

These are busy days for almost everyone. Swiftly moving days made up of crowded hours. But we must be on our guard, for the human machine can stand only so much. Regardless of the important things of the day, there must be some relaxation—otherwise it may prove to be "too little —too late" and we find that nature itself has called a halt.

With the restrictions on travel, the shortage of gasoline, etc., it is no longer possible to do those things we used to count as relaxation. But we do have a delightful diversion that we can enjoy regardless of the restrictions—that is our hobby of amateur journalism. Even but a few minutes spent with it now and then will do much to break the monotony of these busy times.

An organization such as the Central States Press Club deserves a place in amateur journalism, if for no other reason that it provides an excuse for a get-together meeting once or twice a year. There is not sufficient activity in some localities to maintain local clubs, and the CSPC enables those members in such localities to have personal contact with other amateur journalists. And personal contacts are an important part of our hobby.

If each one will do even a small amount to keep up interest and activity, we can look forward to a successful year. You will help, won't you?

F. Earl Bonnell,
President CSPC

X-PN 4827

#1219

CONAPA CAPERS

October 2, 1944

Big October Meeting Celebrates With Printers' Ink!

CONAPANS began their fall meetings, October 2, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin, Indianola Drive, Lakewood, with 25 members and friends present.

Following a buffet supper served in the high-ceilinged basement recreation room and print shop by Mrs. Martin and her daughters, Mrs. Jessie Mae McConoughey, Mrs. Helen Bolintz and Marian Martin, the Martin press started rolling off the first and last pages of *Conapa Capers*.

Assisting broken-finger Harry in make-up and press-work were always helpful Helm Spink, Earl Boner, William Bland. Plenty of advice, sound and air-filled, came from President Jack Diamond, Otto Knack, Dick Barnes and a host of women!

Among old amateur papers examined by Conapans was file of Cartoons, in three volumes. Mac Sinclair, editor of this one-time famous amateur magazine, was unfortunately absent from the meeting.

Jack Diamond, president, hurried through a business session with his usual scintillating gray matter and wit, while ubiquitous Helm seized chances for heckling.

A winter of enjoyable activity is planned for Conapans and plans are being anticipated for entertaining the convention of the National Amateur Press Association next July.

CLEVELAND PLANS '45 CONVENTION

The 1945 convention was again discussed at Conapa's October meeting and tentative plans made. It was agreed that no definite arrangements could be made, however, until we get closer to the July date. No date could be agreed upon for the termination of the war in Europe, nor could anyone speak with authority about gasoline rationing and hotel accommodations nine months hence.

BLAND TAKES BRIDE

William F. Bland, popular Conapan, will on October 14 marry Miss Dorothy Grady at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grady, in Wooster, O. Miss Grady has been a member of the staff of Reader's Digest; Bill is on the editorial staff of the National Petroleum News, Cleveland.

ELEANOR NELSON-STEWART McCORMICK

October 7 will be a big day among Conapans because Eleanor Catherine Nelson will be married to Stewart A. McCormick, also well liked by members of the club. Among out-of-town amateurs who will attend wedding and/or reception: Edna Hyde McDonald, Willametta Turnepseed, Earl Bonnell.

X-PN 4827 #220

CUBICLE

NUMBER 26
Summer *of* 1944

X-PN 482

THE CRUSADER

Vol. 1 No. 3

BAH WITH TOBACCO

By Bernard L. Kodel

R 29 1944

I will admit that when a lad I smoked a few cigarets. Not that I liked them, but just to show other guys and gals that I had become a man. Soon I quit, for it was an expensive habit, and I found that the taste in my mouth "the morning after" was anything but pleasant.

I am glad that I quit the stinking habit. Last night I spent as a bedmate of my uncle who virtually "eats" cigarets. Sleep was well nigh impossible because this man has such an advnced stage of "cigarette cough" that it was disturbing, and for the life of me, even conceding that te gets pleasure from puffing the weed, I can't see how any pleasure coul i offset the point that he must hack and cough at all hours of the night and get but a fraction of healtful sleep, so necessary to all humans.

An old-timer is one who rememders when Grandma bawled out Willie for taking cookies from her pantry instead of cigarettes from her case.

The Crusader

Vol. 2 No. 1

NECESSITIES

By Floyd V. Steutel. D. C.

The less the complication the greater the simplicity. Many adages carry this idea, including "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." Thot, for example, when exprest in simple terms is best appreciated. Circumlocution and hyperpolysyllabism are undesirable, for, as Confucius stated, "The whole end of speech is to be understood."

The needs of man are simple. Food, water, air, rest, cleanliness, personal security, learning, conpanionship, exercise.

Man has added to his needs many tokens, and most of these injure him or shorten his lifespan. In conquering the sea many have drowned. The same is true of his conquest of the air. In his present stage of psychic development, man is but a child reaching for the stars, not regarding the earth on which he sits.

Thru the radio and printed word, mcahinofacturers tell us of our great need for their products - and thru mass hypnotism force us to buy them. How our 'needs' have increased! And what do you suppose is the greatest need of the women of, for one example, the Soviet Union? Let Sidney A. Moseley tell us in the November 1938 issue of The Woman:

"All the time I was in Russia I did not see a woman smoke a cigaret in public. A girl explained that it was not considered proper, but I think the scarcity of cigarets also has something to do with it. You can go the length of a busy street without seeing a man smoke. People had told us that finery and cosmetics were the scarcest things in Russia, that the way to a woman's heart is by a pair of cheap silk stockings. Possibly. But a more pressing need is cigarets."

I wonder which of the 'authorities' convinst Mr. Moseley that nicotine is one of our needs? Too, I would like to hear him describe how the human race survived prior to the discovery of tobacco. And I wish he would prove to me that the span of life has been appreciably extended because of the discovery of this fundamental 'need' of the economy of the human organism.

If you don't want your boy to smoke – don't let him go around with his sister.

X-PN 4827

The Crusader

Vol. 2 No. 1

NECESSITIES

By Floyd V. Steutel. D. C.

The less the complication the greater the simplicity. Many adages carry this idea, including "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." Thot, for example, when exprest in simple terms is best appreciated. Circumlocution and hyperpolysyllabism are undesirable, for, as Confucius stated, "The whole end of speech is to be understood."

The needs of man are simple. Food, water, air, rest, cleanliness, personal security, learning, conpanionship, exercise.

Man has added to his needs many tokens, and most of these injure him or shorten his lifespan. In conquering the sea many have drowned. The same is true of his conquest of the air. In his present stage of psychic development, man is but a child reaching for the stars, not regarding the earth on which he sits.

Thru the radio and printed word, mcahinofacturers tell us of our great need for their products - and thru mass hypnotism force us to buy them. How our 'needs' have increased! And what do you suppose is the greatest need of the women of, for one example, the Soviet Union? Let Sidney A. Moseley tell us in the November 1938 issue of The Woman:

"All the time I was in Russia I did not see a woman smoke a cigaret in public. A girl explained that it was not considered proper, but I think the scarcity of cigarets also has something to do with it. You can go the length of a busy street without seeing a man smoke. People had told us that finery and cosmetics were the scarcest things in Russia, that the way to a woman's heart is by a pair of cheap silk stockings. Possibly. But a more pressing need is cigarets."

I wonder which of the 'authorities' convinst Mr. Moseley that nicotine is one of our needs? Too, I would like to hear him describe how the human race survived prior to the discovery of tobacco. And I wish he would prove to me that the span of life has been appreciably extended because of the discovery of this fundamental 'need' of the economy of the human organism.

If you don't want your boy to smoke - don't let him go around with his sister.

X-PN 4827

X-PN 4827 #224

The Crimson Cardinal

(A Poet's Journal of Verse)

VOL. 1, No. 4 SUMMER, 1944 Army Issue

AIR BORN

by Laurence E. Estes

I am one with the clouds,
And the winds I adore
Swish through my hair
With a turbulent roar.

I am one with the stars,
And the magic of night
Paints my being
With celestial light!

And I zip and I zoom
With a fire in my eyes—
Daring, undaunted
I sweep through the skies.

And I look like a bird
As I rip through the air
Dropping my eggs
With meticulous care;

But when it is over
On the runways I creep,
Moody and fretful
I crouch down to sleep

And I dream of the time
With the wind in my face,
When roaring and ready
I'll soar into space!

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
AUG 31 1944

X-PN 4827 H225

The Crimson Cardinal

(A poet's journal of verse)

VOL. 1, No. 3 SPRING 1944 Army Edition

BELATED APPOINTMENT

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
MAY 8 1944

Oh, I have a tryst with the wind tonight,
The wind and a shadowy tree—
And cool is the wind on my pallid cheek
As cool as the depth of the sea!

And my heart has ceased its struggle for life
Since that gunshot came quick and true—
A watchful sniper saw grasses move;
I felt a pain, and I was through.

Oh, and I have lain here the long nights through—
Down under a tropical moon—
And when the wind passes, I whisper,
"Come, my comrades, come quick and soon!

"I'll never be back to your land again,
Where the long silent shadows grow—
And I'll never reach for my tommy gun,
Or pursue the retreating foe!

"So I call you comrades across the sea—
The willing wind carries my cry;
Make haste, you who loiter along the way,
Remember the boys who die!

"My soul and I should be far apart now.
But many there are at the gate—
I do not think God surely would care
If I were a little bit late.

"For I have a mission under this tree
As I lie in the tall reed grass,
And my jaw is firmly against the earth
As I whisper to winds that pass!"

X-DM 1.997

#226

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Couleur de Rose

NUMBER THREE of an occasional publication edited and printed by Benton E. Wetzel, the N.A.P.A.'s wandering secretary, now located at 2320 Spaulding Avenue, Berkeley, California.

WITH "Hello, Ralph Babcock. And who's the fellow with you?", I got my first glimpse of many of the eastern amateurs.

I was introduced to the young blood group at "The Wheel." Of course I knew Robie Macauley and Ralph—I should after traveling to Cincinnati with him—, but, for the first time, I met Harold Segal, Bernice McCarthy, Jack Bond, Chuck Macauley, and Robert Dunlap.

Although I knew she was Bernice McCarthy, the young lady was rather a surprise. No surprises were Jack, Harold, and Chuck. But "Meet Bob Dunlap," said Ralph, and with that I was to form my impression of him.

Babcock, Robie, Dunlap, and I were the only delegates who had not retired when Lorraine Lindblad arrived. I met Hirst Mendenhall, the other member of the youngster group, at the first session.

I, like Vondy, feel convention sessions are worthless; so it is useless for me to mention any of the business. The report of Jane McCarthy as secretary pro tempore presents the best account available.

The luncheon honoring Bill Dowdell presented me my first chance to be introduced to the old timers. I remember Vondy, Spink, and Edkins—as if to include them among the old timers—were at one end of a table telling each other the jokes which they had gathered since the last time they met.

Few people had ever realized how much one can eat until they awfully watched Lorraine add to her food more than enough for another luncheon:

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

COPY BOY

FOR

SEPTEMBER

1944

AAPA ANNIVERSARY

1936 1944

VOLUME ONE NUMBER TWO

X-PN 4827

#223

COPY

The Pulse of Journalism

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
FEB 29 1944

SHALL UNITED HAVE A NEW DEAL?

ALTHOUGH quite a stir was made by last COPY, it has never been my intention to sling mud nor make accusations too personal. We are launching a constructive campaign to put into office men who, we believe, will help to inject pep and efficiency into our organization. We have had "a quiet year," and that is polite for "a dull year"!

Whether our Platform has merit, and is reasonable, we leave to your judgment. Here are some changes (and why) we think should be made in United:

We should restore the original order of offices of Secretary, AND Treasurer, in order to break up concentration of power in one office. Restoration means better accounting; and would lessen responsibilities now carried by one officer. Is n't this proposal sound? We solicit your support of our ticket of men who believe in this proposal.

We feel that our membership records should show a distinction between the **active** and **non-active**. We OPPOSE (as a present incumbent has suggested) the ousting or "kicking out" inactive members! We do PROpose a better plan: classify into two groups, with liberal provisions to encourage non-active to become active. This seems fair, and bespeaks orderliness.

From this proposal several benefits should accrue: a definite straightening of term of memberships; set clear dates of expirations; we should know who is who, why, and for how long. Some names on our list are so dead that their addresses have been lost! The place to start re-construction is to admit only A-1 recruits.

X-PM 4827

THE CONAPAN

JANUARY 1944

X-PN 4827

THE CONAPAN

JULY 1944

X-PN 482

#231

The Collected Stories of Private Archer

From The Horizon Press - - - Starting March, 1945

#232

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY

CLUBS & CHAPTER CHATTER

VOL. ONE JANUARY 1945 NO. TWO

Edited and Published By Ray C. Higgs, 813 Eastern Avenue; Connersville, Indiana who is serving as Clubs and Chapters Manager of the American Amateur Press Association.

X-PN 4827

FROM DEAN REA AND THE MISSOURIANS

Dear Ray and Fellow Members -

We, who are organizing the Missouri Chapter of the AAPA, thank the new Club and Chapter Manager, and others for the encouragement they have given us. We have been working carefully, and haven't made a lot of noise about the developement of our organizing.

You may wonder what we have accomplished to date?

Les Boyer has printed the first and second issue of our official organ - to be. I'm sure both issues of "THE MISSOURIAN" have been satisfactory.

Dean Rea submitted a constitution to the membership much like that of the "Southern Amateur Journalist of America." This wasn't entirely satisfactory. The Board of Directors was asked to put a bill in effect, providing no chapter could levy dues, but would be run by donations. Taking this in view Leslie stopped preparations to print the constitution, and "brushed-up" the old one. The new constitution also consists of a new name for our chapter. Since the "Missouri Amateur Press Association" sounds as though it might be an independent AJay association, we changed the name to "Missouri Amateur Journalist of America."

Robert Ferguson and Rea met in Willow Springs not long ago, and discussed AJay pro and con.

We believe we're on the road to success, and are taking our time. (Haste makes waste.)

Suggestions will be appreciated.

I'm sure you will find that when the Missouri Chapter organizes it will be one of the most active in the AAPA.

- Dean Rea
Acting Leader.

* * * * *

FROM THE NEW JERSEY CHAPTER

Dear Ray -

Thanks for the congratulations on "THE NEW JERSEY AMATEUR", and the New Jersey Chapter. Please rush ther charter for the New Jersey Chapter of the American Amateur Press Association.

I will be glad to write an article about our chapter. I'll send it later. Don't forget the charter.

- Richard Branch.
Secretary-Treasurer.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

Chipley Bugle

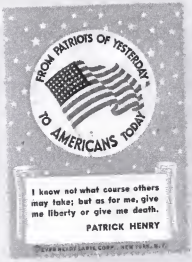
"THE LITTLE PAPER WITH THE BIG TOOT"
CHIPLEY, FLORIDA - - - SPRING, 1945

New Series!

X-PN 4827 H234

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 24 1945
GIFT
GIFT

"THE CHEERIO"
Featuring MUSIC and TRAVEL
also Other Hobbies including
THE ST. GEORGE'S EXCURSION
EDGAR C. THOMPSON
ALPENA, MICH., U. S. A.
European address:
"Lougar" Three Oaks, Hastings, England



#235

PICTORIAL TRAVEL and PERSONALITY POSTER STAMPS

Poster Stamp Collecting, like any worthwhile pursuit, will give the collector as much as he puts into it. The collector should aim at three things when he begins his collection: (1) quality, (2) quantity and (3) classification. Only by the observation of these principles can a really distinguished collection be made. Children, of course, will not automatically collect Poster Stamps in such a methodical fashion, but this kind of collecting arises naturally out of experience and familiarity.

In considering the first requisite to a good collection of Poster Stamps, Quality the collector should rigidly omit ordinary stickers and labels from his consideration. A Poster Stamp, is by definition, a miniature poster and a poster is a work of art. Many of the greatest of modern artists have specialized in Posters. The Poster should be well reproduced on a good grade of gummed paper. We see therefore that a true Poster Stamp is a work of art, skilfully reproduced on good paper.

The second consideration in building a good collection is Quantity. In other words, the larger the collection, the more the interest is stimulated and the more valuable the collection becomes, especially in the case of specialized collections, such as that of Mr. W. L. Kinkead, whose collection of Map and Globe Poster Stamps is really astonishing in its size and completeness.

(to be continued in next issue)

00— HISTORY OF CUNARD WHITE STAR LINE —00

Continued from last issue

Exemplifying this policy in the first forty-three years of the Company's existence noteworthy links in the chain of development were the "Persia" (1856), the first iron Cunard liner, the "Scotia", (1862) 3,871 tons, in her day the largest steamer in the world; the "Gallia" (1879), 4,800 tons, regarded as the grandparent of the modern liner; the "Servia" 7,392 tons, built in 1881, the first steel Cunard liner, larger and faster than any other ship then in commission, and the "Aurania" (1883), the first liner to be fitted with suites of rooms.

During the fifty years from 1884 onward the rate of progress made was more rapid than ever. The "Umbria" and "Etruria" launched in that year in circumstances which afford a striking parallel to conditions on the North Atlantic as they exist today, were sister ships of over 8,000 tons and an instantaneous success.

Within a very short time both these vessels broke all existing speed records and became the most popular vessels in the North Atlantic.

Another decade passed by and the achievements of the "Umbria" and "Etruria" were eclipsed in 1893 by the first Cunard Twin-screw steamers "Campania" and "Lucania" whose speed of 22 knots made them the ships of the day.

Meanwhile the fortnightly Cunard service to Boston had been maintained by five ships. In 1900, however, new tonnage was required, and accordingly the "Saxonia" and "Ivernia" were built.

At the same time the Company was closely watching experiments being carried out by Signor Marconi and in 1901 the "Lucania" was the first Atlantic liner to be permanently equipped with a wireless system.

(to be continued in next issue)

X-PN 4827 H236

THE
CEMETERY RABBIT

First Hop Annapolis, Maryland April, 1945

Yesterday's Echo

My little white mustang, do you still know
Of the dark, strange mesas. . .the prairies below
Asleep in the moonlight. . .the winds that came
And the light in our eyes that was ever the same. . .
The freedom. . .the times when we ran all night. . .
Keen-limbed and swift in our joyous flight. . .
And never a hill too tall or too wide,
That we couldn't climb to the other side. . . ?

Oh pony I now dream of what to do
With a yard of blue cloth, or a leftover stew.
I have floors to scrub, and a fire to tend.
. . . Did I hear your soft nicker, or was it the wind
In the trees outside? Was it only the rain
Like hoof-beats against my window pane?

Oh little ghost mustang, have you galloped away
To the dream-filled pastures of yesterday?
Or are you impatiently waiting still. . .
Waiting for me. . . just over the hill?

---Rowena Autry Moitoret

X-PN 4827 #237

THE CEMETERY RABBIT

Second Hop Annapolis, Maryland May, 1945

Dance of the Breeze

Lightly comes the breeze
Dancing through the trees,
Gayly tripping, skipping
With the colored leaves.

Silently he glides
To each leaf which hides,
Wooing each with tender
Murmurs 'til it slides
Softly to the ground,
Gently to the ground.

Swiftly then he twirls,
Round the tree he curls,
Leaping, twisting, turning,
Singing as he whirls.

Leaves go flitting by
Answering his cry.
Happy with their lover
Joyously they fly
Downward to the ground--
Laughing, to the ground.

X-PN 4827 H238

THE
CEMETERY RABBIT

Third Hop Annapolis, Maryland July, 1945

Tons of Blue Water

Tons of blue water
bits of white
Rolling, twisting,
climbing, diving,
then cleaving through.
The spray!
Sun, then clouds,
and sun again
on top unnoticed.
Watch the water!
Mountains of it
crashing on the bow
then rolling back astern
reluctantly.
Look! The next—
it's bigger yet.
We pound then tremble,
quiver, poised—
and smooth gray steel
cuts the wave in two
again and again;
but never the same.
Is it rhythmic?
Listen!
Every seventh a big one?
Five. . . Six. . .
No, it missed us.
Then three strong ones
all together—
No meter,
No rhythm,
Still we plow on.
I, being human,
sit below
writing: no meter, no rhythm.
Is it poetry?

—Felix U. Moitoret
Ensign, U.S.N.R.

X-PN 4827 H239

THE CEMETERY RABBIT

Fourth Hop Cambridge, Mass. December, 1945

Mr. Says:

That bilious bully named Burton,
Whose verse is very divertin',
Takes cracks at my wife
And endangers his life,
For with curtains he's flirtin', that's certain!

Now the people who slander our Alf
They should all be ashamed of themsalf;
Don't mind his mad capers,
Just take all his papers
And put Alf next to Ralph on your shalf.

The wooly-haired freak known as Wesson
We now can consider a blessin'—
In the Army he ceased
Imitating a beast
While confessin'. the lesson distressin'.

On most mimeoed papers we choke
Along with all sensible folk;
To puzzle and squint
At their dim, messy print
Is no joke. We invoke them to croak!

X-FN 1921

CAVALIER

X-P/X 4027 #241

What Amateur Journalism Needs

I was a teen ager once. Aside from printing, which extended over a longer period, I published a paper (*Pen & Scissors*) for five years. Although a member of the NAPA, politics did not make much impression on me. I dutifully reviewed the efforts of others that came my way, but in turn was criticized for devoting too little space to "amateur journalism," that is, I suppose, amateur journalistic politics and chit-chat. The greater part of my editorial content was stories or articles by my youthful friends, plus my own ideas on various subjects, and sometimes a little school news.

To slightly change an old saying, the "professional" amateur journalists have always existed, not by taking in each other's washing, but by looking at their neighbors' clotheslines and reporting what they see there, with other comment of a folksy nature. Like a daily comic strip or radio serial, you must follow the cast of characters regularly to get anything out of it, I enjoy this chatter because I have read it for years, and the dramatis personae doesn't change too fast. No matter what else it may be, it is largely a chronicle of the doings and thoughts of a little group of people who are interested in amateur journalism, with much more of the personal element in it than journalism.

In the beginning, any paper good or bad was considered a specimen of amateur journalism if the publisher got it out for fun, or rather without a predominant profit motive.

X-PN 4827

#202

The Calico Cat · a co-operative paper Part 3 of Vol. 1 also April 1945

Half A Century Of Constitutions

It is fifty years since my first a. j. meeting but it seems clear a constitution was adopted or amended. Aside from the dinner and election, this is still the principal brsiness. I have a bus token that says that a month afterwards no one would score a hundred percent in an examinatiou on the coustitution they voted on. Another says, "Who cares?"

An article about a. j. said, in effect, that one of the organizations came out of hibernation to have an annual dinner. The old timers were peeved but, getting down to brass tacks, what else could they do? Some issue publications; the organization issues an official organ; but otherwise it meets and eats and elects. It seems to be the only one that gets along without amending its constitution.

Based on long experieece as a member and officer of several organizations, my opinion is that members know very little about the organization's constitution and care less. Here and there will be found workers who carry on. N. A. P. A. history shows the same members taking part in its affairs year after year. In any organization new names appear and disappear, but the responsibilities are carried on by the older members.

We join for what we expect to receive, not for what we expect to do or give. It should be easy to join. A member should be a member, not a half or quarter member. It is hard to hold members; there is no sense in setting up

X-PN 4827

#243

The Calico Cat

a co-operative paper issued for the N. A. P. A.

Part 1 of Volume 1 April 1946

Adams Thinks That -

Finally we quit worrying about it. For hundreds of years we heard and read pessimistic comment on the State of A. J. and agreed with all of it—that the N. A. P. A. had left its best days behind it and forgot where it left them. We agree with the comment of Tim Thrift in *Aonian* that there are times when the "Bundle" is no credit to the N. A. P. A. But we have reached that stage of life when we

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

The Calculat X

X-PW 4827

WORLD UNION

BY.....WILLIAM H. GROVEMAN

IN spite of the fact that some call the idea of a WORLD UNION impractical it still appears to me as the logical termination of human political activity UNTIL MAN CONQUERS SPACE.

SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME THE HUMAN RACE HAS COME

CON'T ON PAGE SEVEN

X-PN 4827

#245

The

CYPRIOTE

3

A POETS' MONTHLY

25 CENTS A COPY

(This Issue Free To N. A. P. A.)

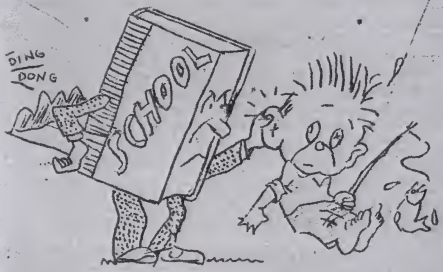
X-PN 9824

9246

CRESCENT

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
OCT 4 1945

Vol. 1 SEPT. 1945 No. 4



X-PN 4827

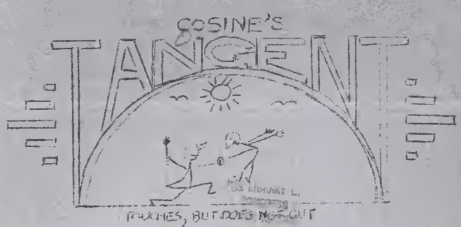
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

COSMIC TALES

VOL. 2. NO. 2

ILLUSTRATING A SCENE FROM MILES J. BROSS' STORY STARS. ILL. GIUNTA

G-PW 4827



OCT 4 1945

Number 1 July 1945

This issue, begun on the third anniversary of my membership in N A P A, is dedicated to Matilda S. Haywood, who is responsible for my joining. Tillie and I belong to a mutual admiration society. I was Matilda's eighth grade teacher, and she gives me the credit for helping her find the enjoyment of writing. She has repaid me a thousand times, for it was she who first invited me to Blue Pencil Club, and to the New York NAPA Convention. COSINE'S TANGENT is proud to touch her circle.

#247

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY _____ GIFT

X-PN 4827

Bill Scheurich's

CORNHUSKER

Volume 1 _____ Number 2

JULY

Member of the AAPA

Hello Ajayers! This is the second issue of the Cornhusker. It is a little better (I hope) than the last one. I hope to appear more often now. My next issue will be larger.

I am rather new in agay, although I have always been interested in journalism. I would have joined long before I did if I had known there was such a thing as a press association. What we need is publicity. Of course, you members with limited editions would not care for new members, but then when you have your type all set, a few more copies would not make any difference.

The last bundle seemed to be ina slump. There were just a few papers and they were small. What has happened to some of these new papers: The Franklin, The Grapevine, etc., let's see more of these.

What do our non-active members do? I thought the purpose of this organization was to help printers, writers, and publishers and editors.

'The Reminder' may be disliked, but I wish everyone could be as active as that publication.

Criticisms, good and bad, will be welcomed by ye editor, as he wishes to improve his journal.

Are there any members in or near Nebraska interested in starting a chapter? If there are, would they please get in touch with ye editor at Imperial.

I know an optimist. He wouldn't send in his soap wrapper because he couldn't decide what color of car he wanted when and if he won.

CORNHUSKER ADDRESS: Bill Scheurich Imperial, Nebraska

X-PN 4827 #250 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

The Cornhusker

Summer

Whip

EY RICHARD DUNLOP

Do you see that boy over there? He reminds me of a kid I knew a couple years ago when I was about that size. I can't remember his real name, but we called him Whip. He was small and slender, and many of us could have beaten him easily; but none of us wanted to. He had a winning way about him, I suppose. When he was happy we were too. Whatever he was feeling spread among us like the measles. We all liked him a lot.

He proud and jealous of our superior strength. Rather than let us think him weak, he would take a dare to do anything. It was pretty painful work for him sometimes. Jim Forbes once challenged him to swim across the river. Whip did, drowned in doing it. For three years he miraculously jumped over fences, climbed trees, and leaped from varying heights.

One day we walked over toward Leonard Street to fly some kites. Whip got his above all the rest, and he was exalant. He grinned and decided ours. Mine had a heavy

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

X-P-L-4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JAN 26 1945

Cornhusker

Volume VI January Number 1

LILY OF THE ALLEY

After a mean session of hop-scotch on the front walk, I decided to get ready for my blind date that night. Jack got me the date with the dish--he said that she was a *lulu*.

So I put on my boy-scout uniform, you see, I wanted to make a hit; and I waited for Jack to pick me up.

We pulled up in front of her shack and she hobbled out. I wondered what Jack meant when he said she was a *lulu*. She had buck false teeth and a breath that would put a disposal plant to shame. She had so many chins that when she takes her teeth out at night, she has to put a bookmark in her mouth so she'll know in the morning which layer to slide them between again. Yes indeed, she was a *lulu*.

We started to talk. She asked me to tell her about myself, so I started with: "I'm quite an athlete--" Before I could finish, she piped in with: "What were you, a big jerk on the the tug-of-war team?" I just smiled and said,

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

OCT 4 1945

H252

Conapan Expires After Illness

The Conapan

Born Jan. 1942 · Died July 1945

After a long, lingering, painful twelve-month illness *The Conapan* passed away, mourned by countless amateurs the world over. Dr. Helm Spink ushered it into this vale of tears, lovingly supervised its diet of ink, paper and sauce, and was keeping vigil at the deathbed when the final gasp of life flickered out. Funeral services were held at its home in "Brodie's Print Shop" and interment will be in all the present libraries and collections of amateur journals.

The Conapan was the finest club paper in the past thirty years or perhaps ever. Twelve issues were published, with a total of 161 printed pages, plus twelve covers. Each of the issues had good stuff in it by club members, though the item I liked best was the opening one in No. Four, "The Enchanted Pants," by Burton Crane. Next best—to me—was No. Seven with its sketches of Cleveland members.

Why did such a fine paper as *The Conapan* expire? I won't ask Clevelanders. I know it takes a lot of combined effort to keep turning out a high-class paper. Loss or illness of Helen Adam, Jack Diamond, Eleanor Nelson, and a few others didn't help. It probably became too much work for a few. But rest assured, Spink & Co., *The Conapan* will not be soon forgotten! Mine is ready to be bound.

X-PN 4827

#253

THE CONAPAN

JULY 1945

X-PN 4827 A754

"THE OSPRO"

VOLUME 3 MARCH-APRIL, 1946 NUMBER 2

DENNIS FITZPATRICK IN POETRY AND PROSE

By IRVIN H. CADY

The fog crept in from the Huron deep,
And with the dawn I watched it creep
Across Alpena that lay asleep
On Thunder Bay.

Around my heart it crept so near—
I saw old ships along the pier,
And river scenes of another year
Long passed away.

I saw one scene that made me sad;
It was a boat in which a lad
Was rowing fast as if he were mad
Across the bay.

The sun came out and skies were
cleared,
But this one scene to me was weird;
The boy and boat just disappeared
Into the bay.

An old pine tree stands by the shore
To mark a grave in Alpena lore
Of D. Fitzpatrick who years before
Drowned in the bay.

The vision I saw some folk declare:
Portrays that lad now buried there,
Who in sixty-six died in despair
Out on the bay.

It was a cold and hazy morning. When the sun appeared over the horizon it could barely be seen through the heavy fog. Later in the morning the sky turned from a leaden gray to a clear blue. The air was calm and all this signified a warm day.

It was only a few years ago in June that I witnessed this particular morning. I had waited for it for some time as I wanted to take some pictures of the sun at sunrise when there was a heavy mist to obscure its brilliance.

I walked down the Thunder Bay river early that morning to the bay overlooking the harbor and lighthouse. The lighthouse was barely visible through the fog. I remember, too, a fog horn blowing at intervals somewhere along the bay. As the cold mist wrapped around me I suddenly felt unaccountably dreary. Then I realized in a curious way the beginning of that day reminded me of another day as described in a bit of Alpena folklore.

It was in the fall of 1866 when Dennis Fitzpatrick set out in a boat to the fisheries at North Point. He ven-

(Continued on Next Page)

X-PN 4827

#155

The Commercial Amateur Journalist

(Official Organ of the Commercial-Amateur Press Association)

Volume I — March, 1946 — Number 1

PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE

We are a very young organization. Before us is all time. It is our job to conquer our future in that void. That is the challenge that I give you, the first members of the Commercial-Amateur Press Association.

There are many things about our organization that are novel. We must prove to the other AJ associations and ourselves that these are right. Our Constitution is novel, our offices are novel, our Board of Directors is novel, our Directive Orders are novel, our fiscal year is novel. We MUST prove that all these are right.

I firmly believe that fifty cent dues will work. There must be contributions to the Mailing and Official Organ funds but these are usually easy to obtain. After the clubs are organized they will be able to loan or donate funds.

Let's organize the Commercial Printing Club, Commercial Publishing Club, and Commercial Writers Club right away. Membership is only 50¢ per year to C-APA members and membership should be worth 100 times that. Send your 50¢ to the Secretary for now. I will be glad to furnish more information.

Accept the challenge members. Get out and build our association up to one of the finest. Recruit!

Your President,

LARRY NOTMAN

X-PN 4827

#256

Corption

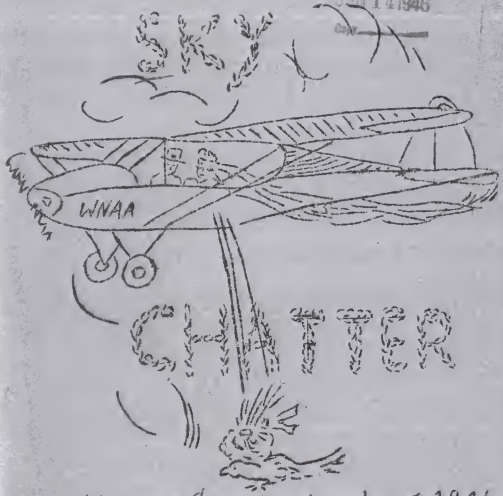
1946

SPRING

AERONAUTICS
X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 14 1946



CHATTER

KANSAS CITY UNIT JUNE 1946

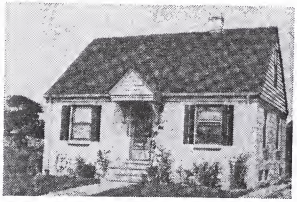
X-PN 4621

#258

Let not your life be MT but Cheer it with Music and Travel

The Cheerio

There is no virtue in being Miserable!



Published by

EDGAR C. THOMPSON, Alpena, Michigan, U. S. A.

and "Lougar" Three Oaks, Hastings, England, in the interest of Music and Travel, Amateur Journalism and other hobbies, including St. George's Excursions.

X-PN 4827

Let not your life be MT but Cheer it with Music and Travel

The Cheerio

There is no virtue in being Miserable!

Vo. 3 JANUARY, FEBRUARY, 1946 No. 1

Published by

EDGAR C. THOMPSON, Alpena, Michigan, U. S. A.

and "Lougar" Three Oaks, Hastings, England, in the interest of Music & Travel, Amateur Journalism and other hobbies, including St. George's Excursions.

X-PN 4827

A260

THE
CEMETERY RABBIT

Fifth Hop Cambridge, Mass. January, 1946

SURPLUS

Oh, take away this one day, if you will . . . .
With its maple leaves that blow like scarlet rain
Across the street . . . . the warmly amber stain
Of sun on the green velvet of our hill . . . .
The children's voices, young and sweetly shrill
From a park nearby . . . . the joy that we attain
Through simple things . . . . sunflowers by a lane . . . .
Pines, and a small lake lying blue and still.
Yes, take away this perfect Autumn day . . . .
There will be sparkling Winter days, and gay
Bright emerald days of Summer and of Spring.
Such cherished treasure as this day may be,
It is but one small jewel on the string
Of priceless days my love has brought to me.

❖ ❖ ❖

FLOORWALKER'S LAMENT

At 4 A. M. the whole wide world
'Is snoozing peacefully
Except for owls and prowling cats
And Carolyn (and me)!

— Rowena Autry Moitoret

X-PN 4827

H261

THE
CEMETERY RABBIT

Sixth Hop Cambridge, Mass. Mid-Jan., 1946

MYSTIC VOICES

Little noises of the night,
the measured spill of water,
the blunt monotony of an antique clock,
the quiver of a chair in silent breath,
stifled laughter bold in the street,
and a whispered farewell,
the casual hum of passing cars,
lonely steps that come and bleakly die,
and winds that tease the summer calm;
These are mystic voices
hovering in a half-lit room
where one still wakes and dreams,
musing of forgotten fancies,
pondering the mystery of his being.

—Lieut. Randolph W. McCandlish, USNR

◆ ◆ ◆

Meet Our New Recruit

Lieutenant Randolph Walke McCandlish, jr., United States Naval Reserve, is his full and official handle, which is admittedly quite a mouthful—but we've been calling him just plain "Mac" now for almost a year, and he's always answered to it. Mac hails from the Windy City, is a dark

X-PA 4827 3782

THE CEMETERY RABBIT

Ninth Hop Cambridge, Mass. June 1946

Mrs. Says:

"I'm not going to criticize your papers," said Mike White with a twinkle in his eye, "but if I did, I'd call them 'Moitoret House Organs'!"

"You mean we talk too much about ourselves," I answered ruefully. "Well, the next paper we do is going to have comments in it—lots of them!"

Now I shrink at setting myself up as a critic, because it is too hard to be honest without bruising egoes. Yet each of us is entitled to his own opinions—and these are mine.

I want to say more about Mike White. Vic, Carolyn, and I had been for a walk and a drive that Easter Sunday. When we found ourselves near Woburn we wandered up and down streets until we located 57 Bow Street, a little white house with a garden behind, and Mike working in his old clothes. He surprised and flattered me immensely by quoting lines from some of my poems. Then he showed us his home. The lower floor is almost all one room—Mike knocked out most of the dividing walls—and a large bust of Byron looks down cooly over it all. Out in his garage print shop is another bust. Mike says, "I don't care much for Longfellow, but I got a good bargain on this bust, and I thought it would decorate the garage." Upstairs in Mike's den hangs a picture of Byron done by Mabel Forrer—quite excellently done if I know anything about art. Woburn is only half an hour away—we must go again.

About this teen-age organization—to begin with it may have seemed like a good thing to most of us. I believe in giving help and encouragement to our younger members.

X-PN 4827 #263

March, 1946
Number 3

CAMPANE

Peace: A Reality?

By STANLEY WEINTRAUB

Out of the chaos of the greatest conflict in the history of man has been forged an instrument of peace: The United Nations Organization, dedicated to "save succeeding generations from the scourge of war," and "to establish conditions under which justice and respect for international law can be maintained."

The U. N. O. is the foundation of a great hope, the fervent hope of all freedom loving people, that this time the world organization will succeed in its threefold task, first, "to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights;" second, "to promote social progress and better standards of living;" and third, "to practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors."

Provided that it would not be a travesty upon justice by being a shield of special privilege for the strong against weak nations, the U.N.O. can succeed in its present form, but a huge step forward would be the renunciation by the "Big Five" of some of the extreme powers they now hold.

The great powers of the world rely primarily on their military might, the armies, fleets and air forces that crushed

X-PN 4827 #264

August 1946—Number 5

CAMPANE

Assemblage 71

By HAROLD SEGAL

Anyone with any degree of interest in the National Amateur Press Association should by all means attend a convention. If there is any doubt as to sustaining activity, a convention will settle the question. You'll find it a good tonic for lagging interest.

Many years ago, in the early days of the hobby, one editor wrote, "Amateurs exist 51 weeks every year to live one." How true—even in this modern age of the decline of the hand press—those words this day.

If you are one of the unfortunates who missed the Newark convention, please bend over and allow yourself to be kicked. Perhaps it is merely because our sights have been gunned on this meeting for four years, but we honestly believe this 71st gathering was the greatest in our recent history. Others may have been more exciting, may have had rough and tumble elections to delight the politicians' hearts, may have had red-hot discussions as to organization policy; this, oddly enough, was quiet. There were no political factions at each other's throats and if, in one instance, Alf Babcock's belated official editorship ambitions had any import they were not seriously taken.

X-PN 4827 #215

May, 1946 — Number 4

CAMPANE

Obsessions, Etc.

By HAROLD SEGAL

Ruth Babcock in Weaker Moments approves of the amateur press as long as it remains a hobby and not an obsession. It had never struck us in quite that manner, altho admittedly it has often been given prime consideration over many worldly matters. Settling down to a post-war routine of stretching your dollars to meet an inflationary period, one can hardly be obsessed with any hobby — and still be on good terms with the landlord and grocer.

It is not necessary to go into all the components of the amateur press that forever will be its chief attractions, that bind all its year-in and year-out enthusiasts. You know them as well as we, altho often we are incapable of setting them on paper. We wade in, often get entangled with some other publisher as to policy of the NAPA, but we battle it out editorially and usually settle at an amicable compromise. Unfortunately, on occasion, some editors get so wrapped up — obsessed — they cannot tolerate a difference of thought. Events following can often be very disagreeable.

We're not entirely familiar with all the angles of the current Alf Babcock-Weiser slugfest. From what we've seen

X-PN 4827 #266

[illegible] TROLL

CHER

NL 2

MARCH 15, 1946

FOR THE

C-APA !

Published by Larry Notman of Box 205 Lester. Prairie, Minn. for the pleasure it gives him. Stencil cut Feb 2, 1946.

#267

Cretin

CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JAN 28 1947

Copyright 1946 by Virginia K. Emden

Published for Vanguard Amateur Press Association by Virginia K. Emden, 787 Washington Street, New York 14, N. Y. And, as you can see from this issue's expansion, Cretin ! is taking its pills regularly; contributions will even be given a reluctant welcome. I may make a magazine of this some day, when its pulse becomes regular, who knows?

E V E R Y L E T T E R T O O P E N B O D Y

This issue sees several changes, among them being the inclusion of some creative work with which I hope to take advantage of Vanguard's laboratory facilities -- although all I really want is praise; if yuh don't like it, whyncha gwan back where yuh brrrrrrfsssk.

The second major change is that I have at least temporarily revolted against the make-work policy of dummying. I just can't see it. When you have a printing press or even a Varityper, okay, but for my money, uneven right-hand margins are an integral part of type-face style. This is my highty-tighty moral reason. The other reason is that it's just too gawdam much work, particularly in an issue where everything but the poems is the kind of material that I'd just as soon put direct on stencil anyhow. Heinous, isn't it?

One of the choicer items in my rotebook is a little thing that cropped up several months ago: When Is A Futurian? At the Little (or pre-Fourth of July) Convention in Jersey, someone counted the Futurians present -- ten, twenty, thirty, one hundred -- no that couldn't be right, could it? Although it seems to me that Don's zeal these days probably leaves him no time for achieving the state of mind necessary to futurian-ness, his recent activities certainly indicate that he still retains a dynamic concept of the future: the group he is gathering around him seems to be expanding at about the same rate and on the same scale as the universe. At any rate, even though it cost me dear, I got all the satisfaction I wanted from his anguished cries and weird contortions once his toy was taken away from him, and if he thinks he's got it back, I wouldn't disillusion him for the world. It is my firm belief that Donald needs his illusions.

Since we took over the moribund FSNY as a gag, I expect none of us grudges the antics of the zombie which tags around to conventions with Ghod. But I would like to make note here of an apposite and eldritch item in Time, which reported in its May 13 issue that perennial Latin Quarter candidate for president, S. Ferdinand Lop, whose head is described by his followers as "shaped like a flatiron upside down, recalling the glory of the Victory of Samothrace," is running on a program of saving France by the elimination of poverty after 10 p.m., the rebuilding of Paris in the country because it lacks air, the nationalization of brothels; and extremists call for the extension of the Boulevard St. Michel to the sea, with a comfort station every fifty yards. Now, since one group which calls itself Futurian is working so frantically in the names of Unca Don and Unca Joe that it must surely have lost sight of true, good and beautiful futurian-ness, and since another group which took over the title of Futurian has completely lost interest after the coupd'etat which was its purpose for existing (as we discovered after all the fuss and furore died down and we realized that the FSNY really was moribund, although our intentions were on the idealistic side on that historic night) -- I submit that the state of mind has fled these shores and settled in Paris, and Ferdinand Lop, Le Maitre of Le Front Lopulaire, is now the only real leader of those with the oblique slant. A bas les futurians americains, vive le front lopulaire.

It is a joy to report that the latest word from our lawyer is that the Wollheim suit was not only thrown out of court -- but a judgment of $12 was handed down against him. After this, I don't think I will ever feel

X-PN 4827

H268

NO. 10

Crescent

SEPT. 1946

X-PN 1027

Now that I got Crescent ready for the press, I may as well fill up the front page.

The headline above was made freehand by me and the material inside is typed by me, and it was printed by me, but it was distributated by the mailer.

After I typed out all of the articles, there were some empty (vacant) places so I filled them up with drawings, so don't mind if you happen to see a drawing appear in the middle of one of the articles.(Thank Grace for the articles.)

Gosh, I didn't know typing eight pages took so long. But, if ya gotta print a paper, ya just gotta.

Hope I can get Crescent done before supper.

Sorry I couldn't get to the convention last July. Everyone was busy and I had to work, no means of transportation, and besides -- we had company. I wish I could have made it, but I was tied down.

This is about all I'm going to write so you may now turn the page and discover what I had tucked away.

. . . F r o m t h e E d i t o r . . .

PN 4827

Crescent

A Quarterly Publication

No. 2 March 1946

H270

CARRIER'S CORN

VOL. I NO. 1

MAY 1947

X-PN 4827

X-PA 4027
#271

CHECKERBOARD

NO. 1 LOS ANGELES, CALIF. JUNE, 1947

OF ALL of the attributes with which man is blessed, to me one of the most important is imagination.

Certainly a person who has less than his rightful share of this wonderful quality is to be pitied. Someone has said that God gives us memory so that we may have roses in December. Likewise, he gives us imagination, so that the dullness of things as we often find them will not overpower us. We can look at them with a different point of view, and in our mind's eye, at least, can find them vastly different and improved. What sort of state would our world be in if we were denied the power of imagination which has brought to us wonderful things in the field of the arts—literature, music, and painting? And what about the more practical things which we all take for granted—such as electricity, the radio, steam engines, and similar things? All of these things were first conceived in the mind of someone—in the imagination of someone.

With this introduction, I am going to come to a matter close at hand in the affairs of our Association. This is the question of raising the dues of the Association from $2.00 per year to $3.00, and increasing the amount of money made available to the editor of the official organ, THE NATIONAL AMATEUR, from $75.00 to $150.00. Amendments to the constitution have been proposed to effect these changes, and were published in the March NATIONAL AMATEUR. I commented on them to some length in an article in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN for April.

#172

THE
CEMETERY RABBIT

Tenth Hop | Oakland, Calif. | April 1947

Mrs. Says:

"I'm worried about the press—sitting out there in the garage while you are gone to sea for a month," I said ruefully, eyeing the substantial-looking conglomeration of cast iron that had come across the country from Cambridge, Mass., and had been temporarily put into the garage since the movers who brought it didn't have the proper equipment to get it into the basement for us. "I'm afraid the garage roof may leak if it rains and rust it, or some of the more mischief-minded of the younger generation around here will come into the garage while I'm gone some day and try to play with it."

"Well, at least no one's going to steal it," said Vic. "It would take a couple of Supermen to carry it away from there."

"But I *do* wish we had it safely in the basement, anyhow."

"I wonder if we could take it apart and carry it in one piece at a time?" Vic remarked, looking doubtful.

"We could try."

So the very night before Vic left we went to work on it. He started to work with a couple of wrenches and a hammer, and I came running out with freshly-baked toll-house cookies to give him extra energy. Then when he began to get down into the complicated "innards" of the press,

#273 X-PN 4827

CREDENTIAL

FIRST AND ONLY JUNE, 1947

COLOPHON. Defined, Standard 1930, as "An inscription or device, often ornamental, at the beginning or end of books." An illustration shows a colophon used in 1481. In amateur journalism it is a brief item telling who did it and how it was done including the kind of paper on which it was printed. But a colophon does not tell why it was done.

In place of a colophon, I will tell why this *Credential* is inflicted on members of the National Amateur Press Association and some of my friends if I ever find the time to address and mail them. About fifty years ago, I was a member of the N.A.P.A. Truman Spencer looked it up in *The N.A.* when I became a member of The Fossils, Inc. My N.A.P.A. membership came about primarily because Charlie Burger was running a campaign and as I was a member of one of the New York City amateur press clubs there was no question as to my eligibility. If any A. J. ever published anything of mine except possibly the report of a meeting, I don't remember it. However, when I became a member the second time Willametta Turnepseed printed a credential for me. And then came the surprise package. I actually received amateur papers, not one or two once in a while but a BUNDLE.

Everything seemed lovely but an election was approaching and I learned that while I was a member of the N.A.P.A. I was in a class that could not vote so I sent another dollar and had another credential published. It was either this credential or a short item about the same time that Burton Crane reviewed so admirably. He said in effect that it read as if the printer had left out every other word.

Everything is lovely again—more so. I am in the voting class, I can take part in making N.A.P.A. history. Word comes that ALF is willing; also SESTA. I face a $64.00 question—not $64.00. Before solving it, I learn that a credential is required. So I rush off some copy to ALF and promise some to WILLAMETTA and then, just to be sure, I Watermaned this and airmailed it to Russell L. Paxton

X-PN 4827

#274

5 Copy 5 6 54

The Great Lakes

COASTLINER

Vol. 1 MARCH 1947 No. 2

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE. . .

Although the bad weather kept several away who wanted to attend, we had a swell time at our luncheon and meeting Sunday, February 2. The Chicago group was meeting the same day, so we sent them a telegram wishing them the best of luck. Sunday evening, Sesta received a telephone call from Bill Groveman, at which the first plans for our meeting in Grand Rapids were made. We spent much of the time discussing the convention of the NAPA this July. We have discussed many things including spending an evening just across the river in Windsor, Canada, visiting Ford's Greenfield Village and a boat ride on the Detroit River, besides the usual sight-seeing trips. Plan now to come early to visit your president's print shop at an open house Wednesday, the 2nd of July, and then to stay over all day Sunday. This promises to be a bang-up convention, so don't miss it.

Also, all members in the Great Lakes area are reminded to come to our meeting at Grand Rapids April 27. The Chicago group plans to be out in full force, so let's make it a well-attended meeting all the way around.

Wishing you the best of everything, I remain,

Your President,

WILLIAM K. SMITH

X-PN 4827

THE

CEMETERY RABBIT

Twelfth Hop Oakland, Calif. December 1947

DISGUISE

Oh prissy Miss New England with the pale and frozen face,
I do not see your cold blue gown or your frosty lace—
I see you as I found you one gusty Autumn day . . .
In your scarlet petticoats, I watched you lean and sway
Into a dance. I saw you leap and twist and turn and whirl,
As lithe and blithe and wild and free as any gypsy girl—
Your body like a birch tree, supple in the wind—
And all the captured sunshine of your hair . . . unpinned . . .
So stroll sedately if you must—I do not care, for I
Can glimpse a scarlet petticoat . . . a sparkle in your eye!

TO MY DAUGHTER: FROM MY MOTHER

What did she leave for you, my little one . . .
My mother, whom you cannot ever see . . . ?
A bit of fine lace, folded carefully,
Yellow with age, like bits of cobwebs spun
Into a pattern? A napkin she'd begun
With neat and tiny stitches? Could it be
A silver tray? Some piece of jewelry
Quaint and old and golden in the sun?
No, she left a heritage of greater worth:
Caressing fingers, soft as angels' wings:
Her gentleness; those lullabies she knew:
Her courage; and the sweetest smile on earth;
Patience, truth, and hope. She gave these things
To me, that I must try to give to you.

ROWENA ALTRY MOTHERT

X-PN 4827 H276

JANUARY 1947—NUMBER 6

CAMPANE

Amending the Constitution

By ROBERT M. DUNLAP

Recently in an amateur publication there was suggested a certain need for modification of the present constitution of the National Amateur Press Association. Proposals were suggested which now are embodied into amendments.

One amendment concerns the activity requirements for voting. It reads as follows:

"Rewrite Article IV as follows:

"'To be entitled to vote or hold office, a member, within the preceding twelve months, shall have: (a) paid his dues, and (b) had published in one or more amateur papers of his own or other members, an article, poem or short story of his own authorship, or shall have issued an amateur paper to the members of the Association.'"

A prominent activity in the association is the publication and circulation of amateur papers in which are published one's own writings or those of other members. Prior to adoption of the present constitution both publishers and writers could vote on the basis of activity in their respective fields. Publishers were deemed to have been active enough to vote by issuing a paper. The present constitution

X-PN 482

JUNE 1947—NUMBER 8

CAMPANE

Optimism Glows in Alf's Camp

By HAROLD SEGAL

The campaign to draft Alfred Babcock for the NAPA presidency has gained impetus. Not only have active members rallied 'round, but the sincerity of the entire movement prompted this acceptance from Alf:

"When a group of printers asked me to accept their nomination for the office of president of the NAPA, I hesitated, for reasons which older members will readily understand, but when other active printers and publishers quickly applauded and pledged their hearty support, I accepted the nomination, realizing that with such support the NAPA could not help but have a successful year."

Alf's supporters have been pledged to a clean and vigorous effort, resulting in a widespread barrage of postal pronouncements emanating from all sections of the country. Added to the original Babcock-for-President committee are names of prominent and active members, riding together on Alf's band-wagon.

We are not making the mistake of underestimating the strength of Sesta Matheison, Alf's opponent. This is not a personal matter; personalities have no place in this picture.

X-PN 4827

#278

CREDENTIAL

THREE STRIKES : : DECEMBER, 1947

WHY WE ARE. My copies of amateur papers go to the collection of The New-York Historical Society and except *The National Amateur* and *The Fossil* I have no files. The following quotations are in the order in which I came across them in a few copies I still had on hand. If they seem very one-sided, make your own collection. I am only reprinting what I found.

"The value, as far as we are concerned, is in the joy of producing a printed page from whatever letterpress equipment is at hand, and in perusing the work of others so engaged." (Issue ONE of *Tagalong*, Amarillo, Texas.)

"The consoling feature about NAPA is that while every absent friend keeps his sacred niche in our hearts, each convention brings us new and precious friendships." (Rusty in *The Tryout*, August, 1947.)

"My life had a very early brush with Wesley Porter. In fact, it was Wesley who took my Mother to the hospital when I was to make my first appearance. And it was amateur journalism that had brought Wesley into my Mother's realm of friends then, just as it had brought my Mother and Father together, and, history repeating, just as it was to find me my wife some 25 years later." (VAM in *The Victorian*, March, 1946.)

"I missed the Detroit NAPA convention but glory be, I made the United affair at Jersey City. As usual, one gets to meet new people—it is truly amazing how many amateur journalists there actually are. Old friends were there too, in force. Anthony De Marco, Haig Anlian and Charlie Heins, radiant and happy as larks, supervised things with the deft touch of experience. They were the stars of the show." (Robert Telschow in *The Live Wire*, October, 1947.)

"Intelligence is an accumulation of interests and abilities; few intelligent people are satisfied with a single hobby. Yet if they lack time or money to go into many, they find

X-PN 4827

H279

CARRIER'S CORN

NO. 4 OCT-1947

X-PN 4827

Comment

Seattle, Wash. Spring, 1943

The Feminine Heart

There is no toil nor grief nor sorrow's spawn
Can chain to earth a woman's heart at dawn.

She charts her course with wisdom in her eye;
She's earthbound, yet her soul dwells in the sky.

Her faith in cast in flame and solid gold,
It guides her voyage to the Promised fold.

Romance and beauty are inherent still
In chemistry behind a woman's will;

The tenderness that lights the fragile clod
Is but the clever handiwork of God!

—Bessie E. Barnes.

X-PN 4827

COMMENT

Seattle, Wash. March, 1943.

Rondeau

In the hills of Hindoostan,
Where the Ganges river ran,
Lived a dark-eyed maiden there
With a wealth of raven hair
And the motion of a swan.

Ah! Resistance hath no man,
Be he white or red or tan,
To a maid so sweet and rare
In the hills.

But, tho hopeless, still I can
Dream and gaze and try to plan
How to steal that maiden fair
From her lover debonair,
As he leads her with elan
In the hills.

—George Scheftel,
50 E. 9th St., New York City 3, N. Y.

COMMENT
Edited and Published by
Dr. Clyde F. Noel, Box 685, Seattle, Wash.
Member of The Amateur Press.

X-PN

COMMENT

Seattle, Wash. APRIL, 1948.

YOU WILL SUCCEED!

When loneliness makes faint your song
And fate has pinned you to the wall,
Remember this: you must be strong
To hold the lantern high for all.

Let winds of faith assuage your heart,
Whila evening stars lend you their light;
From God, of Whom you are a part,
Regain your courage for the night.

Then wield your pen with eager fire
And weave the words men wait to read,
For in the realms where you aspire
It's certain that you will succeed!

—Bessie E. Barnes.

X-PN 4827

COMMENT

Seattle, Wash. MAY, 1948.

FARM DOG

At everything that's done the whole day through
You bark as though especially for you
Each task is finished or a new begun.
You add your four-pawed lively bit of fun
To gardening, to trimming hedges well,
To cutting wood, to giving rugs a spell
Of beating in the wind. Without your bark
I'd never get my chores done before dark.
You round up pigs; and bring the four cows home
From pasture on the hill. You help the loam
To turn behind the plow. You bark alarm
At strangers. Yes, you fairly run the farm,
A most important beast for all your folly.
What would this farm be like without a collie?

—Helen Maring, Seattle.

Comment

Edited and Published by
Dr. Clyde F. Noel, Box 685, Seattle, Wash.
Member of The Amateur Press.

X-PN 4827

Comment

Seattle, Wash. June, 1948.

A Prayer For Living

Give me the gift of simple grace,
The blessing of a friendly face.

Give me a light and happy heart
To practise every cheerful art.

To smiling lips denying pain,
A voice that sings through hours of rain.

A tongue with words and phrases of
Expressions bright with faith and love.

Let me advance in needed skill,
In wisdom, courage and goodwill.

That my activities may bless
This world grown old in selfishness.

Olivia Freeman,
Box 566, San Diego, Texas

Comment

Edited and Published by
Dr. Clyde F. Noel, Box 685, Seattle, Wash.
Member of The Amateur Press.

X-PN 4827

COMMENT

Seattle, Wash. July, 1948.

On the Mountain Top.

Clouds above us, and clouds below
Fleecy and white, as the drifted snow
Over the summit, cold and gray,
Cloud-shadows, silently flit and play.
Streamers of fog, drift slowly by,
Torn from the mist-curtain of the sky.
Thru the rents in the clouds are seen
Vistas of valley and meadow green,
Distant rivers like silver braid,
Trace winding patterns, thru light and shade.
Grim old hills, like sentinals, raise
Their storm scarred heads, thru violet haze.
Stern mountain tower, steep and high,
Their tops clear outlined, against the sky.
Clusters of Alpine dasies white,
And the cranberry, with its berries bright.
Lighten the barren rocky height.
Grander than anthem of Seraphim
The chant of the winds unceasing hymn,
While the strength and majesty gathered there
Form a living and endless Prayer. —Charlotte Fos.

COMMENT is edited & published by Dr. Clyde F. Noel, Box 685, Seattle, Wash. Member of The Amateur Press. Printed by "Brandt."

X-PN 48

Comment

Seattle. Winter, 1948

The Gates of Capricorn

Oh, Capricorn's gates are narrow and straight
And Saturn, the keeper, stands and waits,
As the pilgrims come up, one by one,
Hoping their weary round is done,
Through the space between the leaden bars,
They catch a glimpse of Aquarius Stars,
And beyond the valley of Pisces, blest,
Quiet and peaceful, a place to rest.
But Saturn demands a Perfect Score,
Before he opens the leaden door,
And few go in; the many then--
Take up their weary round again.

—Charlotte M. Fox

X-PN 4827

#287

THE COASTLINER

Official Organ of the Wolverine Press Club

APRIL 1948 Vol. 2 No. 2

SESTA WINS THE CLUB CONTEST

AWARDED PRIZE OF $5.00; NAME "COASTLINER" CHOSEN

Deciding on a name for the Wolverine Press Club paper occupied a lot of time at the meeting of the club in the Matheison apartment March 20th. Members had quite a selection of names to choose from, and the balloting was not easy. Names submitted included: "The Michigan Digest," "D. P. C. News," "Looargoo," the old name, "The Coastliner," and several others.

After several ballots, the final one resulted in a tie between "The Michigan Digest" and "The Coastliner." To break the tie, the Editorial Director voted "Coastliner" . . . and so it is.

Sesta submitted "The Coastliner" and was awarded the $5.00 prize offered by Bob Carrier, president of the club. She immediately turned it over to the club treasury to help finance this issue of the club paper.

If you do not have a copy of the Detroit Convention program the Editorial Director of this paper will be glad to send one upon request, as long as the supply lasts.

Editor of this Issue . . . . . Clele Matheison
Editorial Director . . . . Norman Quillman

X-PN 4827

#238

THE COASTLINER

Vol. 2 OCTOBER 1948 No. 3

THE FLOOD

The night within my head is filled with stars.
Outside, it rains. The wind cavorts, complains
About the weather, quarrels; and it rains
Inside my heart. The shadows fall in bars
Upon my spirit, shooting stars assail—
Like myriad barbs of lightning—eyes closed tight
Against the darkness, while the Stygian night
Is hammered in, is driven like a nail.

I listen---wind---stars---rain---death---
These fill me overflowing to the hilt
And rush like blood upon torrential skies.
The storm inside is longer than my breath
And silence, like a tidal wave, is split
Upon that weather locked behind my eyes.

Clarence Alva Powell

Guest Editor . . . . . Sesta Matheison
Editorial Director . . . . Norman Quillman

X-PN 4827 #267

CHIRPS

An Amateur Publication

DECEMBER 1948

X-PN 4827

Chief

Seattle. March, 1948

The Ruby-Throated Humming Bird

(A Miniature)

Flashing like a bright-hued gem,
Brightening the lace
Of a honeysuckle vine
In the garden space.

Rapid beating sprite-size wings
Form a steady humming,
Like a plane in miniature
Glinting at its coming.

Artists watch him with complaint
"He has beauty none can paint!"

--Remelda N. Gibson

X-PN 4827 #271

Chief

Seattle, Wash. May, 1948.

Summertime Whims

My family has a common love
For all the out-door things
That help to register delight,
Through nature's murmurings;
So when our hearts are summer-wise
We take a joyous ride,
Along a pine rimmed mountain road,
Where deer and rabbits hide.
We travel up and over slopes
So slow we almost creep—
Each curve upon the road bequeaths
Strange beauties which we keep.
We park the car beside a stream
Where ripples wink and smile
And place a basket on the ground
For dinner gypsy - style.

—Remelda N. Gibson.

CHIEF is Edited and Published by Dr. Clyde F. Noel, Box 685, Seattle 11, Wash. Member of The Amateur Press. Printed by Irwin O. Brandt.

X-PN 4827

#272

Chief

Seattle, Wash. April, 1943.

The Road That Leads To Home.

Down a winding roadway,
Along an old rail fence:
Away ahead, lights burning,
And arms for recompense.

Past the church and schoolhouse,
Among the fields of grain;
Ah, that happy moment -
Coming home again.

The roads of earth are many,
But one remains supreme:
The one that leads the wanderer
Where the home lights gleam.

A mountain trail or highway -
Wherever Man may roam,
Theres no road so romatic
As the one that leads to home.

--Irma A. Gwin, 1206 So. Church St.,
Lodi, California.

X-PN 4827

8273

CHIEF

Seattle, Wash June, 1948.

The Robin's Song

The robin's song may not be sweet
As many another's lay,
But still he sings thru storm and shine
Almost the livelong day;
I hear him carol joyously
When darkness hovers near,
And then he wakes the early dawn
With notes both loud and clear.

A poorer minstrel far am I
But help me, Lord, I pray
To sing above the storms of life
A lilting melody;
Tho others may surpess me far,
Thru life's uncertain span,
Keep my heart tuned to sing Thy praise —
Doing the best I can.

Zula Lloyd Leach,
Kamiah, Idaho.

CHIEF is Edited and published by Dr. Clyde F. Noel, Box 685, Seattle, Wash. Member of The Amateur Press. Printed by Irwin O. Brandt.

X-PN 4827 H294

THE
CEMETERY RABBIT

Thirteenth Hop | Oakland, Calif. | September 1948

CONTRAST

I can't regret the somber, stubborn land
That bound and burned my young strength with its greed;
The times I ran surrounded in the speed
Of April storms, the unforgiving sand
Stinging my lips; nor my brown calloused hand
That gathered flowers from a Jimpson weed
To brighten up a bleak farmhouse; I need
Regret no rough pine floor, no oilclothed table; and
Knowing what is yours and what was mine
I cannot envy your old ivied walls,
Your windless garden where a fountain falls,
Your pale soft roses and your amber wine,
Your crystal gleaming in the candle-glow. . . . .
For there are things that you will never know.

LOVE AFFAIR

I had a feather in my hat,
And ice cream on my pie.
I was smug and satisfied
'Til you came walking by.

Now my desire is throbbing;
My poor soul can't express
How much it burns and wonders
Where did you get that dress?

RAIN IN THE CITY

Little frightened raindrops
With their soft young feet,
Searching for a meadow—
Falling on the street. . . . .

Little frightened raindrops—
Do they miss the friendly sky?
Are they lonely in the city?
Well, so, tonight, am I.

—Rowena Autry Moitoret

X-PN 4827

#295

CASUAL COMMENTS

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN ---------- APRIL - 1948

#296

CASUAL COMMENTS

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN * * * * * * * * * * * * * AUGUST - 1948

Very humbly I come to you in another -- dare I call it Journal? Some of you were very kind with your remarks about my first attempt, and I thank you heartily. It did give me courage to try again -- even though I realize it was not exactly a howling success - except possibly for the dogs. And can you blame them for howling? Eddie said he had never seen any dogs like those - but I guess that Eddie hasn't been around! But I promise to keep them housed during the convention, so don't let them keep you away.

And speaking of the convention - I have begun to mark off the days on my calendar and it sort of scares me when I see them passing so quickly. Did I say SCARES? My, no! It thrills me to think you will be here so soon. George has the Pabst Blue Ribbon all brewed and in the cooler, and everything else has long since been planned. So do remember the date - September 2 - 5, 1948.

X-PN 4827

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I LIKE ME

Some time ago President Daas asked us to write our auto-biographies. I did mine in a full two-page paper which I considered quite remarkable. But Eddie classed it "re-makable" and therefore didn't use it. So here it is, re-made. (by request - thanks, Sid)

I was born too many years ago in the good old State of Maine of pioneer New England stock. I became a nurse just in time to enter service in World War I. After the war I married the best man that Wisconsin had in the A.E.F. (I had to go to France to find him) - and have lived in this fine state most of the time since 1919 - - dabbling in various things during these past twenty-nine years. . . That's all there is - there isn't any more. Except that I finally joined the MAPC and then began fraternization with the finest group of people I have ever known. AND HOW THEY LOVE TO EAT!!!

Touring "ALLURING WISCONSIN" after the convention will make your trip here doubly worth while and will give you much to remember until you come again.

Published by-
Elizabeth Miller
3414 N. 18th Street
Milwaukee 6, Wis.

#277

X-PN 4827

CARRIER'S ☆ CORN

NO. 6 - MARCH 1948 - DETROIT --- MICH.

CARRIER

PERSONALITIES A LA CORN

The 73rd Annual N. A. P. A. Convention at Los Angeles is getting near, and you can bet I'm going to be there even if I have to ride the "rods." For some of you not acquainted with the word, "rods," it means riding the freight train. If you're the adventurous type, it's plenty of fun! I remember the good old days when during my summer vacation from school (Bridgeport, Texas), some of us boys would form a party and take off via the Texas & Pacific Railway to all points West. I always brought my sketch pad and camera to record the rugged scenery. Yes, we were the modern version of "gypsys,' maybe that's why I fell in love with Peggy Lee when she came out with the tune, "Golden Earrings"(Besides she's a very pretty blue-eyed blond). Lana is off my list now.

*
***
*

Received a very nice letter from Enric Madriguera; says he has some very nice poetry and a swell story about his travels in California and the Golden West. I will publish 'em in CORN as soon as he sends the stuff in. Enric also ses that he had a very rugged winter up in Connecticut. Seems he spent most of the time on top of the "tractor plow," plowing his way outa the house until he looked like a broken-down Eskimo! Enric also ses that he keeps receiving N.A.P.A literature from all over the country and is glad that he is making a lot of new friends. He also sent his check for $2.00 for his next year's dues. (Well, that's nice.)

*
***
*

Sorry to hear that Emory Moore has been ill. He is the fellow who has been turning out that excellent publication, CAMEO. I wish the rest of the N.A.P.A. members would be as helpful toward the National as that fine Southern California Amateur Press Club. The constant gripes and bickering that we read from certain Eastern members is really a shame and a disgrace to our great National. I'm in favor of expelling such lousy members from our rolls! (You're right, we second that motion in the fake national amateur issued from Cranford, N. J.)

*
***
*

Our Official Editor, Charles Shattuck, is my choice for the next N. A. P. A. president. He is the man with the "know-how" of amateur journalism, who will continue the excellent work of our present president, Mrs. Sesta T. Matheison. Sesta has been cleaning house right and left, and has put the National back on the map. Her time and money, plus headaches, will show up in due time. The West Coast could give us a good Official Editor in Harold Ellis; -- and

X-PN 4827

#213

Carrier's CORN

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
FEB 5 - 1948
Copy

NO. 5.

JAN. 1948

X-PN 4827

#299

CAMEO

NUMBER THREE ✦ APRIL 1948

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE

X-PN 4827

CAMEO

A HOBBY MAGAZINE

NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

NUMBER FOUR

MAY 1948

X-PN 4827 #34

CAMEO

A HOBBY PUBLICATION

NUMBER FIVE

SEPTEMBER 1948

CAPN 4827
#302

Cameo

December 1948

Number Six

HAPPY • HAPPY • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY CHRISTMAS • CAMEO • HAPPY NEW YEAR • CAMEO • MERRY C

X-PN 4827 1/303

The Current Stammer

Vol 1 May 1948 No. 10

When in September 1945 Earl came home with his eyes full of Barracks Dreams and separation papers in hand I thought: Now! At long last I'm going to separate myself from my wartime job and get back to activity in my clubs. I was no exception when war came along handing out disruptions to plans, ambitions and lives. I'd been living what I sometimes referred to as a bird's life—going south for the winters where I'd write, and dance. I worked in the north in summers to make that possible.

Having been in one place for over two years and so busy I hardly knew myself, naturally I missed my privacy. I'd been bred among gentle folk. I liked my freedom, privacy, and resented intrusion. For many a day I'd been yearning to get down to the assembling of several years' hurried jottings—incomprehensive memoranda certain to brand me an imbecile should my demise be sudden and anyone else out of curiosity try to decipher the mess. I'd even taken a new name, so I'd have to start all over again.

First — we had to create our Dream Home:

We'd had our dreams — of the modest cottage we expected someday to build, where I could have leisure for writing, for hand-painting and isolation from the raucousness of business. Earl had yearned for his drawing board, his huge chest of tools, and a few colonies of bees as a hobby.

So much happened from the time Earl planked a foot on the running-board and hurled himself under the steering wheel with one motion, until we found the Cabin in Biloxi that I will not describe our trip from Akron but right here

X-PN 4827

#304

The Current Stammer

Vol. 1 June, 1948 No. 11

When Earl built his first beehive I hadn't even a remote idea he would get into a rut. On and on the apiarist's urge led him until eight beehives, with green roofs and white sides were completed and placed under the stately live-oak and attracting enough attention from the casual pedestrian to start a better beehive path to the workshop, a companion live-oak, at the east side of our rented cabin.

It was an ideal location. The hives faced south. But no scouts had located these modern "bee-tells" as he called them, and no swarms moved in. This vacancy atmosphere pervaded for a week and now it was April and Earl couldn't wait any longer.

"I'm going to cut a bee tree. Sunday," he announced one evening. It sounded like one delivering an ultimatum so I answered "Very well" and forgot about it. He had been making daily trips to the bee-yard of Mr. Lamie, to check on possible swarms among the five sparse colonies. Mr. Lamie was the father of Mrs. Brown from whom we rented, and failing in health, he had agreed to swap a swarm of his bees for each and every beehive Earl would make for him, Earl to transfer the remaining colony into the modern removable-frame hives after the swarm.

Mr. Lamie's bee "gums" were fashioned out of four boards, boxed and standing on end on a foundation tile. Lack of any management over a period of years had dwindled the colonies. No honey crop had ever been reaped. The poor old man wouldn't give Earl time to eat, so eager was he to talk with someone who had an interest in bees.

"Yo'all bettah hurrah an' git through 'cause they gonnah swahm ri-ight soon now," he urged before Earl had one hive

X-PN 4827

#105

The Current Stammer

Vol. I November 1948 No. 12

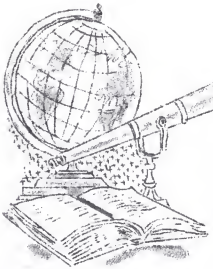
Swarm season came early that spring of 1947. It was April and Saturday. We were painting the outside windows when there came to my ears the unmistakable hum of bees absconding in swarm. The bees were coming from Harper's swamp. This neighbor on the east had a bee tree so his boys had said, and wanted Earl to cut it for him.

"Oh, a swarm!" I said. My words were like a fire alarm and immediately Earl was off the box he'd been standing on and placed his can of paint on the ground so quickly that I thought something I was unware of, had happened. Never the one to hurry, he was off with surprising agility, galloping across the wide expanse of lawn and leaping our fence. Except for scanty play trunks he wore nothing at all, his long tanned legs flashing below the long tanned torso above. (and Saturday Pass traffic always is heavy--) not knowing he was chasing an errant swarm of bees, he must have appeared a half-naked lunatic in a fit of escape.

What manner of man had I married? Did he think he could head off the swarm, or perhaps, beat them to a suitable branch and then designate the spot for them to settle? He had his head thrown back. His eyes were on the piney woods between here and Pop's Fishing Ferry road leading north to Back Bay. Suddenly there came an end to the confusion as both Earl and the bees crossed over Pass Road and entered the woods.

This brought me back to an awareness of duty.

If he's going to spend the day leaping fences it is just as well I keep my head and stick to the job at hand. Someone has to maintain responsibility around here. I didn't



CRESCENT

Number 13 Columbus, Ohio 1948

EDUCATION

SPECIAL FOR THIS ISSUE OF CRESCENT

Civilization has sought unceasingly throughout its time of existance for methods of bettering itself. This accounts for the high standard of living that is prevalent in some sectors of the world today. Mankind, nevertheless, has a long way to go.

Taking one factor of civilization, education, (possibly the greatest in importance) may we examine it and try to diagnose its case.

Education must be praised for the advancement it has made since its instigation. It has passed through numerous stages, some were trying, and others were beneficial to its progress.

The ancient Greeks and Romans (prior to this period also) acquired their education at home. The rich were the only ones who could afford tutors, consequently the intellectual cultivation of the middle and lower classes was ignored. Art, culture, and science had a very good start at this time in spite of this.

Following this period came the dark ages when the progress of everything was slowed down considerably including education.

The renaissance gave birth to the humanists and their educational theories. This also checked educational progress.

After these phases had run their course, England set off the

-over-

Continued from other side - -

whereby country schools would have teachers of the same ability as city school teachers.

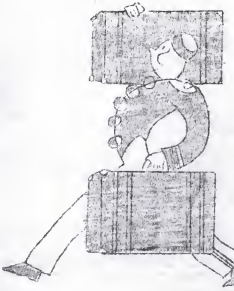
Teachers should try to teach their students to think constructively. The teacher I have had for the last three semesters in history insists on condemning a certain type of government one of the world's great powers have this day. He tells us the bad points of this government as he sees it and discourages any opposition of the class of his views. It is impossible to carry on intelligent discussions. This sort of teaching brains one to listen to others and not to form opinions for one's self.

A perfect educational system could be maintained under a socialized government. The standizing of methods of teaching, courses of study, and of text books, etc, would not be a bit difficult.

(This essay was written by Allan Ross, a school chum of mine. I thought it would be nice to publish one of his essays in this Crescent. He will welcome all comments. Mail your letters to me and I will see that he gets them. Rc.)

#306

X-PN 4827



CRESCENT

#30

NUMBER 12 JANUARY 1948

crescent returns!

X-PN 4827

HUMOR by Dick Coram

It seems as though my history teacher had a certain brand of humor which got the class laughing in tears. He remarked one day that he likes people with a sense of humor. His name is Anthony Dolzel. He is a social studies teacher at East High School in this city, Columbus. When handing out his written test papers, he greets the class with, "Good morning, pupils." Some boys say that this teacher won't pass a student unless that person laughs at the jokes.

A little bit of his daily humor follows:

"Some boys want to sit in the front row of my classes just to stretch their legs far out on the floor. . .

"I had one boy in my class just before lunchtime who was the hungriest of the bunch. He sat way in the corner of the room - so I had to move him to the front corner seat as he could get a head start for lunch. You should see him now running out the room when the bell rings. Sometimes he ends up in the room across the way. . .

"In another of my classes, a boy had long legs. He often would them around the seat in front of him. When the bell rang for the next class, he couldn't untangle them. I was afraid I'd have to amputate but he finally got them loose." CONTINUE ON PAGE

Yes, Crescent returns! After removing the dust from the press, I decided to run off another issue.... or instead of "removing the dust", should I say "purchasing another mimeograph?" This Crescent was printed on a Hilco (model number 4) automatic mimeograph which was bough sometime during this month. This press has its advantages (and disadvantages - but I haven't found any, It feeds the paper in automatically, it has a closed ink drum, a paper adjustment and also counts each printed copy as it goes through the press.

Crescent will appear off-and-on or anytime I can print it. Crescent has not been out for quite a while. (Please note.)

I hope this issue will please those who were displeased with the earlier issues of Crescent.

PRESSES FOR SALE

The editor of this paper has two mimeographs for sale. One is a Speed-o-Print for $20 - and the other is a Autospeed for $5. Both of these presses have been used. Write me for information concerning these presses.

CONT'D. It's humor like this which kept the class in good spirits. (And it's articles like this which are written to fill up space!

X-PN 4827 H308

CREDENTIAL

HOME RUN : : MARCH, 1948

Welcome Stranger. For the benefit of those outside the magic circle of amateur journalism, usually abbreviated, a. j., CREDENTIAL is an amateur journal of which this is the fourth issue. Librarians, historians, collectors and others desiring copies of previous issues should request same promptly.

* * * *

Do I Think? An a. j. editor raised this question regarding an item in CREDENTIAL. I wrote him I had to give so much attention to typewriting, spelling and punctuation I really did nothing else. The implied suggestion seemed a happy one so this issue is being thought out before being pounded out on a typewriter. It is hoped an improvement will be noticed, also that editors and others who have made such kindly comments on previous issues will find a few more adjectives they consider appropriate.

* * * *

We, the People. For generations we have told the world we have better housing, eat more and better food and imply that we are smarter than the rest of the world. We take an American Express Company tour, see some cathedrals and public buildings, eat in a restaurant where the menu is in French, point to an item and the waiter brings us snails. We read what we can of the check and when we come home we rave about being cheated when we are told that one of the items we could not read was the "View from the window".

A business house picks a salesman because he "had" Spanish in high school and sends him to Brazil where Portugese is spoken. A New York concern whose only representative in South America is in Rio answers an inquiry from Santiago and says their representative will call. When you explain that the answer makes as much sense as

X-PN 482 #309

COMMENT

Seattle, Wash. Summer, 1949.

FEAR IS A SHADOW

A shadow stole into my heart one day,
And settled there and lingered for too long.
Though I demanded that it move away,
It clung tenaciously, and was quite strong.
How helpless I felt as it rooted there!
It grew and spread until it filled all space
Within my heart with deep, intense despair...
Then, at long last, I saw Faith's smiling face.
She said that shadow was a fragile dream,
In fact it was an unreality.
Throughout my heart, she cast her golden gleam,
Uprooting it, compelling it to flee.
Fear is a shadow which straightway departs
As Faith's bright smile illuminates our hearts.

—Ina Mae Chalmers.

X-PN 482 #3/c

COMMENT

Seattle, Wash. FALL, 1949.

For The Vagabonds

The tongues of critics brand the hearts untrue
That freely love the rambling western wind;
Because they laugh and travel unchagrinned
At dawn when silver skies are bright and new.
And some would scorn the silent dreamer who
Dares hold uncharted breezes tightly pinned
With pale elysian hands. They claim he sinned
Who walks serenely when the storm is through.

Yet, judges scoffing from their sheltered caves
Shall never know caprices they have missed,
Nor feel the warmth of zephyrs from the South!
They go unhurried to their narrow graves,
Anaemic creatures who have never kissed
The vagabonding wind square on the mouth!

—Bessie Barnes.

X-PN 4827

#311

THE COASTLINER

Vol. 3 JUNE—1949 No. 1

AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT

Attending my first gathering of amateurs in a quarter century the other day, it occurred to me as a dozen of us sat around a conference table in the hotel that every amateur journalist has his own particular focus of interest within the confines of the hobby, and that these interests vary as infinitely as do the individuals who comprise our membership.

That thought brought to mind a bizarre evening I spent with a certain Cleveland amateur during an NAPA convention in that city in the early 1920's.

He was a professor of English. We had become pretty well acquainted the day before when we found a common interest in the weird writings of H. P. Lovecraft and Frank Belknap Long.

The professor was of a likeable, denial disposition without a trace of the morbid about him, yet when our conversation in his library late that evening turned to his special interest—the physiology of death—his eyes glowed as he spoke and he gestured vigorously to illustrate his points.

He brought out a scrapbook bulging with newspaper clippings dealing with cases of strange and unusual deaths, mingled with as gruesome a collection of photographs as I have ever seen; police photos and suicides and homicides, accident "shots" and others apparently made for medical students, showing the various steps in necroscopy.

Developing the theme that there is only one way to get into the proper mood to write weird fiction, the professor took me to the Cuyahoga county morgue just as a clock chimed midnight.

Apparently no stranger to the gloomy structure, he exchanged greetings with the attendant and examined the register. Without fumbling he marched to the proper refrigerated drawer, drew it out, flipping back the sheet and we gazed at the body of a petty gangster.

There was no need to look at the records to see what the cause of death had been; bullet holes in the left cheek and right forehead were stuffed with wads of cotton and a length of surgical gauze held the jaw in place. . . . The professor whipped out a finely-calibrated rule and placed it carefully over one of the bullet holes.

".38 calibre", he muttered.

X-PN 4827 #312

THE COASTLINER

Vol. 3 OCTOBER—1949 No. 2

OUR AUGUST MEETING

The August meeting of the Wolverine Press Club was held at the summer cottage of the Alec Thompsons, on the sandy beach of Lake Erie at Cedar Island, near Kingsville, Ontario. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, those present were Clyde Townsend, Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Powell, Ed Sharbatz, Bob Carrier, Mandas Myers, and Sesta and C. L. Matheison. .

An election of officers was held, at which Clarence Powell was elected president; C. L. Matheison, vice president; Ed Sharbatz, secretary-treasurer, and Norman Quillman continues as editorial director. In the matter of guest editors, Mandas Myers is a hold-over from last year because he was not present at the previous meeting, which was held at Jackson; future guest editors are to be Bob Kunde, Bob Carrier, and Alec Thompson.

After the business meeting, Sesta and Alec went in swimming, then everybody enjoyed an excellent lunch, for which we thank the Thompsons.

This number of the Coastliner has been delayed by several causes beyond the control of yours truly, though it is possible that he might have done his part more promptly. For his own slowness he takes this occasion to offer his regrets, but the delay was caused to some extent by the fact that a week after the meeting at Kingsville the Matheisons and the Powells made another trip to Canada, this time to Georgian Bay, and were made temporarily ill by food poisoning. Further delay resulted from tht fact that the Powells are moving; those who understand the housing conditions in Detroit will need no further comment on that point, while with others,

continued on page four

4313

X-PN 4827

Grass Root Letter

With my son Richard in tow, I recently visited the Public Library to view the gifts of the French Gratitude Train. It was a rare treat and an insight to a life of cultural people.

The gifts are a collection of art, of handicrafts, literature, souvenirs and pottery from the big and little folks of French, from a tiny village to romantic Paris.

Books in the exhibit ranged from philosphy to childrens fiction and among the books for children was one my son easily recognized--the book of Bambi. Other works included French plays, some works of Rousseau and de Vigny, a french dictionary, biographies, histories, fiction and pictorial books of French life and architecture.

The exhibit of lacework, lovely beyond discription, included pillow cases, shawls bonnets, table mats and scarfs.

The display case of dolls was surroundad by eager and enchanted little lasses who "ohed" and "ahed" the gay costumes and the life-like hair and faces. Of course it was easy to note the expert touch from the amateur but the little rag dolls made by the French children delighted me and I could almost see the tiny fingers and the concerned strain of their faces as they worked to ready them for their journey across the sea.

All this was zealously scanned but our time was given mostly to the display case which held the "grass-root" letters. Some of them were written in French but many were translated and on these we feated. Out of the many we read and reread one was copied which seemed to us a handclasp across time and space and a thought that dispels all the ugly rumors that we are a hated country. It was written by an old French woman whose heartbreak was no doubt renewed as she prepared her gift and wrote her letter of gratitude.

" Carry this little gift to America"

I made this piece of work which someone very dear to me had desired. I was happy then and I put into it all my joy, my "know-how", my ardor, to surprise him upon his return. But alas, like too many others I did not have this good fortune. And I no longer have the desire to make these things which were all my life to me at one time so I offer this gift to the Friendship Train, hoping it willFind its place near a kindred soul which also will have known the same anguish which will unite us in the same communion of thoughts.

Little violets of France, be the sweet messenger from an old embroiderer and a widowwho can no longer see well enough to work.

Long live the Friendship Train!

Madame Maraquin
8 Rue des Goncourt
Paris, 11

****

THE AGELESS QUESTION

A tiny tot running in the spring sun and a warm wind playing with the golden virgin hair--a time of youth upon which the adult looks with jealous and nostalgic envy.

Another step and the enchanted music of a child's laughter is turned into a scream of terror as the tiny tot plunges down to a bottomless darkness of a man-made well.

The anguish of a mother as she claws the earth to reach her child--the frantic, imploring cry ofassurance to the exhausted sobbing --- and then the terrible, terrible silence and the eternal waiting hope and the begging prayer of the coveted gift--"Give her back to me-just this once--"

WHY? WHY? WHY? Why the little one? Why not the sinner, the blasphemer, the traitor? Why Katzy Fiscus in the midst of her "auguries of innocence"? Why the plucking of a rose when the prick of evil is the thorn?

Why? Why Jesus, the Son of Man instead of Barabas, the son of Wickedness?

Forgive the bitter protest on our lips--the terror-ridden soul within us--forgive the lack of faith in times of tragedy and the quick belief in times of joy.

Forgive the ageless question-- WHY?

****

X-PN 4827

CHIRPS

DECEMBER

1 9 4 9

#315

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee

Fourth Chat

December 1949

Hello again! Pour yourself an extra cup of coffee and let's start chatting. No time? Still have to get Aunt Emma's Christmas present? Relax! You'll get old and wrinkled before your time, if you don't. And who knows, you might even enjoy this. All set? I'll have another cup, too. Say, these cookies are swell. A little fattening, maybe, but -- oh, well.

To begin with, I'm just bursting with some wonderful news. Our own Gertrude Wartchow has "went and done it". She has broken into the ranks of the professionals with a great big Bang! The Zondervan Publishing Company of Grand Rapids, Mich., has just accepted a collection of 30 verses, religious parodies on Mother Goose rhymes, for One Hundred Dollars! Congratulations, Gertie. It couldn't have happened to a nicer person.

Gladys Fisher? Wanda Waters? Oh, those two keep on selling so fast I can't keep up with them. But when you write as well as they do, it isn't any wonder, is it?

You've enjoyed Margaret Lohr's poetry? Who hasn't? But here is a surprise. Margaret has written a story based on the Ruth and Naomie account in the Bible, and she has brought all the beauty of her poetry into this story. To me Bible characters have been just that, characters. Margaret has made them real people. People with whom you suffer and rejoice.

Genevieve Nickrant, too, came up with a surprise. She wrote a short story that had Larry Lawrence (Editor, The Milwaukee Journal Green Sheet) "all a-flutter". He said that he had to keep on wiping his eye glasses (Huh!) and that his heart did strange things when he read Genevieve's story. With a little polishing it should sell. And that's not just my opinion. Larry Lawrence said it first.

And one of our new members, Bertha Mason, had an article "Jack O'Lantern Was An Irishman" published lately. That Gal "ain't kidding" about writing. She'll go places. Watch and see.

Zeta Lipscomb is another new member. I haven't seen any of her writing as yet, but she's such a charming person we're all glad to welcome her into the U.A.P.A.

Oh, you've heard about that? Poor Eddie! Roaming the wilds of Chicago in search of a literary meeting whose locale had been changed at the last minute. Eddie never quite connected with the frantic special delivery letters Jimmy Dolin kept sending, informing Eddie about the change.

X-PN 4827

#316

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1738 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee

Third Chat

November 1949

How many times of late have you come across the phrase "Mimeographed by George Boehme" or words to that effect? Plenty of times, haven't you? I won't go out on a limb and say that George is the hardest working man in the UAPA (although I think so) but he is certainly doing more than his share of work. Besides being our Mailer, writing and editing his own Mail Pouch, he's got a hand in practically every mimeographed paper in the Bundle. When he isn't cutting stencils he's putting papers through the mimeograph machine. It's getting so that George waves a completed Mail Pouch in our faces before we have even thought of a line for Chatterbox. What a worker!

And speaking of Chatterbox, George is not responsible for last month's poorly mimeographed copy. This editor, all by herself, turned out the bum stencil work George had to use. I'll try to do better this time.

Wasn't last month's Bundle super? I'd have to write reams if I wanted to comment on each paper, but here's a start.

'In One Easy Lesson' by H. V. Heljeson is one of the best written, interesting and informative articles on writing I have ever seen. If you haven't read it at least twice, stop reading my nonsense and get busy. There's a lot of "learning" in that piece for those of us who want to become writers.

The Eternal Feminine by Helen Heins I mentioned in my last issue, but on reading it over I was again impressed with the easy, smooth flowing style.

And did you notice "Expose" by George's ever smiling, patient spouse Ethel? Better read that one over again, too. It's worth a second reading.

'Just Browsing Around' by Laura Stafford is a sample of good things to come, we hope! Liked that quotation about being bored. Not that I ever have time for that luxury, but I find that having something definite to look forward to often helps to chase those "blue moments" back into the shadows. Try it! I have two "looking forward" times each day. The arrival of the mailman is my day. If there isn't something today - there's always tomorrow.

Belle Mooney's well written This May Out deserves special mention, too. Her current article is a fine lesson in good citizenship.

'Soliloquies by Roland E. Haase offers us some United papers of a bygone day. Did any of you boys and girls write for them? I'm hanging my head in shame!

So now The Thin Man (Eddie Daas) comes up with German poetry in The Man Says! It's all right with this Editor, as long as it is of the caliber of Lang', Lang' Ist Es Her! by John F. Moebius. He also enjoyed The Story of Silent Night by the same author, in Soliloquies.

X-PN 4827

#317

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Roitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee

Second Chat

October 1949

Now that I'm back again, I suppose I should follow Margo Millor's example and introduce myself. Sure 'twas no trick at all for Margo to say "I'm five foot five inches tall, slender, blue eyed, brown hair and thirty-five years old." With those specifications why not tell the world about them, Margo? But me! How to describe me? After a deep breath, here goes. I'm five foot one inch (when I stretch a little). Not slender (counting the three pounds I gained in New York). Dark brown eyes and hair that once was brown but is now generously sprinkled with frost. (Especially so when I don't take the time for that steel grey rinse). After the last remark you didn't really expect me to tell my age, did you? O.K. So you're not disappointed. I haven't even got five kids, just two grown sons, one of whom is married. The other, John, you've met in last month's Diary of the Family Left Behind. Like Margo, though, I'm indebted to George Goehne for the small mimeographing job he does for CHATTERBOX.

Orchids to Margo Millor for her Inspiration of last month. We especially liked Scratch Pad at our house. Keep coming with more, Margo.

Orchids also to Helen Heins for The Eternal Feminine. What reporting! Whew! If I could write like that --- Stop dreaming, Irma. And the names they give you in this U.A.P.A. outfit. Enthusiastic Irma, Chatterbox and now Vivacious Irma! That last one, though, I like. Makes me feel so young and frisky.

Speaking of the Heins clan always brings Grace Moss to mind. Even if Grace hadn't put in all that hard work at the Convention, she still would have been outstanding. No orchids to Grace, though. Why carry coal to New Castle? Grace herself is the very personification of a beautiful, slender orchid, and besides that she has a Personality that must be spelled with a capital P. Those of my readers who haven't met Grace Moss, "ain't lived yet."

There were so many charming ladies at our New York Convention that I couldn't begin to tell about all of them, so I'll content myself with the mention of just a few. There was beautiful Mrs. Quigley beaming proudly at her son John. Savilla Slothowever more excited and happy than a kid the night before Christmas. And Florence Lynch, who, though facing a major operation, had a smile for every one.

"Don't forget the men." Says John. Forget the men? Me? The mere idea is appalling! But I won't go into it any further than to say that I loved each and every one of the egotistical creatures. (I'm only kidding, boys.)

Speaking of men, our own George Boehne had better look to his laurels. A certain (May I quote you, Helen Heins?) "devil-may-care Irish Colleen" by the name of Ethel Boehne read a contribution of hers at a Milwaukee meeting recently which showed plenty of talent and an unusual flair.

X-PN 4827

#318

CHATTER BOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee

First Chat
September 1949

"How very appropriate!" The Man Said. I was about to come back with a barbed reply when it dawned on me that maybe he had something there. At any rate, when you get through reading this, you'll probably understand what he means when he calls me "Enthusiastic Irma."

Now you've been warned, and if you are still with us, you travel at your own risk from now on.

Two pages! In two pages I'm to tell all about the wonderful 54th Anniversary Convention of the United Amateur Press Association in New York City. If I can accomplish it, the age of miracles is still with us.

The Milwaukee "gang" consisting of Eddie Daas, George and Ethel Boehme, Lucille Braatz and yours truly, met at the Greyhound bus station on the morning of August 31st all ready to begin the great Adventure. Lucille had a delegation of her family there to see her off. At the time it seemed rather strange, but evidently Lucille's family knows her better than we do. At this writing she's still in New York. Not that I blame her. To quote myself, "That's the way I'd want to live, if I could afford to live."

The sky was overcast when we left Milwaukee, but it wasn't until we were in Indiana that the rain came down by the proverbial bucket fulls. As George put it, (and he said I could quote him) "When it rains in Indiana, it sure rains like Hell." Lucille did not begin to enjoy the trip until we reached, what she called "Scenery", meaning mountain country. Ethel enjoyed everything, even seeing humor in the actions of a drunk who was determined to start a fight with somebody. Eddie was rather pensive at first. He had forgotten to bring his dictionary, and none of us could tell him what box elder looked like. Why box elder? Savilla Slothower had written Eddie that she would wear a spray of it as a mark of identification when Eddie met her at the Pennsylvania Station. But, alas, Fickle Eddie soon forgot all about box elder when a lady boarded our bus. In fact, he forgot about all of us until the lady left him in New York City.

We arrived in New York Thursday evening about eight o'clock, and went directly to the Empire Hotel. Here we were met by Helen and Charley Heins, Grace Moss, and several others. These included our own Elizabeth Miller who had come from the Legion convention at Philadelphia to join us. Right from the beginning the merry-go-round started. Charley Heins rushed us out to dinner, and we got our first inkling of the fact that our money wasn't much good while there was a Charley Heins or a Grace Moss about.

Friday morning we attended the first meeting of the Convention. It was interesting to me in so far as I understood it, but much of the business was over my head, so I'll leave that part for someone who is more qualified to write about it. Besides, that was the morning I met Mr. Engel. After a bit of chit-chat we discovered a mighty interesting fact. We were both born in Hungary. And

A-PN 4827

X-PN 4827

#317

CHIEF

Seattle, Wash. Summer, 1949

None So Blind

How easy to miss the balm of rain
When shadows lurk for awhile;
Faces that mirror defeat and gain
Might brighten life with a smile.

The blue rim of the sunny sky
May hold no joy for the day,
Majestic mountains looming high
Become walls of dullest gray.

Through years the spirit-blindness grows
The vision, though Heaven-born
Missing the beauty of the rose
Because of offending thorn.

—Ida M. Forrest

#330

The CEMETERY RABBIT

Fourteenth Hop Alameda, Calif. March 1949

Vic Visits Arthur Harris In Llandudno

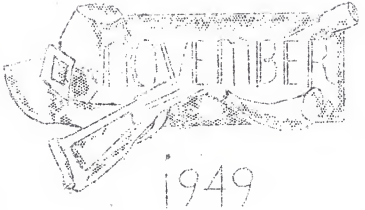
It is not easy to reach "Caynton", Llanrhos Road, Penrhyn Bay, Llandudno, Wales, from Oakland, California, but it was done. Via Sydney, Hong Kong, Tsingtao, Singapore, Trincomalee, Ras Tanura, Gibraltar, and Bergen, it is even farther, and no doubt I may claim the record for having travelled the longest distance to see Arthur Harris and his magnificent collection of amateur papers.

On her globe-girdling cruise, the aircraft carrier VALLEY FORGE called at Portsmouth, England, on May 7, 1948, for a six day stay. Ten years earlier I had first been in Portsmouth and had found Wales too distant to permit a visit. This time I was determined to find a way. The liaison officer assigned to us by the Royal Navy, Lieutenant Lamb from HMS DUKE OF YORK, was most helpful. First he found a time table and copied down all the train times between Portsmouth and Llandudno. I inquired how I might telephone my friend in Wales to see if he were going to be home before starting the long trek northward. Nothing to it, according to the good Lieutenant, and he proved it by picking up the telephone in the Admiral's cabin, asking for "information", and in three minutes telling me the number. (It's Penrhynside 39157, in case any other amateur should ever need it). Then I asked how I might place a call. Nothing to that either—and the Lieutenant picked up our

X-PN 4927

#321

Carolina Comments



1949

X-PN 4827

CANDLEBEAMS

THIRD CANDLE MOUNTAIN ISSUE SEPTEMBER 1949

CONQUEST OF KOMA KULSHAN

Summer time is mountain climbing time in the Pacific northwest. Among the innumerable mountains of Washington state none flings a more persistent challenge than Mt. Baker, known to the Indians as KOMA KULSHAN, the Great White Watcher. This volcanic peak is easily identified with the naked eye from afar, as it gleams white in the sunlight near our Canadian border, some 40 miles east of Bellingham. Many have climbed it; many have tried and failed; and some have never come back. Beneath its smiling welcome, sublime grandeur, and majestic beauty lurks danger. Here is the story of our adventure on this mountain.

Our climbing party consisted of Marion Marts, an experienced Mountaineer as leader, Victor and Dean Bollman, and the writer. On July 8, 1939, we drove to the beginning of the Glacier creek trail two miles south of the town of Glacier, and hiked 8 miles to Kulshan cabin which is located on the western side of Baker at about 5000 elevation.

At 4:20 A.M. July 9th we left the cabin. Our route, as outlined by our leader, was southeast to Colman glacier, east on the glacier to a saddle some three miles away, then northeast to the summit via the Roman Wall. This route is longer than others commonly used to climb Baker, but is easier than most others.

"We rope up here," said Marts, when we reached the edge of Colman glacier.

"This looks safe enough," replied Vic.

"Right here it does, but at any time we may strike a hidden crevasse. We must not take chances. I never lead a party on a glacier without a rope."

ORDER DEPT.
RECOMMENDATIONS
JUN 8 1949
FILE COPY

CANDLEBEAMS

SECOND CANDLE ATOMIC ISSUE MAY 1949

ATOMIC POWER

This is the fourth year of the Atomic Age. Altho first neutron-Uranium chain-reaction occurred in Chicago laboratory ies 10 years ago, the Atomic Age was actually ushered in with Hiroshima. Atomic power was first revealed as a destructive force, unparalleled and almost unbelievable.

Bikini tests and the dropping of two small bombs on the Japanese convinced us that war has become too horrible to contemplate, yet in our insanity we still accept and prepare for it, rather than turn our energies to preservation of peace.

Atom bombs changed the whole strategy of war. In the minds of thinking people nuclear force scrapped huge navies and mass armies overnight. Universal military training became a useless waste that only the misled and the professionals continue to advocate.

To-date the World has looked upon nuclear power solely as a destructive force, but the future holds promise as more and more, under the leadership of David Lilienthal, the Atomic Energy Commission turns to civilizing purposes.

We now have 30 atomic plants operating in 15 states, and the biggest single construction program in United States peace time history. We are producing reactors to breed atomic fuel, to generate electricity for ship and airplane propulsion, and for other peace time pursuits, as well as military weapons. Also a new source of energy has been found in the atomic pile that may allow application of energy without danger of radiation.

Utopian visions for the future open up as unheard of energy and power are discovered and controlled for medical research, nutrition, food production, space exploration, and other peace time pursuits. Government control is assured as we get our first dim view of the glories of the Atomic Age.

X-PN 4827

#324

CAMEO

Number Eight
June 1949

California Gold Rush
Centennial Edition

X-PN 4827

#325

CAMEO

NUMBER NINE OCTOBER 1949

X-PN 4827

#326

CAMEO

NUMBER SEVEN
MARCH • 1949

A Hobby Magazine

X-PN 4027 #327

THE Coastliner

VOLUME 4 MARCH 1950 NUMBER 2

EASTER GREETINGS!

X-PN 4827

"CHIPS"

How to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May

VOL. 5 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY, 1950 No. 2

GUNS of GARIBALDI

By GLEN I. DE HAVEN

"Come here, Neely!"

The little man at the big desk scowled as the door opened and closed softly on a slight-figured man, in large dark-rimmed glasses. Drumming his fingers nervously on the bright polished wood, Cady let his eyes rove about the curiously decorated walls. On these hung weapons of an older day, firearms of every age and land. Long-bareled flintlocks of the early American period, strangely shaped Oriental pieces inlaid with gold and silver, the bell-mouthed blunderbus of Old England, all were there. Pistols and short guns of many kinds covered one side of the room with circles of gleaming metal.

The young man cleared his throat inquiringly.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Cady."

"Neely, I'm in a jam. You know, my ulcers are worse. The doctor won't let me get out of town for a while. Now there's a chance—Ever hear of 'Garibaldi, Neely?"

"The great Liberator of Italy? Certainly, sir! His landing in Sicily with such a small force and winning such amazing victories over superior armies has been compared to Cortez' conquest of Mexico."

"Right. And I have learned that Ed Horton has a pair or early Colts presented to Garibaldi by American citizens before his band of red shirts went overseas. These guns are unique. If I were fit I'd make Horton sell them to me or—I've written him, but he just gives me the laugh. I don't think he has sense enough to appreciate the guns, but just likes to beat me. We're sort of—er—rivals, y'know.

Egbert Neely nodded. He had learned something of collectors and the strange craving for unique pieces that pervaded the group. Rivalry was a mild term to employ where an important deal was concerned.

"Well, what I want it this: You go out to Idaho and try to get them for me. I'll pay anything he asks, but you better keep it dark that you're acting for me. I wouldn't ask you if I could possibly go myself."

"Why—I'll be glad to try for you, Mr. Cady."

"O. K. then, we'll arrange details."

When the young man finally left the room Cady leaned back in his chair and sighed.

"Not the type, I'm afraid. Seems to lack initiative; not aggressive enough to handle Big Ed, but what else can I do?"

Some hours aboard a magic carpet powered by four heavy motors, a bit farther on wheels, and Egbert Neely found himself confronting a tall, burly man of middle age in a small Western hotel.

"Mr. Horton? I've heard you have one of the best gun collections in the country. I'm interested myself in a small way. I'd like to see your stuff. Possibly arrange to buy or exchange something of mine."

Ed Horton's sardonic eye contemplated the big glasses and slender figure.

"Wouldn't be acquainted with old Cady, would you?"

"Er—slightly."

"Well, just now I'm taking a
big game in the Salmon River
you want to come along with
you a time, and we can look o
got when we get back. What

#327

CHATTERBOX

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Tenth Chat

June 1950

X-PN 4827

I am now wearing sackcloth and ashes. For I have SINNED! I have sinned against you, dear readers. My only defense is that I have so far been unaware of my folly. Not until Leo. Louis Martello pointed it out, was I aware that I have been guilty of dispensing "insipid sentiments". Poor, stupid me, I was also unaware that my reporting of the MAPC "doings" were mere "superficial excuses for writing something." I am now seriously considering following the remainder of his admonition "It would be best to write nothing at all than to turn out such trash." There is, however, one small doubt in my mind. Is he speaking for all Amateurs not living in Milwaukee? Here are some opinions expressed by United Amateurs not living in Milwaukee.

"CHATTERBOX is fun, and pretty informative, too." Mary Hand.

"Thanks for CHATTERBOX. That MAPC is really something! Thanks again for bringing the people and 'doings' into my home." L. Stafford.

"I think CHATTERBOX was about the best paper in the United Bundle last month. It is the CHATTERBOX'S balanced diet that makes it so good." Norman Gardner.

"I enjoy every bit if CHATTERBOX. Congratulations! Mary Frame.

"Your paper is like sunshine on a gloomy day. It is to me one of the most interesting papers of all." Rosabel Boyd.

"CHATTERBOX is the Organ of the Bundle, not because you make the most noise, but because your notes are soft and soothing." Rachel Van Creme.

"As usual, your CHATTERBOX was tops in the Bundle." E. Percy Grover.

"CHATTERBOX is informative and not a bit dry. I am not fortunate enough to attend the meetings, therefore CHATTERBOX keeps me on the beam about the goings-on in the U.A.P.A. Ida Zuberbuehler.

See? Nevertheless this does not mean that those of you who agree with Louis Martello must keep on suffering in silence. Let me know what you don't like, and give me any suggestions for improvement that you might have. If you feel that it would be best for me "to write nothing at all", that is O.K., too. It will save me worry, work, time and money, and make you happy. So what have we got to lose? Let me hear from you.

One parting word to you, Leo. Louis Martello. I grant you Free Speech, but freedom like all good things can be abused. Freedom as well as Justice, can be tempered with Mercy. So, please, in the future, be sparing with such words as "trash". The mere fact that we have tried to do our best should spare us from such harsh criticism. And "who the hell cares" notwithstanding, I'll continue to dispense mere Chatter, until asked to quit by a majority vote.

#330

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Seventh Chat

March 1950

Perhaps this is getting to bore some of you, but I can't help raving about all the new additions to our Bundle.

DUET by the Braatz gals features both prose and poetry. I feel sure you all got a few chuckles from the "doings" of Pess and Opt, and whether you are seven or seventy, I bet your heart beat just a bit faster when you read the Valentine poems by Audrey. With the writing gifts so nicely distributed between the two sisters, Lucille and Audrey, we can look forward to enjoying many more DUETS in the near future.

CHIPS by Rachel Van Creme is just what the doctor ordered. A Fat Man's Soliloquy is both truth and poetry. I sympathize with that man! How often have I wanted to say, "To hock with my waistline"? (No remarks from you, Eddie!) And Kitchen Kulture must have brought many a nostalgic tear and sigh from others besides this "oldster". Yes, Rachel, your CHIPS have kindled the fire, now be sure and keep it going with more and more CHIPS.

Co-incidence is sometimes hard to believe, but it does happen. As T. G. Mauritzen himself says, his last CHIPS came out in April 1944. Now six years later comes another CHIPS in the same bundle with that of Rachel Van Creme's CHIPS. I feel sure that no one could, by any stretch of imagination, accuse Rachel of "copying" the name of Mr. Mauritzen's paper. And since the two publications are so very different, both in content and presentation, I see no reason why Rachel shouldn't continue calling her paper CHIPS. Hers is such a homey type of publication, what with Granny and the fire in the kitchen stove - oh, golly, Rachel. You can't let the fire go out now! So, come on with more CHIPS.

The above is not said with any thought of disparaging Mr. Mauritzen's CHIPS. This is definitely a professional job, although the editor says No. But, when he has such people as Walter Pannel, Edith Ericson and Norman Ellison to help, what less can one expect? And Oh, woe is me! Fair Pershing Square is to be turned into a parking lot? Where will I go to meditate the next time I hit L. A.? Pardon me while I shed a tear.

TENNESSEE WHIRLAROUND is another newcomer. Rosabel Boyd is the kind of member we welcome with open arms. Why her Thoughts in Rhyme should have to wait until 2000 A. D. to be published is something I can't see. Such poetry! "Today I put away my dreams;" Did you ever read a poem that was more beautiful than that one? I didn't. And may I make a suggestion? We have a member here in Milwaukee who is quite good on children's stories. She is much too modest to get in touch with you herself, but I feel you two ought to get together. She's Mrs. Zeta Lipscomb, 1643 N. 36th St. Why not drop her a line, Rosabel?

I'm running out of superlatives and still haven't said a word about SHADY ACRE SAMPLER. But what is there to say? We expect nothing but the best from Willametta and she never disappoints us. But if any of you have not read her Remember the Word, you'd better do so now. Here is something that had to be said, and no one could have said it better than Willametta.

K-PN 4827

#331

CHATTERBOX

** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION **

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Eleventh Chat.

July 1950

How can I possibly thank all of you wonderful people for the avalanche of cards and letters that have made my poor mail man slightly round shouldered since the issuance of last month's CHATTERBOX? I never realized so many of you read CHATTERBOX. It certainly gave me a "grand and glorious" feeling when so many of you took time out from your busy lives to write me those wonderful letters of encouragement. I feel proud and humble at the same time; proud that my poor efforts have inspired so much loyalty and humble in the knowledge that if I am to keep that loyalty, I must earn it by trying to do a better job on CHATTERBOX from now on.

I think I owe Leo Louis Martello an apology. I really should not have been so "quick on the trigger." That is one of my major faults. I always act first and think later. (I get into more trouble that way!) I can see now that Leo had a perfect right to say what he did. True, his choice of words left a little to be desired, but perhaps he had had one of those days when everything seems to go wrong (as it so often happens to all of us) and the subject matter of CHATTERBOX (everyone doesn't have to like the stuff!) probably proved to be the last straw in a series of woe-ful events. At any rate, I am sorry I raised all this fuss, and want to forget the whole silly business. Want to shake on that, Leo?

However, being a woman, I have to add a postscript. I received not one single card or letter supporting Leo's views, so CHATTERBOX will continue dispensing Chatter as usual. Thanks again, folks, for rushing to my defense but please don't be angry at Leo. I'm sure he hadn't realized how harsh his criticism sounded until he saw it in print. Let's forget the whole thing and let's all be friends again. O.K.? Thanks!

****

You dear people would have gotten a big laugh if you had seen the expression on my face when I got my first look at last month's completed CHATTERBOX. In my very first sentence I said something about wearing sackcloth and ashes, remember? So what did those two incurable pranksters, Eddie and George, do? They decorated my poor, little, defenseless CHATTERBOX with a Bathing Beauty, with a two piece bathing suit yet! Fine sackcloth and ashes that! I am now holding my breath wondering what the boys have cooked up for this issue. After all, you can go just so far in one direction. And no matter what appears as decoration on this paper, I am stating right here and now, that I have never - do not intend - never will - join a Nudist Colony! (Just ain't got the figger for it) So now go right ahead boys! I have established my alibi.

****

When I became Secretary of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club, Eddie decided that he might as well give Irma a little work along with the honor. So he asked me to write about M.A.P.C. "doings" in CHATTERBOX monthly. But

CHATTERBOX

#332

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee

Sixth Chat

February 1950

If this Chatterbox should hit a new low, please blame it on the "flu" bug. This editor is still a bit groggy, the temperature isn't down to normal, but "The show must go on," so....

First of all I want to thank Willametta for featuring my Trials of a Would-Be Author, and for all those nice things she said about Chatterbox. Modesty makes me admit that I don't deserve them, but Truth makes me admit that I got quite a "Bang" out of all that praise. I have long been an admirer of UNITED LITNEWS and Willametta, and praise from her is doubly appreciated. Thanks again! But, I do want to add this. The rumor the Thin Man is spreading is definitely not true. I do not need a new hat!

Oh, yes, I also enjoy Rime House. Percy's sense of humor is something "out of this world".

Say, did any of you find any little inhibitions lately? I lost some. What's this all about, you ask? Well, I'll tell you. If you want to become a good writer, you must lose your inhibitions. So says my writing instructor. Me, I want! So, I've started shedding my inhibitions. A little inhibition here, a little inhibition there; you'd be surprised how those things come popping out. So far I haven't found out how much its done for my writing (although some of the gals are ribbing me about a certain story of mine --- but we won't go into that.) but I can guarantee you it makes life a lot more interesting. Of course, there's always the chance that you might make a "durned" fool of yourself in the process of losing your inhibitions, but that's life. Or is it?

And I should be ashamed of myself. Huh! What did The Thin Man expect? Did he think I would describe that sumptuous Christmas Party dinner item by item, dish by dish, calorie by calorie, while I'm a-chewing away on my Rye-Krisp? He knows I'd have gained at least five pounds just by describing that dinner. If I didn't like that man so much -- Oops! There goes another inhibition!

Is there no end to this torture? Just when I've decided not to talk about food, I'm reminded about the wonderful meeting and Italian Dinner we had at Wanda Waters home on Jan. 17th. (There! You can't scoop me on that Eddie.) The Haunted House practically burst at the seams what with twenty-two of us cavorting about the place. All right. I'm getting to the food. First there was a delicious salad. (Wonder what kind of dressing? It was Yummy!) Then came the spaghetti with the chopped meat. Wanda and her helpers were kept busy re-filling those huge bowls again and again. And then there was bread. What bread! Plain wheat bread and rye bread with caraway seeds, in yard lengths. And there were cup cakes and coffee, and conversation and laughter.

#333

VOLUME I - NUMBER I

FEBRUARY 1950

CHIPS

RACHEL VAN CREME
EDITOR
WILLIAMSTOWN, W. VA.

WRITTEN FOR THE U.A.P.A. "BUNDLE"

***

#334

CHATTERBOX

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Twelfth Chat.

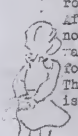
August 1950.

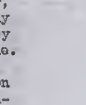
Whew! 'Twasn't always easy folks, but I done it! Little did I dream what I let myself (and you) in for on that fatal day, when I said "I will." 'Twas a beautiful day, the sun was shining, the birds were birding and the sky was blue overhead, when Eddie, fully aware that my head was still spinning from those marvelous New York convention "doings", popped the question. Blissfully unaware of what lay ahead, I whispered, "Yes!"

"It would be nice if you gave your impression of the convention in a two page paper for the September Bundle." "A paper," he said. Pardon me while I snicker.

But, I do want to say in all seriousness, that while it wasn't always easy to find the time for it, I did enjoy giving you CHATTERBOX. So many of you kept telling me that you've enjoyed CHATTERBOX, that I continued coming back, month after month, and I herewith present my twelfth issue. One year of uninterrupted publishing! Say, that makes me feel kinda good! (All right, Eddie. Take a bow! I know I wouldn't have done it without your whip working overtime, but anyhoo --)

Because of certain personal reasons, I'm jumping the gun on this issue. In fact, I am writing it before the July issue is out. However, the boys (Eddie and George Boehme) proud of their handiwork, gleefully gave me a "preview" of the July CHATTERBOX and the Art Work. After they revived me, I threatened to inclose my picture in each and every bundle. After all, a gal can take just so much! So what happens? Those two, now ably aided and abetted by a certain re-inforcement from up Horicon way, and Norbert Marciniak, smiled patronizingly at me, and calmly informed me, that in that case, they would paint mustaches on my pictures! These "gentlemen" (?) have absolutely no respect for my gray hair. Woe is me!





Although I did get around to answering a few letters, I still owe so many, many of you wonderful people letters. Please don't think I don't appreciate hearing from you. What would life be without letters from you? It isn't possible for me to answer your letters right now, but honestly, later this Fall, I expect to take several days off from my other work and write to each and every one of you. Right now I am neck-deep in arranging a Golden Wedding Anniversary Party for my Dad and Mother, to be held on August 5th. As the invitation list is somewhere near 200 and I am the only child, and I expect about a dozen house-guests from California - well, I guess I'll be kinda busy for a while.

Sorry, folks, I can only manage two sides this month. More next time. See you in September in Milwaukee, I hope. So long for now.

APN 4827

#335

CHATTERBOX

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.
November 1950.

Vol. 2
Chat 3.

Have You got those "Better I shoulda stood in bed" blues, too? I'm certainly amazed at the way those blues have been getting around lately. Sure, the world's in a mess and maybe an Atom Bomb will write Finis to your hopes and dreams Tomorrow. So what? You've got To-day! Walking around with a sour face and tired disposition isn't going to change the course of history. So, come on, let's find that big smile you used to wear. See? What did I tell you? The world seems brighter already. Now hold it a minute. Would you like to keep that "all's right with the world" feeling? I know how you can.Just follow this simple prescription. Sure there's a "catch" to it(isn't there always?) but this is a pleasant one. It's only that you have to have the following prescription renewed each month to keep the magic working properly:

Take one pen, pencil or typewriter. Add some post cards or writing paper. Are you still with me? Then get last month's Bundle. Now look for the Mail Pouch and turn to the list of new members. Take a good look at it. "Huh! Just some names and addresses." you say. Now, now! You're a writer, aren't you? O. K. So you've got imagination. Use it! Fine! Now you see that those aren't merely names and addresses but friendly, talented people who have joined our UAPA.
They'd like to say "Howdy" but are just a bit shy as yet, so it's up to us to greet them with a hearty"Hello there! So glad you came. Pull up a chair and let's get better acquainted." What was that hissing sound you just heard? Why that came from The Blues as they made a hasty Exit. When there's friendship and a mutual interest to share who's got time to entertain The Blues? So, maybe the world's still in a mess, but not your world. You've found happiness To-day. Tomorrow? Now isn't it silly to worry about Tomorrow? I never met a single soul who lived tomorrow. Did you?

****

When I ran out of space last month, I was ready to tell you about Thursday evening (Convention week, that is.) This was the evening we took our Delegates over to the Milwaukee Press Club for a Literary Evening. (That's a fancy name for the same kind of meeting we have here atleast once a month.) There were thirty-two of us present. The subject for the month was The Road. There were some excellent things read by Rosabel Boyd, Margaret Lohr, Zeta Lipscomb (who has since been awarded a prize for the story she read that night) and Lorene Keenan . (The judge must have had an awful time deciding between those two excellent stories) All the work read received the same type of criticism we dish out here all the time.And just in passing,I might mention that this was the first and only time, I will try Personification. And I thought my story was "so cute", too. Ah, well, we live and-- Quiet Midie!

#336

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St., Milwaukee

Fifth Chat

January 1950

Gather around boys and girls and I will tell you a secret. A secret that not even the Thin Man guessed. (And believe me, it isn't easy for me to keep a secret from him.)

The reason the December Chatterbox consisted of eight sides was that it was to have been my Swan Song in publishing and I wanted something nice for you to sort of "remember me" by. So why am I back again? Well, seems that some of you people are clairvoyant or something like that. Just when I want to quit, you write me such wonderful letters about how much you've enjoyed Chatterbox and how you are looking forward to the next one, that I feel downright ashamed of myself. What's a little more work? And time? Heck, I'll get along fine with a little less sleep. So, here's with the chatter again. (All right! Stop groaning. If you don't like Chatterbox you can always throw it into the waste basket.)

Christmas Day in Milwaukee was something very special for the United members. We sort of received an extra gift from Santa that brought joy to our hearts. Did I say "a" gift? It was really three gifts, wrapped up in one beautiful Christmas package called The Milwaukee Journal.

First of all Wanda Waters smiled up at us from The Reading Glass of the Journal with the same sweet smile she always greets us in person. So a woman can't keep a secret? I doubt if any of the M.A.P.C. members ever heard Wanda tell that she was writing a religious novel, and so it was with almost a shock (though a very pleasant one) that we read that she had finished the manuscript of a religious novel, The Shepherd's Voice. Wanda has signed a publication contract with Didler Publishers of New York. Congratulations, Wanda. We're certainly proud of you. And you may be sure that your success will do more than anything else could, to make the rest of us buckle down to work a bit harder.

Next we read that Margaret Lohr's entry in a Christmas poetry contest had won first prize among hundreds of entries. Margaret's poem was read on Christmas Eve at the lighting ceremony of the municipal Christmas tree in down town Milwaukee. We all know what a wonderful poet Margaret is so we were not too surprised. Congratulations, also, Margaret. We are looking forward to hearing your prize winning poem.

And then we turned to the Editorial Page, and Lo and Behold, here we met The Missing Man, E. Percy Grover. His letter, Parcel Post Rates, was one of the most clear, concise and all around well written articles I have ever seen in From the People column. And that from a man who bemoans the fact the he hasn't had much "education ". What price Education when one has that kind of Intelligence? Percy can write. (If he only would!)

W.P.N. 4827